THE
KEEPSAKE

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F. Westley,
BINDER,
Friar Street,
—NEAR—
Doctors Commons

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H. Corbould.
S. Milan.

Painted by [illegible].

Engraved by [illegible].

London, Published for the Proprietor, by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE

KEEPSAKE

FOR

MDCCCXXXIV.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,

PARIS: RITTNER AND GOUPILL. BERLIN: A. ASHER.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. WILCOCKSON, WHITEFRIARS.

It is particularly requested that copies will be retained of all MSS. addressed to the Publishers for insertion in the KEEPSAKE, *as the Editor begs leave to state, most explicitly, that* he cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

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ERRATA.

In the Tale of the Casket.

Page 61, *for* irresistible, *read* irreparable.
- - 62, - - acting, - - aching.
- - 64, - - bouquet, - - banquet.

THE SANDMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN,

BY LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM.

NATHANIEL TO LOTHARIO.

I FEEL that you must be all uneasy at my long, long silence. My mother undoubtedly affects anger, and Clara fancies that I am living here in gaiety and revelry, forgetting that heavenly being whose image is so deeply stamped upon my heart. This is not the case; daily and hourly I think of you all: and in my day-dreams, my beautiful Clara flits before me, her eyes beaming with that pleasure which they expressed whenever we met after a separation, however short.

Oh, how could I have ventured to write to you in the state of dreadful agitation into which my mind has been thrown! Till now, I have been unable to arrange my ideas. Dark forebodings of some impending calamity lower over me like the shadows of a monstrous cloud, and, like them, they are impervious to any enlivening gleam of sunshine.

Shall I relate to you what has happened to me? I find that I cannot refrain from so doing; but at the very thought of my intention, laughter, like that of a maniac, bursts from me. Oh, my beloved Lothario! in what way shall I contrive to make you in some degree understand how what has occurred to me a few days since could have produced such an impression upon me? Had you been here, you would have been better able to enter into my feelings; as it is, you must consider me the wildest visionary.

The horrible circumstance which has befallen me, and of which I in vain endeavour to shake off the fatal recollection, is,

that, a few days ago, namely, on the 30th October, at about mid-day, a dealer in barometers entered my room, and offered me some for sale. I did not purchase any; but, in spite of my repeated denials, he continued his importunities. At last, considerably irritated, I threatened, that if he continued to persecute me, I would forcibly expel him from the apartment. Without further solicitation, he then sullenly departed.

You, of course, suspect that very peculiar circumstances—circumstances which must have reference to some remarkable period of my life—could alone have rendered this occurrence of importance to me. This, indeed, is the fact. The person of that ill-fated dealer once exercised a dreadful influence over me!

I use every exertion to compose myself, that I may quietly and collectedly relate to you so much of the history of my early years as may enable you to comprehend the full effect of this apparently trifling incident. I hear you laugh, and Clara say, What childishness is this?—but laugh, laugh at me, I intreat, implore you! Yet, God in heaven! my hair is bristling on my head, and only in the insanity of desperation am I entreating you to laugh at me! But I will compel myself to recur to my tale.

For many years, when children, except during dinner, my sisters and myself scarcely ever saw my father in the course of the day. He was probably constantly engaged by business. After supper, which, according to good old custom, was served up at seven o'clock, we all went to our parent's study and seated ourselves round a table. Habitually he smoked and largely drank of beer, whilst he related to us the most extraordinary tales, with which he was so occupied that his pipe almost always went out in the midst of them; when my delight was to rekindle it for him. Sometimes he gave us books of coloured engravings to amuse us, and, leaning back in his arm-chair, sat abstractedly gazing on vacancy, and

blowing such clouds of smoke, that we were all in a mist. On these occasions my mother was very melancholy, and scarcely would the clock have struck nine, when she would cry, "Now, children, to bed, to bed; I can see that the Sandman is coming:" and, in fact, after we had retired, I could always distinguish a slow, heavy step ascending the stairs, which I conjectured must have been that of the Sandman.

On one occasion, that heavy, leaden step struck me with peculiar dread, and I asked my mother, as she was taking us to bed, "Pray, mamma, do tell me, what is the wicked Sandman who always drives us away from papa?—what is he like?"

"My dear child," answered my mother, "there is no Sandman; and when I say that the Sandman is coming, I only mean that you are sleepy, and that you can no more keep your eyes open than if sand had been thrown into them."

My mother's answer did not satisfy me; I imagined that she denied the Sandman to prevent our being afraid of him; for I still could hear him mounting the stairs. Impatient to learn more of this Sandman, and longing to know what he had to say to us children, I at length asked the old nurse, who had the charge of my youngest sister, what kind of person the Sandman was? "What, my little Thaniel," she answered, "have you never heard what he is? He is a wicked man, who comes to children when they are naughty and won't go to bed. He throws a handful of sand in their eyes, so that they fall out from their sockets an opaque and bloody mass; he then puts them into his pocket, and carries them up to the half-moon to be food for his family, who sit there in their nest, and have crooked beaks, like the owls, with which they pick out bold children's eyes whenever they come to earth."

The figure of the horrible Sandman now impressed itself so hideously on my mind, that when I next heard his step on the stairs I trembled in a paroxysm of fear, and, in an agony

of tears, I could hardly sob out to my mother, "the Sandman! the Sandman!"—then running, with all the swiftness of superstitious panic, into my bed-room, I enveloped myself in the sheets, and sleeplessly remained during the whole night, haunted by the terrific form of the monster I had imagined.

I soon grew old enough to think that the tale of the Sandman, with his children's nest in the half-moon, was not quite natural; but still in my fancy he continued a fearful spectre, and an object of horror. A panic seized me whenever I heard him not only ascend the stairs, but open the door of my father's study, and stalk into it, with the same solemn, heavy, measured step. Sometimes he was absent for months; and then, again, he would repeat his visits, night after night, for a considerable time. This proceeding continued during many years; yet still I could not wholly reconcile myself to the existence of the monster which my fancy had created. Though his intercourse with my father daily more and more occupied my mind, yet I had an invincible repugnance to question him on the subject: still the desire of unveiling this mystery—of seeing the Sandman with my own eyes—grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. Naturally fond of listening to, or reading stories of goblins, witches, and fairies, above them all still towered the Sandman; and perpetually I amused myself in sketching him upon the tables, the cupboards, and the walls, with chalk, charcoal, or any other substance which would serve my purpose.

When I was ten years old, my mother removed me from the nursery to a small room in the same passage with, and not far from, my father's study. We were still obliged, when the stranger's step was heard as the clock struck nine, instantly to retire. I could, from my room, hear him entering my father's apartment, and usually, soon after his entrance, I fancied that I could perceive a slight smell of smoke. The desire of by some means seeing the Sandman daily increased upon me; and in

the same proportion also increased my courage for carrying into effect some plan for the attainment of this desire. I often hurried from my room into the passage as soon as my mother had passed my door, but was always disappointed, the Sandman having entered my father's chamber before I could reach the spot whence I could have seen him. At length, urged by an irresistible impulse, I determined to conceal myself in my father's room, and there await the Sandman.

One evening, when I knew, by my father's silence and by my mother's melancholy, that the stranger was expected, I affected fatigue, retired before nine, and concealed myself in a hiding-place close to the eventful chamber. The house gate opened; slow, heavy steps crossed the entrance-hall towards the staircase, and my mother hurried by me with my sisters. I very gently unclosed the door of my father's study, who, sitting with his back towards me, and in an absent mood, did not hear my entrance. In a moment, I slipped behind the curtain which was drawn before a small recess, close to the door, that my father used as a wardrobe. The steps sounded nearer and nearer still, and my heart beat with mingled alarm and expectation. Then came a heavy tread close to the threshold; the latch was lifted with a jerk, and the door was burst open. With a strong effort I gathered courage to peep out; the intruder stood in the centre of the room, fronting my father; the lights shone full upon his face; and the Sandman, the terrible Sandman, proved to be no other than the old Advocate Coppelius, an intimate acquaintance, and frequent guest, of my father.

But the most fearful apparition could not have occasioned me a deeper horror than this very Coppelius. Figure to yourself a great, broad-shouldered man, with a huge mis-shapen head, brown complexion, and gray, bushy eyebrows, from under which gleamed a pair of green, cat-like eyes. His nose,

which was of a monstrous size, descended in a strong crook over his upper lip. His mouth was often distorted by a malicious laugh; two dark-red spots were then perceptible on his cheeks, and an extraordinary hissing sound issued from between his closely-compressed teeth.

He was always dressed in a gray, old-fashioned coat, with waistcoat and pantaloons of the same stuff; black stockings, and shoes with small buckles set with stones. He wore a small wig, which appeared only just to cover the top of his head; the side curls were raised high above his great red ears; and the bag stuck out so far that one could see the silver buckle which fastened his stock.

His whole appearance was repulsive in the extreme; but his great, knotty, hairy hands particularly offended us children; so much so, that whatever he touched with them, we afterwards loathed. This disgust he remarked; and whenever our good mother placed upon our plates a piece of cake, or some fruit which we particularly liked, it was his delight to make some excuse for touching it, and then to watch us, with our eyes filled with tears, unable even to taste the dainty which we had been so ravenously coveting. On feast days, when my father used to pour us out a small glass of sweet wine, he invariably pursued the same course; he contrived to pass his hand over the glass, or even lifted it to his livid lips, and laughed like a demon, when he saw us express our antipathy and disappointment by slight sobs. He always called us the little beasts: we did not dare make any noise in his presence; but when away from him, we passionately execrated the hideous, ill-natured wretch, who deliberately destroyed, to the extent of his power, our every enjoyment.

My mother appeared to hate, quite as much as we did, this abominable man; the moment that he appeared, her gay, unembarrassed manner changed into sad, gloomy seriousness.

My father behaved to him as if he was a superior being, whose freaks must be patiently endured, and whose good humour was to be preserved at any sacrifice.

Now that I saw this Coppelius, the Sandman was no longer the bugbear of the fairy tale, who carried children's eyes as food to his nest in the half-moon. No: he was a far more hideous, more ghastly fiend, bearing with him, whithersoever he bent his steps, despair and anguish, temporal and eternal misery.

I was fixed as if by enchantment, and regardless of the danger of being discovered, I remained motionless, with my head stretched beyond the curtain.

My father received Coppelius with solemnity.

"Come! to our work," cried the monster, in harsh, grating tones, and so saying, he threw off his coat.

My father, slowly and sadly, drew off his dressing-gown, and they both attired themselves in long, black frocks. My father then opened the folding-doors of what I had always supposed to have been a cupboard devoted to domestic purposes, but which I now first discovered to be a dark recess, in which was a small fire-place, and numerous utensils of strange and unaccustomed forms. Coppelius entered, and a small blue flame almost immediately sparkled upon the hearth. Oh, God! now that my old father bent over the fire, his appearance was totally altered; and a horrible, cramp-like pain seemed to distort his soft, venerable features into the hideous deformity of a demon: he looked like Coppelius himself, who, wielding his red-hot pincers, drew with them sparkling masses from the centre of the flame, and hammered them most industriously. While this operation was performing, I fancied that I saw, around, and upon the fiery fragments, numerous human faces, but all devoid of eyes, in the place of which they had horrible, deep, black sockets.

"Come! eyes! eyes!" cried Coppelius, in a hollow, fearful tone.

Seized with the wildest panic, I screamed aloud, and fell headlong, from my hiding-place, on the floor. Coppelius seized me:—"Little beast!—you little beast!" he cried, grinning at me with demoniac malice; then, raising me in the air, violently threw me down so close to the hearth, that my hair was singed by the flame.

"Now, we have eyes!—now, we have eyes!—a beautiful pair of children's eyes!" vociferated Coppelius, and scraping red-hot ashes from the flames, prepared to strew them in my eyes. My father raised his hands in entreaty, and cried, with heart-rending agony, "Master! master! let my Nathaniel retain his eyes!" Coppelius laughed discordantly. "Well, so be it! let the brat keep his eyes!—he will want them to weep with! We will content ourselves with observing the mechanism of the hands and feet."

He then again seized me with such violence that my joints cracked; and almost dislocating my hands and feet, he first placed them in one agonizing position, and then twisted them into another.

"They work not now so well—they did better as they were," muttered Coppelius, in a harsh and hissing whisper; and again he turned them in a contrary and unnatural direction. A cramp thrilled through me, darkness descended on my brain, and I felt no more.

A soft, warm breath passed over my face, and I awoke as from the sleep of death: my mother leant over me. "Is the Sandman still there?" I stammered forth. "No, my dear child, he has been long gone—he will not hurt you," replied my mother, as she kissed and fondled her restored darling; for pain and fear had thrown me into a fever which had lasted during several weeks.

Coppelius did not again appear: it was said that he had left the town. I have now to relate the most dreadful occurrence of my life.

A year might have elapsed, when, one evening, as, according to our old, unaltered custom, we sat round the study table, my father, in high spirits, detailing to us some amusing anecdotes of his youthful days, the house-door creaked on its hinges as the clock struck nine, and slow, statue-like steps crossed the hall, and ascended the stairs.

"It is Coppelius!" said my mother, turning pale.

"Yes, it is Coppelius!" repeated my father, in weak, broken tones.

Tears fell from my mother's eyes. "Husband!" she cried, "husband! must it then be?"

"I promise you," he answered, "that he comes to me this evening for the last time; and now leave me—go with the children, go—go to bed—good night to you!"

I felt as if a heavy, cold rock was pressing upon me, and my breath failed me. My mother took me by the arm, as I sat motionless—"Come, Nathaniel, come;" and I passively allowed myself to be led away, and conducted to my chamber. "Be composed, be composed," said my mother, as she quitted me; "go to bed, and sleep soundly."

But, tormented by an indescribable dread and restlessness, I could not sleep. The odious Coppelius, horribly and fantastically mocking and grimacing, stood before me, with gleaming eyes. In vain I endeavoured to shake off these visionary tortures, I was still their victim; when, about midnight, a terrific explosion occurred, and the whole house shook as though with an earthquake. The silence that ensued was almost immediately disturbed by the violent closing of the hall-door.

"That is Coppelius!" I cried; and, in my terror, sprang out of bed.

A scream of piercing anguish now arose—I rushed to my father's room: the door was open, and a suffocating smoke issued from it. Our maid was wringing her hands, and crying, "Oh, my master! my master!" Upon the floor, by the smoking hearth, lay my father, dead, with his face hideously distorted, and burned and discoloured; my sisters were upon their knees, moaning and lamenting by his side; and my mother was extended close to him, in a swoon. "Coppelius!" I exclaimed, "Fiend!—hell-hound!—you have murdered my father!" and my senses abandoned me.

Two days after, when my unfortunate parent was placed in his coffin, his features had recovered the soft, mild expression which they had borne during his life: a consolatory feeling then first arose in my mind; it was, that his connexion with Coppelius had not consigned him to eternal perdition.

The explosion awoke our neighbours; and the circumstances of the case reached the ears of the higher authorities, who issued mandates for the apprehension of Coppelius; but he had disappeared, without leaving any clue by which he might be traced.

When I tell you, my beloved friend, that the merchant of barometers was this identical Coppelius, you will not be surprised that I interpret his ill-omened appearance as boding some calamity. His dress was altered, but Coppelius's features and appearance are too deeply impressed upon me for a mistake to be possible; he has not even changed his name. I hear that he gives himself out for a Piedmontese mechanician, and calls himself Giuseppe Coppola. I am resolved to call him to account, and revenge my father's death, let the consequences be what they may.

Do not mention to my mother this re-appearance of Coppelius. Salute for me, my dear lovely Clara. I will write to her when I am in a more tranquil tone of mind.—Adieu.

CLARA TO NATHANIEL.

It is, indeed, true, that you have been very long without writing to me, but I nevertheless believe that you bear me in your thoughts. You were certainly thinking of me when sending your last letter to my brother Lothario—instead of to him, you directed it to me. I opened it in delight, and only perceived my mistake when I came to the words, "Oh, my beloved Lothario." I ought then to have proceeded no further, but delivered the letter to my brother. But though you have often accused me, in joke, of having such a composed, matter-of-fact disposition, that if the house was in danger of falling, I should stop in my flight to arrange a false fold in the window-curtain, I can assure you, that the commencement of your letter gave me a severe shock. Oh, my dearest Nathaniel, what could this dreadful calamity be? The thought that we were perhaps never to meet again—that I was to be separated from you for ever, flashed across me. I read on, and read on. Your description of the odious Coppelius was most horrible: and I now first learnt how your good old father met with his dreadful and violent death. My brother Lothario, endeavoured, in vain, to tranquillize me—that unlucky barometer merchant pursued me unceasingly; and I am almost ashamed to confess, that he had the power of disturbing my generally sound and tranquil slumbers, by all kinds of fantastic dreams. On the following day, however, I was myself again. And do not be angry with me, my beloved, should you hear from Lothario, that, in spite of your melancholy forebodings, I am in my usual gay spirits. I will freely confess to you, that, in my opinion, all the horrors which you speak of have their origin in your own imagination, and that the external world has very little to do with them. Old Coppelius was, I have no doubt, detestable enough; and his dislike to children connected him, in your childish mind,

with the fearful Sandman of the nursery tale. His mysterious nocturnal proceedings with your father were nothing more than alchemystical experiments, which must have displeased your mother, as probably much money was squandered upon them; and the search after higher attainments had the usual effect of alienating your father from his family. It is not improbable that his own imprudence occasioned his death, and that Coppelius was not to blame.

Will you believe that I inquired yesterday, of a skilful apothecary, whether, in chemical experiments of that kind, such an instantaneously fatal explosion were possible. His answer was, Most certainly; and he then explained, diffusely and unintelligibly, how it might have occurred.

You are now, I am sure, displeased with your Clara; and you say, her insensible mind is incapable of catching a glance of those mysterious agencies, which, unseen, have such influence over us mortals. She can only view the bright surface of existence, and it enraptures her; even as the child is pleased with the golden fruit which contains the most deadly poison.

Oh, my beloved Nathaniel! do you imagine that we of a gay, lively disposition, are not aware of a dark power who endeavours to draw us on to our destruction by means of our own individual selves? But forgive me, who am but a simple girl, for attempting to describe my ideas of the struggle that arises within us; I find it so difficult to express myself—and you will laugh at me—not because my meaning is foolish, but because I am so awkward in my attempts to unfold it.

Lothario's opinions upon these subjects coincide very much with my own: and now, I entreat of you to think no more of the hideous advocate Coppelius, and the barometer merchant Giuseppe Coppola; convince your own mind that they can have no influence over you; and that it is only your belief in their adverse power which can in reality render them

baneful to you. Did not every line in your letter speak the fearful excitement of your mind, did not your situation give a pang to my very soul, I should be disposed to jest upon the advocate Sandman, and the barometer merchant Coppelius. Be gay, be gay. I must act as your guardian spirit, and banish the fiend Coppola with loud laughter, should he attempt to render you melancholy.

Ever my heart's dearest Nathaniel.

NATHANIEL TO LOTHARIO.

I am much provoked, that through a mistake caused by my absence of mind, Clara should have opened and read my letter to you. She has written me a philosophical letter, in which she clearly demonstrates, that Coppelius and Coppola only exist in my imagination; and that they are phantoms of my brain which would instantly vanish on my recognising them as such. But enough of this. It is certain that the barometer merchant Giuseppe Coppola is a distinct person from the old advocate Coppelius. I attend the lectures of the newly-appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy, who bears the same name as the celebrated naturalist, 'Spalanzani,' and is an Italian by birth. He has been many years acquainted with Coppola, and, besides, his pronunciation proves him to be really a Piedmontese—Coppelius was a German. Still I am not quite at ease; and, at the risk that Clara and yourself may take me for a gloomy visionary, I cannot shake off the impression which Coppelius' detestable features have made upon me. I am so glad that he has quitted this place—at least Spalanzani assures me that he has.

This Spalanzani is a strange being. He is a short, fat man, with prominent cheek bones, a well-shaped nose, thick lips, and small piercing eyes. But you will have a better idea of him than any description of mine can give, if you will look at the engraving of Cagliostro, in one of the Berlin pocket

almanacks; it is the very image of Spalanzani. A short time since, as I ascended his stairs, I perceived that the curtain which is kept constantly drawn before a glass-door was, for the first time, not quite close. I had the curiosity to peep through the aperture. A tall, beautifully-proportioned female sat with her arms folded, and leaning upon a small table. She was facing the door, so that I had a full view of her lovely face. She did not perceive me; and, indeed, her eyes had a fixed appearance—I had almost said that they had not the power of vision. She gave me the idea of a person sleeping with her eyes open. A creeping feeling came over me, and I stole gently to the lecture-room, which was close at hand. I afterwards learnt that I had seen Spalanzani's daughter, whom he keeps so closely secluded, that no person can approach her. It is possible that he may have good reasons for this conduct. Should she be an idiot, or—— but why do I write all this to you? I could relate it so much better by word of mouth, and I fully intend to be with you in a fortnight. I must see my sweet, my angelic Clara; she will dispel the unpleasant impression which, I must confess, her unfortunately sensible letter was well nigh making upon my mind. This is my reason for not writing to her this day.

Salute, &c. &c.

An irresistible impulse has urged me to narrate my poor friend, the young student Nathaniel's history, and I have commenced with the three preceding letters, as the most fitting outline of a picture which I shall now attempt to complete.

Soon after the death of Nathaniel's father, his widow received into her house Clara and Lothario, the orphan children of a distant relation. A strong attachment arose between Clara and Nathaniel, to which there was no person on the face of the earth who could present an obstacle; they

were therefore engaged to each other at the time that Nathaniel quitted home to pursue his studies at G——. It was thence that he wrote the letters which you have seen; and there it was that he attended the lectures of the celebrated professor of natural philosophy, Spalanzani.

It appeared to Nathaniel, that his visit to his home had removed an enormous weight from his mind, and extricated him from the dominion of mystery and darkness. He passed a time of uninterrupted enjoyment in the society of his beloved Clara, and then tore himself away to return to G——, where he was to remain another year before he quitted it for ever, and permanently established himself in his native city.

What was Nathaniel's surprise on his arrival at G——, to find that the house at which he lodged, had been burnt down during his absence; a heap of rubbish alone remained. Some, however, of Nathaniel's friends had been in time to force their way into his room on the upper story, and to save his effects, books, and manuscripts; these they transported in safety to another house, where they secured him a chamber, in which he now installed himself.

It made no very great impression upon him, that he was lodged opposite the residence of the Professor Spalanzani; and it was a matter of indifference to him, that from his window he overlooked the room where Olimpia sat quite alone. He was able perfectly to distinguish her figure, though the distance rendered her features indistinct.

He remarked, that she often remained for hours,—in the same attitude in which he had once seen her through the glass-door,—without occupation, at a small table, and evidently looking at him. He could not but confess to himself, that he had never seen a more symmetrical figure; but to his heart occupied with the image of Clara, the stiff, frigid Olimpia was an object of utter indifference.

One day, he was in the act of writing to Clara, when there was a light tap at his door; it opened at his reply; and Coppola's repulsive face looked in. Nathaniel trembled in his inmost soul; but calling to mind what Spalanzani had said of his countryman Coppola, and also what he had so faithfully promised his beloved, with respect to the sandman Coppelius, he was ashamed of his childish pusillanimity; and recovering himself with an effort, said as mildly, and as temperately as he could,

"I do not want any barometers, my good friend."

But Coppola had now entered the room, and replied in a hoarse voice, as he distorted his great mouth into a hideous laugh, whilst his small eyes gleamed from under his long gray eyebrows,

"Well, no barometers—no barometers! but I have also beautiful eyes—beautiful eyes!"

In terror, Nathaniel exclaimed,

"Madman! what do you mean? how can you have eyes, eyes, eyes?"

In a moment, Coppola had placed his barometers on one side, and drew from his great pockets spectacles and glasses of every description, which he spread upon the table.

"Well, well, glasses—glasses for the nose; these are my eyes—my beautiful eyes!"

He continued to produce more and more glasses, till the whole table sparkled and glittered in a strange manner; a thousand eyes seemed to wink, glisten, and stare at Nathaniel. He was unable to withdraw his own from the table, and Coppola still drew more from his pockets, and wildly and more wildly did the flaming glances cross and shoot their blood-red rays into Nathaniel's breast.

Overcome by terror and astonishment, he raved forth,

"Stop! stop! fearful being!" and violently seized the arm of Coppola as he was heaping more glasses on the loaded

table. Coppola disengaged himself gently, with a hoarse disagreeable laugh, and sweeping all the spectacles together, buried them in one of his huge pockets; then, from another, produced a number of great and small spy-glasses.

Nathaniel became more composed, and thinking of Clara, persuaded himself that the fantasy which had come over him had originated in his own morbid imagination, and that in all probability this Coppola was a very respectable mechanician and optician. The spy-glasses were not in any respect uncommon, still less had they, like the spectacles, any thing about them which appeared supernatural.

Nathaniel, therefore, determining to make a purchase, took up a small neat pocket-glass, and looked through the window to try its power. In his life, he had never met with one which brought objects so clearly and distinctly before his eyes. He accidentally turned it in the direction of Spalanzani's apartment. Olimpia sat in her usual attitude, leaning upon the little table. Nathaniel now for the first time observed her admirably shaped face; the eyes alone appeared to him wonderfully fixed and death-like. Still, as he gazed more and more closely, he fancied that a soft moon-like light arose in them; it appeared as if the power of vision were now first called into action; her glances became more full of life; and Nathaniel remained at the window as though fascinated, still looking and looking at the divine Olimpia.

A slight coughing and scraping awoke him as if from a deep dream; Coppola stood behind him; "tre zechini—three ducats." Nathaniel had entirely forgotten the optician. He paid him what he asked. "Beautiful glass—beautiful glass! is it not—is it not?" asked Coppola, with his unpleasant laugh and malicious smile. "Yes, yes, yes," answered Nathaniel, hastily; "adieu, my friend." Coppola left the room, not without strange glances at Nathaniel. He heard him on the staircase laughing aloud. I suppose, thought Nathaniel, that

he is laughing at me for paying too much for my glass. I did pay too dearly for it. As he said these last words in an under tone, a deep sigh, like that of an expiring person, sounded fearfully through the room. Nathaniel's breath failed him from extreme fear; but it was himself that had sighed in this manner; of this, he at length felt convinced. Clara, thought he, was right in taking me for an absurd visionary; but how very ridiculous, how much more than ridiculous it is, that the reflection of having paid too dearly for my glass should have had such an effect upon me.

He now seated himself to finish his letter to Clara; but perceiving that Olimpia was still seated at her usual place, he sprang up again, as if driven by some irresistible impulse, and seizing Coppola's glass, remained wrapt in the fascination of Olimpia's beauty, till his friend and sworn brother, Sigismund, summoned him to repair together to Professor Spalanzani's lecture. As he passed, he remarked that the curtain was closely drawn before the glass-door.

During the two next days Olimpia did not appear, although, armed with Coppola's glass, Nathaniel never quitted his window. On the third day, there was an unusual commotion in Spalanzani's house; the doors were left open, goods of different kinds were carried in, and servant-maids bustled and hurried about in infinite confusion. Nathaniel was remarking these proceedings in much astonishment, when Sigismund came to him laughing. "Well! what do you think of our old Spalanzani?" and he then added, that the old lecturer intended giving a great entertainment on the ensuing day, that half the university was invited, and that it was reported he would for the first time bring out his daughter Olimpia, who hitherto had been so strictly secluded.

Nathaniel received an invitation, and his heart beat high as he entered the apartment. The society, though numerous, was select. Olimpia was well and even richly dressed; it was

impossible to refrain from admiring her strictly regular face and beautifully formed figure. Her too upright carriage and very slender waist might have been produced by tight lacing. In her walk and in her attitudes, she was rather stiff and constrained; but this peculiarity might wear off as she grew more accustomed to appearing in society. The concert commenced; Olimpia played on the pianoforte with considerable facility. She also sang a grand aria, with a voice which had the clearness and the almost piercing character of a musical glass. Nathaniel was in ecstasy; but standing at some distance from her, he could not clearly distinguish her features, and, therefore, drawing forth, unobserved, Coppola's glass, fixed it upon her beautiful face. Oh, then, he could perceive that her eyes were directed towards him, and then he was able to feel the value of every tone, as it arose with the glance of love which inflamed his very soul. At the end of her performance, when, after a cadenza, a long trillo absolutely filled the room, he could no longer restrain his passionate admiration. In mixed pain and ecstasy, he exclaimed aloud, "Olimpia!" All turned to look at him, and many laughed.

The concert had now concluded, and the ball began. To dance with her was now the summit of Nathaniel's wishes; but how was he to gain courage to accost her—her who was the queen of the assembly!

Soon, however, he found himself standing by her side—she had no partner; and, hardly able to articulate a few words, he seized her hand—it was icy cold! He felt chilled, as though in the grasp of death! He looked at her eyes—they beamed upon him with the light of love; and it appeared to him as if the pulse of that frozen hand now first began to beat, and the stream of her life-blood to flow. Higher and higher throbbed Nathaniel's breast with passion and admiration. Encircling her with his arm, he flew round the circle of dancers. Hitherto he had imagined that he danced ad-

mirably in time; but the extraordinary steadiness and almost mechanical regularity of Olimpia proved to him how much he had deceived himself by this estimation of his abilities. Though her wonderful exactitude sometimes almost disconcerted him, he determined to dance with no other, and could have murdered upon the spot any person who approached to invite her to be his partner; a proceeding, however, which, to his very great astonishment, only occurred twice during the whole evening.

Fortunately for Nathaniel, he had eyes but for his beautiful Olympia, or he would have been engaged in numerous quarrels; for half-suppressed laughter arose round the room as the young persons followed the object of his adoration with their satirical glances. Heated by dancing and by drinking, Nathaniel was now relieved from the timidity which had hitherto oppressed him. Seated close to Olimpia, her hand between his, he poured forth his love in words which neither he himself nor his mistress could have understood. Still, it may be supposed, that she must have formed some meaning out of them, for she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon his, and continued sighing forth, "Ah! ah! ah!" upon which Nathaniel plunged into a rhapsody of passionate admiration.

The Professor Spalanzani passed several times before the happy lovers, and, as he observed them, smiled, with a peculiar and significant air of satisfaction. On a sudden, the apartments appeared to have grown very dark, and Nathaniel started on seeing that the only two remaining candles in the now empty room had burnt down in their sockets, and were on the point of expiring: the music and dancing had long ceased.

"Must we separate—must we separate?" he cried, beside himself with despair; and, kissing Olimpia's hand, even ventured to touch her lips. They met his burning mouth as if

they had been formed of ice! The legend of the Death Bride flashed across his mind; but Olimpia pressed him to her, and in the embrace, her frozen lips appeared to wake into life.

The Professor Spalanzani now walked across the room; his steps resounded through the apartment; and in the flickering light of the expiring candles, his form assumed a mysterious, almost a supernatural appearance.

"Oh! Olimpia, could I but have inspired you with love! Answer me but one word," whispered Nathaniel, "tell me, but tell me, that you love me!"

Still, however, Olimpia only sighed forth, as she arose, "Ah! Ah!"

"Oh, my celestial, my brilliant star of love!" cried Nathaniel, "you have risen upon my soul, and will eternally guide and brighten it!"

"Ah! Ah!" again tenderly answered Olimpia, as she moved from her lover: he followed her; and they approached the professor.

"You have had some lively conversation with my daughter," whispered he, laughing; "if it amuses you to talk to the silly girl, your visits will be always agreeable to me."

Nathaniel departed with the sensation of being in heaven. Spalanzani's entertainment was the universal topic of conversation during the ensuing days. Spalanzani had done all in his power to render it faultless; still there were to be found abundant opportunities for satire and denigration. Above all, the mute, dull, frigid, rigid Olimpia was criticized; and, in spite of the beauty of her face and person, she was declared to be decidedly imbecile and stupid; and these defects were asserted to have been the reason why the professor had kept her so long and so strictly secluded. Nathaniel heard these remarks with inward anger, but in silence; for, thought he, it is their own mediocrity of intellect alone which prevents

them from discovering the depth of feeling which exists in Olimpia.

"Pray tell me, brother," said Sigismund to him one day, "how a sensible lad like yourself could have been smitten with such a wax-doll, such an automaton as that opposite?"

Nathaniel was going to make an angry answer, but he recollected himself, and merely said, "Rather do you tell me, Sigismund, how Olimpia's celestial beauty can have failed to captivate you, who are so easily struck by every thing that is lovely; but for this insensibility I ought to thank my stars. I shall, at least, not have you for a rival; had that been the case, one of us must have fallen."

Sigismund saw how it was with his friend, and merely remarked, that in matters of love no person could judge for another. He afterwards said, "It is very odd how many of us have exactly the same feeling with respect to Olimpia. She appeared to us, (do not be offended, brother,) in an extraordinary degree, stiff and lifeless: we allow that her figure is most symmetrical, and so is her face; and that she might be called handsome, if her look were not so painfully inanimate. Her step too is so singularly measured; each movement appears caused by the action of machinery. Her music, her singing, have the disagreeably accurate, spiritless time of the singing automaton. It is the same with her dancing; she gave us the impression of merely imitating a living being, and to all of us she is an object of aversion."

Nathaniel did not give way to the bitterness with which these remarks inspired him; but, mastering his feelings, merely replied in a serious tone,

"I can easily imagine Olimpia's not being understood by all of you—the poetical soul alone is capable of judging one of its own stamp; for me, and me alone, her look of love arose, and it beamed through my very soul! It is possible that she may not shine in insipid conversation, like the shallow beings

of society and the world: she speaks but little; yet, the few words which she does utter, appear the genuine hieroglyphics of an internal world, full of love, and of the highest perception of the poetic! But all this to you is unintelligible; and you have no sympathy for either my feelings or my love."

"Heaven help you!" said Sigismund, in a very mild, but in a very melancholy tone of voice: "it appears to me that you are a fated man. You may depend upon me, however, when all——but I shall say no more."

It struck Nathaniel, that the cold matter-of-fact Sigismund meant kindly; and he therefore heartily shook his offered hand.

Nathaniel had totally forgotten that there was a Clara whom he had once loved: his mother—Lothario—all were equally neglected. He lived only for Olimpia; with whom he daily sat for hours, and descanted upon his love; on sympathies awakened into life, and on the philosophy of the affections; to all of which abstruse themes, Olimpia listened with an unrivalled attention. From the uttermost recesses of his desk, Nathaniel produced every thing that he had ever written; poems, fugitive pieces, visions, romances, tales, sonnets, stanzas, epitaphs; and all these he would read for hours together to Olimpia, without feeling fatigue. But then, he had never before met with so good a listener; she neither sewed nor knitted; she did not look out of the window, or pat a favourite dog, or play with a pet cat; she did not twist a piece of paper, or some other equally provoking absurdity, between her fingers: and he never once heard her endeavouring to suppress a yawn by a slight cough.

For hours and hours she sat without speech or motion, her eyes fixed upon those of her lover; and more and more burning, more full of life, grew the passionate glances. When Nathaniel arose and kissed her hand and even her mouth, she uttered her tender "Ah! ah!" and when they separated,

with much feeling she would exclaim, "Good night, my beloved."

"Oh, what divine, what deep affection!" cried Nathaniel, when he reached his own apartment: "by her alone am I appreciated as I deserve to be."

He was in ecstasies when he reflected on the wonderful similarity of sentiments that daily arose between them; it appeared to him as if she had expatiated upon his writings with all his own feelings, and even with his very words! If her complete passiveness and her habitual taciturnity ever struck Nathaniel, he thought, "What are words? Those eyes express more than is within the compass of language! How could the vastness of her intellectual superiority imprison itself within the narrow bounds of speech! Those eyes express more than is within the compass of all the languages upon earth!"

Professor Spalanzani appeared delighted with the connexion between his daughter and Nathaniel. He gave him a thousand tokens of his good will; and when he hinted at his desire to obtain Olimpia's hand, the professor smiled, and declared that he would leave his daughter to her free choice. Nathaniel, thus encouraged, determined on the following day to entreat Olimpia to declare by word what she had so long expressed by looks—that she would be his for ever! He sought for the ring which his mother had given him at parting—he wished to place it on Olimpia's hand, as a symbol of his never-ceasing adoration. During his search, Clara and Lothario's letters came across him; he flung them on one side, found the ring, and rushed across the street to his Olimpia.

As he ascended the stairs, he heard an extraordinary noise; it appeared to issue from Spalanzani's study, and was composed of knocking, clattering, blows against the door, and the most violent and profane execrations.

"Let go, let go, rascal! villain! Was it for this that I risked life and soul upon it?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! That was not our bet—I—I made the eyes!"

"But I, the machinery!"

"Stupid devil with your machinery!—accursed dog of a clumsy watch-maker!"

"Hence, Satan!"

"Stop, idiot!"

"Devilish beast!"

"Away, I say!"

"Let go, fiend!"

They were the voices of Spalanzani and Coppola which thus raged and stormed at each other. Nathaniel rushed into the room, urged by an ineffable dread. The professor had hold of a female figure by the shoulders; whilst the Italian, Coppola, grasped its feet. Each struggled and pulled with all his force, to obtain possession of it. Nathaniel started in horror on recognizing, in the unhappy object of their furious contest, the lovely form of Olimpia. In the wildest fury he was about to rush upon the disputants and deliver his beloved, when at that moment, Coppola, with a giant's force, wrenched the figure out of the professor's hands, and gave him so violent a blow with it, that he staggered against a table covered with phials, retorts, bottles, and glass cylinders, and fell with it to the ground, the glass flying into a thousand fragments. Coppola now threw the fair Olimpia over his shoulder, and ran down stairs with a piercing laugh, while her lovely feet clattered against each step, as though, like it, they had been formed of wood! Nathaniel stood petrified. He had too plainly seen that his mistress' face no longer possessed its eyes; black and hideous sockets alone supplied their place.

Spalanzani writhed on the floor; splinters of glass had cut his head, breast, and arm; his blood spouted forth as if from fountains; but he collected his strength, and passionately exclaimed,

"Follow him, follow him! what are you hesitating about?

Coppelius, Coppelius has stolen my best automaton: I worked at it for twenty years—I staked my life and soul upon it. The machinery, speech, motion, are all mine—the eyes, the eyes, were his, and stolen from you. Accursed, confounded —— but, follow him, get back Olimpia—here, take the eyes!"

Nathaniel now perceived two eyes lying on the floor, which, though dimmed by blood, appeared to stare upon him. Spalanzani, with the hand that remained uninjured, picked them up and threw them at Nathaniel; they struck him on the breast. Frenzy then attacked him with her fiery talons; and the unfortunate visionary became a raging maniac.

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!—Fiery circle, turn, fiery circle! Merrily, merrily—Puppet! huzza!—pretty puppet, turn!"

He then threw himself upon the professor, and endeavouring to dislocate his neck, would certainly have strangled him, but that the tumult had collected a number of persons, who rushed in and forcibly separated them. Sigismund, strong as he was, was unable to hold the maniac, who continued crying in a fearful tone,

"Turn, puppet, turn!" and struck about him with a violence almost indomitable. At length, mastered by the united force of several men, they threw him on the ground, and bound him. His words became indistinct, and resembled the roar of a wild beast; and he hissed, and gibbered, and raved, in the strength and agony of his delirium, as they bore him to the madhouse.

Nathaniel awoke as from a fearful dream; he opened his eyes, and a feeling of bliss thrilled through him. Clara was bending over him, and his mother and Lothario were standing by his bedside. He was in his parent's house.

"At length, at length, O my beloved Nathaniel, you are restored to me!" said Clara, in the deepest emotion, and passionately embracing him.

Tears fell from Nathaniel as he breathed forth, "My own, my adored Clara!"

Sigismund, who had faithfully remained by his friend in his time of sickness, now entered the room. Nathaniel gave him his hand—"You, true brother that you are, did not then abandon me!"

Every trace of insanity had disappeared, and Nathaniel soon recovered his strength, under the united care and affection of his mother, his beloved, and his friend. Fortune now showered her favours upon them: a relation, from whom they had no expectations, died, and left Nathaniel's mother, besides a considerable property, a small estate in a pleasant situation not far from the town. The united family determined to establish themselves there.

Nathaniel had now become more amiable, more gay than during any previous period of his existence; and neither himself nor any other ever alluding to the occurrences of the past, it was hoped that he had forgotten them. The day arrived for leaving the city, and removing to their new residence. They were traversing the streets, when the lofty cathedral spire threw its gigantic shadow across the market-place.

"Oh!" said Clara, "let us once more ascend and admire the splendid view."

Her proposition was accepted; and Nathaniel and Clara ascended. His mother went home with the servant-maid, and Lothario, who did not feel disposed to climb the numerous steps, determined to await their return below. The two lovers stood arm-in-arm on the highest gallery, viewing the fragrant woods, behind which the blue mountains arose like a city of giants.

"Do you see that very odd, grey-looking shrub," said Clara, "which appears to be moving towards us?" Nathaniel mechanically felt in his coat-pocket, and found Coppola's spy-

glass; he looked through it Clara had by accident placed herself before it.

His pulse throbbed convulsively. Pale as death, he stared at Clara; but instantly after, liquid fire raged through him, and sparkled in his rolling eyes. He bellowed fearfully in the tones of a wild beast brought to bay. He then made high springs in the air, braying, at the same time, with terrific laughter, and in grating tones, "Turn, puppet, turn!—turn, puppet, turn!"

With the strength of a madman he seized Clara, and attempted to force her over the balustrade. In the desperate agony of death, she clung to the iron railing. Lothario heard the maniac—in the same moment the ravings of his sister. Hideous forebodings flashed across him—he rushed up the stairs—the door of the second flight was locked—Clara's despairing shrieks grew louder. With the strength of desperation he hurled himself against the door—it burst open. Clara's cries grew weaker and weaker still: "Help, help!—save me! help!"—thus expired the cries on the air. "It is over—she is murdered by that madman!" cried Lothario. The door of the gallery was also locked; but he seemed endowed with preternatural vigour, and beneath his blows it sprung from its hinges. God in heaven! Clara hung in air, in the hands of the raving Nathaniel! by one hand alone, she still clung to the iron railing. With the speed of lightning, Lothario had seized his sister, and, at the same moment, delivered on the face of the maniac, so violent a blow, that he staggered back and quitted his prey.

While Lothario ran down the stairs with his fainting sister, Nathaniel performed a thousand frantic antics on the gallery. Repeatedly he sprang to an extraordinary height in the air, crying, "Turn, fiery circle!—turn, fiery circle!—turn! turn!"

A crowd had by this time assembled, and amongst them the tall Advocate Coppelius was conspicuous: he had just

then entered the town, and had proceeded straight to the market-place. Some persons were about to ascend the stairs to secure the madman: Coppelius laughed as he said, "Ha, ha!—wait, wait!—he will come down of his own accord:" and he looked up like the rest, and fixed his eyes on Nathaniel. On a sudden, the maniac stood as though petrified; he then leant over, and gazing on Coppelius with a piercing cry of "Ha! beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!" sprang over the railing.

Ere the dead body of Nathaniel had been removed from the pavement, Coppelius had disappeared.

Several years after this occurrence, Clara was seen, in a distant part of the country, seated before a pretty country-house, by the side of a good-humoured-looking man. Two fine children were playing near them. Hence, it may be inferred, that Clara had at last found that domestic happiness which was the natural and merited reward of her gay, contented disposition; but which she could never have enjoyed with the visionary Nathaniel.

THE THREE GUESTS.

BY LORD MORPETH.

The world was dark, and comfortless, and chill,
The haunt of sordid care, and hideous ill,
Till three bright guests, beyond all utt'rance bright,
Trod the dull orb, and woke it into light.

First Beauty came, from soft Idalian bowers,
Nurs'd mid the stealthy dew of summer flowers;
She came, with falt'ring step, and downcast eye,
She came, with mantling blush, and melting sigh,
She came, with brow of sway, and glance of flame,
Or coy, or tender, or triumphant, came:
In each mood various, as in each supreme,
She scatter'd conquest from her rosy beam,
Subdued alike the needy heirs of toil,
The lords of luxury, the sons of spoil,
Each sterner passion in its turn controll'd,
The thirst of empire, and the lust of gold,
And saw before her bow the wise and brave,—
Cæsar her suppliant, Solomon her slave.

Next bounded forth young Poesy—her hair
In golden tresses floated on the air;
Her roving eye a wayward lustre shed,
But lofty thought sat throned on her head;
Calm as a seraph, sportive as a child,
She trod the rocky beach or heathy wild:

Painted by H. Howard R. A.

Engraved by F. Englehart.

London Published for the Proprietor by [illegible]

On Ilion's mound her earliest laurel grew,
Rich with the freshness of immortal dew;
She nurs'd mid Attic rills her tragic vein,
By smooth Colonus, and Ægina's main;
To softer raptures thrill'd the lyre awhile,
With love-taught Sappho in her Lesbian isle;
Urg'd o'er Olympia's course the foaming steed,
In Doric valleys tun'd the past'ral reed,
Peal'd the high harp by Mincio's sedgy tide,
Breath'd the soft lute on Arno's vine-clad side,
Nor yet witheld some notes from Britain's clime,
Not all unworthy of her elder time:
And still, where'er the vocal strain arose,
Mid torrid fervors, or eternal snows,
Through every large variety of man,
Savage or sage, the soft infection ran;
Before the magic of her chorded shell,
The captive's chain, the tyrant's madness, fell;
And Nature's jarring discord paus'd to hear
The borrow'd language of a higher sphere.

I turn'd again—the minstrel's fire was spent;
I gaz'd around—the lover's heart was rent;
Neglect, and penury, and change, and death,
Spar'd not the glowing form, or gifted breath;
But quench'd in one stern blight of cold decay
Love's purple gleam, and Fancy's meteor ray.
Where are ye, solaces of human-kind?
I look'd—and Piety remain'd behind:
Upon her radiant cheek, and brow serene,
No fever'd throb, no fitful flush, were seen;
Mid ev'ry changing tide of various life,
The gaudy sunshine, or the stormy strife,

She calmly shook from her resplendent veil
The puny drivings of each passing gale—
Gave to the earth her transient smile or sigh,
Her undetach'd communion to the sky:
Yet, while she long'd for that celestial year,
Without a limit, and without a tear,
Still her bright presence, with reflected glow,
Diffus d her own serenity below,—
The conscious presage of an endless rest,
The nether Heaven of a pardon'd breast.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

"I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself on his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures."—*Spectator*, 109.

"A LOVELY creature," said I, placing my hand athwart my forehead by way of sight-shade, with as much the air of a connoisseur as I could manage to assume.

"A dear one,—a prudent, and a virtuous," rejoined the knight, turning sharply away, and betaking himself to his box, as if he had made an effort to look upon an object connected with painful recollections. Nay, if I am not mistaken, there was moisture on the lace of his sleeve as he raised his arm to his eyes, affecting to ward off the sunbeams glaring through the windows. For worlds I would not have entrapped him into the discussion of the subject; but reading curiosity in my looks, he paused when we reached the door of the gallery, and, tapping me significantly on the hand, said in a low voice, "I have her history written out in fair text hand among my family papers. My cousin Ursula was the choicest scribe in this part of the country. You will find specimens of her best Italian manner in the great family recipe book; but if you are inquisitive touching the memoir of her sister Milicent, why 'tis heartily at your service." The word "prudent" was a stumbling-block. I was ever inclined to banish from among the cardinal virtues, the prim, self-contented, prudish-looking damsel with the looking-glass; and

since even Saint Augustine pleads guilty to a similar prejudice, I,—a sinner,—need not hesitate to avow the antipathy. Nevertheless, the following sketch of family history could not but interest my feelings; and I have no scruple in pointing out the picture of "the Lady Keswycke at her looking-glass," as the sweetest personification of Prudence that has exemplified the duty of self-examination since the days of Penelope.

Sir Lawrence de Cressingham, of Cressingham Hall, was the friend and companion of the great Clarendon;—sat in the Long Parliament, retired to France on the ruin of the royal cause, and died in exile. In compensation for these disasters, his son, Sir Giles, received at the Restoration offers of a pension and peerage; both of which he stoutly declined, as being connecting links with a court towards which he was any thing but favourably disposed. Retiring, therefore, to the estate or remnant of estate still pertaining to the family name, he devoted his time to its cultivation, and his thoughts to the rearing of two daughters, bequeathed him by his wife, Ursula de Coverley, grand-aunt to the good knight, whom it was the ambition of his frugality to raise to the condition of co-heiresses.

Unfortunately, however, little Milicent and Ursula were not the sole objects of his solicitude. The charge of a young cousin, son to a younger brother of Sir Lawrence, who had fallen on the field of Worcester, leaving a young wife and posthumous child to the mercy of his then wealthy relatives, was entailed upon him with the family estates; and Francis de Cressingham grew up as the sole child of the house, till, thirteen years after his melancholy birth, little Milicent made her appearance to initiate the heart of the bluff Sir Giles into the still warmer tenderness of actual paternity.

Frank, a spirited lad, with the wild blood of his race

already boiling in his veins, was not jealous of the little stranger;—nay, he would often snatch the pretty doll into his arms and cover it with kisses, till the lady mother shrieked aloud lest its delicate frame should be injured by his rough caresses. But however blustering elsewhere, Francis became a tamed lion on approaching the nursery; and when, a few years afterwards, the Lady de Cressingham died of a slow decay, there was no one in the house whose endearments afforded consolation to her two moping motherless girls, saving those of "cousin Frank." His visits to the Hall from college or his regiment were hailed as signals for a general holiday. Sir Giles prepared for a carouse with the neighbouring squires; Milicent, who at that period inclined to the coquette, began to gather the bright rings of her chestnut hair under a *fontange* of the newest fashion; while Ursula, her younger sister, would sit for hours at her spinet, studying sonatas for his amusement. The worthy knight was scarcely prouder of his young relative than were the two girls; and during the perils encountered by the combined fleet in which young De Cressingham was serving with honour as a volunteer, Dr. Esdras, the family chaplain, could by no means determine which of the three displayed most fervour at morning and evening prayers in commending to heaven the destinies of those who "travel by land or by water."

Sooth to say, the reverend divine regarded much of this tenderness as a work of supererogation; for Francis de Cressingham was not only a scapegrace by nature, but a papist by profession: his mother (who survived his disastrous birth long enough to influence his religious principles) being issued of the noble house of Norfolk, and boasting the celebrated Cardinal Howard among her uncles.

Meanwhile the peace of Nimeguen restored tranquillity to western Europe, and Captain de Cressingham to the Hall;

and it was well for him that he escaped being drowned in sherries-sack by his kinsman, or smothered in kisses by the two girls, during the first twenty-four hours of his sojourn. Milicent was scarcely fourteen; yet Dr. Esdras was of opinion that the raptures of her welcome might have been moderated with advantage to all parties. He even ventured to express some such notion in the hearing of his patron and disciple Sir Giles; who swore in good round terms that he had no mind to be chaplain-ridden, and would foster no crop-eared puritan in his household, till the doctor was fain to retreat into the little study that served him for dormitory and all, leaving the young people to be as loving and frolicsome as they and the obstinate knight thought proper.

But however warm the welcome of the elder Cressingham, and however strenuous his opposition to the innovations of a meddling chaplain, there existed between himself and his kinsman a fertile and inextinguishable germ of discord. They had lived on easy terms in the relative position of benefactor and *protégé*, guardian and ward; but as man and man, the case was widely different. Frank was a blind and hot-headed royalist; while the loyalty of Sir Giles was somewhat refrigerated by the sacrifices he had been compelled to make to the improvidence and obstinacy of the House of Stuart. Frank was a courtier;—Sir Giles a clown. But above all, the knight had formed, or, as *he* said, *obtained* an opinion that, by means of certain fines and recoveries, the residue of the Cressingham estates were fully redeemed from the original deed of entail;—while Frank regarded the whole as his inalienable inheritance; and, dearly as he loved his two fair cousins, had no mind to be swaggered out of his birthright. A sovereign regnant is apt to look with a jealous eye upon his heir apparent, and still more upon the heir presumptive, or presumptuous, who advances unrecognised claims. The young captain had not been six weeks established at the

Hall, before theological differences ran high between himself and the pragmatical Esdras; and the party designations of Whig and Tory, then in the first blush of their virulence, were soon fiercely bandied between the two cousins. The attempt to restore episcopacy in Scotland afforded an overflowing theme for those political squabbles, miscalled arguments; and while the heart of the young volunteer waxed hot within him to hear himself stigmatised as a vapouring boy, the nose of Sir Giles waxed hot without him on being upbraided as a recreant from the faith of his gallant ancestors. It soon became apparent to Milicent and Ursula, that the sooner cousin Frank returned to Whitehall the more agreeable to cousin Giles. The young man was indebted to the testamentary dispositions of his uncle, Sir Lawrence, for a sufficient provision to supply the sword of a De Cressingham with new scabbards; and he now burst forth once more upon his perilous career, and was soon heard of, fighting with the great Sobieski against Tekeli and the Turks.

At this period, Milicent de Cressingham, now rapidly advancing towards womanhood, was often heard to interrupt her sister Ursula's labours in the wardrobe and still-room with expressions of joy that their cousin should be absent from England during so stormy a season of political strife; more particularly as the zeal and domestic influence of Dr. Esdras increased in proportion as the public influence of his party declined; while the sinister aspect of their father's affairs only tended to irritate his prejudices against the ascendant faction. And yet, considering how often young Mistress de Cressingham declared herself "rejoiced" by the rambling campaigns of "poor Frank," it was surprising how much her coquetry subsided and her gaiety declined during his absence. Instead of the *fontange* with its ribands of cherry-colour, Milicent's tresses were now confined under as

simple a riding-hood as the starchest puritan of them all; and having laid aside the rhapsodies of Dryden and Nat Lee and the mellifluous vagaries of Waller, she was oftentimes found seated in a favourite arbour of phyllyrea, looking out on the great canal, with a volume of the Pilgrim's Progress open upon her knee. Whither her thoughts were straying none could tell;—perhaps they were lost among the knots of a new stomacher;—perhaps at the siege of Vienna;—perhaps in the Slough of Despond!

It is needless to relate how slowly the monotonous years passed away at Cressingham Hall; or how many hogsheads of wormwood wine, or gallons of rosemary water attested the housewifely diligence of its younger mistress, when, to the amazement of their good father and the surprise of his moderately good chaplain, the elder, the fair Milicent, was moved to decline the suit of the Lord Keswycke; a worthy gentleman from the North, with the wisdom of fifty years on his brow, and the virtue of half as many annual thousand pounds in his pocket; and who appeared on the field, moreover, in a coach and six surpassing the splendour of the Duchess of Portsmouth's. The siege of Vienna and of the lady were raised together; and in the course of the same summer, after a submissive epistle claiming pardon of Sir Giles for past offences on the score of youthful intemperance, cousin Frank returned from the Danube; his handsome face garnished with a pair of mustachios that streamed on the troubled air like the sacred horse-tail of the prophet which he had recently assisted to capture.

The conquering hero came—and all dissensions were speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of a stretch of heroism, such as had not graced the annals of the House of Cressingham since the Crusades. The knight felt conscious that he could do no less than take by the hand a kinsman

who had ventured to take the Turk by the beard,—closed weapon to weapon with a wild Pandour,—and trampled under foot the consecrated standard of Mahommed. Again and more warmly than ever he was welcomed at the Hall;—and amid the florescent marvellousness of his recitals (attested by many an ugly gash, as well as by a complexion of *terra di Sienna,* emulating the right genuine Mocha on which he had been dieting) Milicent's eyes were seen to recover their sparkling lustre, and her riding-hood to assume something of a more courtly shaping. The clipped arbour was now deserted, or made to shelter a pair of turtle doves in lieu of the solitary sparrow. But lo! before cousin Frank's complexion had lost a shade of its Hungarian swarthiness under the less fervid skies of Britain, he and the old knight unluckily hit upon a matter of contestation far more stimulant to the wrath of both parties than either the test act, the orthodoxy of Dr. Sancroft, or the authenticity of the Rye-house plot. Francis de Cressingham ventured to demand the hand of his cousin Milicent in marriage;—and Sir Giles scrupled not to inform him that he was a blockhead for his pains.

It was on a hot, sultry, cross-grained afternoon in August; the chaplain and the ladies had accepted the hint of the knight's loyal toast to retire to their devotions; and the host and the young colonel were left *tête-à-tête.* On the table between them were flagons and flasks, and tall spider-legged rummers; with a dish of mellow jargonelles, over which buzzed a swarm of summer flies and a malignant wasp or so, at which Sir Giles sat fencing with his hunting *couteau,* till his nose grew as red as a love-apple, and his temper correspondently inflamed. After uttering divers pishes and pshaws, and other interjections to which Dr. Esdras and the recording angel might have found much to object, he looked down on his Spanish leather boots, and laid the blame on the twinges of a flying gout; and it was at this inauspicious moment,

that Frank (who, having defied Kara Mustapha and all his hosts, made light of the peevish mood of a country cousin), with most audacious self-conceit, proceeded to tender his proposals for the hand of his cousin!—the old man winced grievously; but he no longer ascribed his grimaces to any physical ailment.

"Look ye here, Colonel Francis de Cressingham," cried he, striving to subdue his rising choler, but pushing forward the flagons of Rhenish till they chimed together like an alarum, "I esteem you well as a kinsman, as my father's ward, as the orphan of a gallant man, and so forth; but if you fancy that a girl of mine shall ever camp in the tents of Belial;—if you suppose that Milly de Cressingham has been reared to tramp at the heels of your troop, starch your ruffles six days o' the week, and clear accounts with her conscience by half an hour's whisper in the ear of some confounded jesuit of a confessor on Saturday night,—i'faith you are mistaken, colonel!—plaguily mistaken,—and no thanks to you for the blunder. The wench will carry with her to some honest man's bosom half of my lands here pinned to her sleeve, without needing to graft herself and them on the withered branch of her family stock."

Frank de Cressingham's reply was given in a tone worthy the fiercest pacha whose scimetar he had seen waving on the walls of Buda! He swore that, however beneath the notice of a needy knight-baronet, he might obtain richer and nobler wives than Mistress Milicent of the Hall, any day of the year; boasted his favour both with the king and the duke; denounced his kinsman as obnoxious to the court; nay, even threatened him with the growing ascendancy of popish influence. The old man's rejoinders grew louder and hotter, as he recognized the truth of Frank's allusions to his falling fortunes; and it was well, perhaps, that the dormitory or library of the good doctor was sufficiently near at hand, and

his slumbers or studies sufficiently light, to admit of his being roused by the fray. Dr. Esdras rushed into the eating hall to separate the disputants, just as the hard argument of a heavy parcel-gilt goblet (an heir loom from their common grandsire) was flung at the head of the hero of the Danube!—

It needed not long for Colonel Frank to cause his horse to be saddled for instant departure: yet brief as the period was between his offence and flight, he found leisure for a moment's interview with the lovely origin of both. They met as usual, in the evergreen arbour;—where Frank, with the foam still moist on his lip and the sparkle of rage still bright in his eye, mingled his blessings on herself with curses on her father; implored,—besought,—nay, almost compelled her to fly with him; retraced their long years of tenderness; pictured their still longer years of future separation; till Milicent grew cold and pale as a marble statue in his arms, and the tears rolled down her unconscious cheeks as she listened. But Frank de Cressingham, though brave as a soldier and glowing as a lover, was not endowed with a right generous spirit of humanity; and in the improvidence of his selfishness, he now ventured to put forth an argument fatal to his cause:—he told her that the ruin of her father's house was accomplished; and entreated her to fly with him from its desolation.—He did not perceive with what thrice holy sanctity he was investing the duty of a daughter!

Assuming a dignity such as had never before elevated her graceful person, Milicent instantly extricated herself from his embraces, and bade him adieu for ever. A few minutes afterwards the colonel and his horse were enveloped with clouds of dust on their road back to Whitehall; and Milly was weeping at the old man's feet. Her father had been insulted; and in the perpetrator of such an offence she no longer recognized a lover. She implored the forgiveness of her parent,—the forgiveness of Heaven,—for that one short

moment of rebellion; and poor Ursula de Cressingham had a hard task in soothing the ire of the old knight and the tears of her sister.

But the love that has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength is not to be cast away in an hour, however grievous the backslidings of its object. The indignant daughter wavered not for a moment in her determination, nor was there one tear of repentance among the floods with which she bathed the green boughs of the arbour after Cressingham's departure; but she soon grew more than ever attached to the spot;—coming thither in the first place to sigh over her lover's offences;—in the next to bewail his departure with Lord Dartmouth's expedition to Tangier;—and lastly, to commune with her own prudence touching her father's entreaties that she would once more give ear to Lord Keswycke's tender overtures.

The position of poor old Sir Giles was now, indeed, every way deplorable. His health had long been breaking. Early hardships endured during the civil wars had prematurely bowed his frame;—the consciousness of apostasy, combined with the mortification of beholding the cause he had embraced on the death of his father gradually sink into nothingness, only augmented the mischief;—while the position of public affairs, the death of Russell and Sydney, and the flagrant malpractices of Jeffries, filled him with consternation. Every day some harsh warning was breathed into the old man's ears; every day the denunciations of his young cousin recurred to his memory; and each retrogressive step taken by the protestant party seemed to augment the triumph of Francis and his own degradation. All these things were solemnly pointed out by old Esdras to the attention of Milicent and her sister. He assured them that their father's injudicious zeal had attracted the fatal notice of the lord chief justice; that the name of Sir Giles de Cressingham was

entered in Jeffries's black list; and that nothing less than the protection of a son-in-law, rich and influential as the Lord Keswycke, would secure the old knight from impeachment and the Tower. The two girls, who were no strangers to their father's imprudence of speech and action, trembled while they listened!—And on the very evening of the chaplain's argumentation, Lord Keswycke arrived anew at the Hall!

But, having formerly put to the proof the fair Milicent's inaccessibility to the ordinary temptations of her sex, he this time left the coach and six at Keswycke Moat, and pursued his courtship in the simplest and most straight-forward manner. Perhaps his lordship was conscious of having no extrinsic advantages to match with the heroic vein; for he was a tall, stern, hard-favoured, ungainly man; wanting only a Geneva skull-cap and cloak to look the perfect puritan. His voice was tuneless—his manner harsh—his matter dry—his demeanour cold; and but that, on the week succeeding his arrival, the old knight her father was subpœnaed to appear before Jeffries as witness on one of those deadly trials manufactured to fill out the purposes of his commission, it is probable that Milicent might have been unable to control her repugnance sufficiently to give him her hand. But after due self-interrogation, and terror-struck by the approaching danger, she finally consented to become Lady Keswycke in time to justify her lord in calling together his retainers, and accompanying his venerable father-in-law to the tribunal in the west:—and when soon afterwards Sir Giles was dismissed with honour from the prosecution, it was rumoured in the court and city that his preservation had cost a sum of five thousand pounds to Milicent's bridegroom. Whole years of tenderness and devotion would not have impressed the heart of his young wife so strongly as that one week of self-sacrifice and generosity!—How could she do otherwise

than venerate the hand which had preserved the life of her father!

Lord Keswycke, meanwhile, expressed a decided objection to the Cressingham family prolonging their residence at the old hall. The evil spirit of the new reign was already abroad. Faggots were heard crackling on every side as in the bloody days of Mary, while the martyrdom of Mrs. Gaunt and the Lady Lisle attested that they were not kindled in vain; nay, it was a favourite sport with James to entertain his foreign ambassadors with vaunting narratives of what he facetiously termed the "Campaign of Jeffries!" The revocation of the edict of Nantes had cut off even the hope of a refuge in France; and Milicent, while she contemplated the perils and dangers of her infirm parent, offered up fervent thanksgivings to heaven for having afforded the means of securing him a stronghold against his enemies, a shelter for his old age. With her father and her sister as her inmates, her dreaded residence at Keswycke Moat lost all or half its terrors. But though many persons averred that the stern bridegroom was mainly anxious to remove her from a spot pointed out by Esdras as replete with associations inimical to the growth of wedded love, the world was, as usual, mistaken.—However little calculated to shine at Whitehall, or vie with the attractions of the cavalier cousin's sweeping plume and mustachios, Keswycke was a man of unswerving honour; nor would have raised to his bosom a wife whose virtue he deemed it necessary to fence round with such fierce guardianship. Milicent might have loitered out the remainder of her days in the phyllyrea bosquet, without exciting any alarm in her husband beyond that of her catching the ague from the malaria of the stagnant canal.

And well did the lovely bride repay this honest confidence in her prudence. In ceasing to be a child, Milicent had put away childish things. Her lover's egotism, her

father's danger, her husband's excellence, had sobered her fancy and strengthened her character. Like "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," she beheld her husband's image in his mind,—or rather had ceased to notice the uncomeliness of his aspect;—but, apprehending the holy value of the name of wife and reverencing the mighty importance of its duties, she felt that she had a part to play in the sight of man and the sight of God; and that, having fallen upon a period of national trouble, it was incumbent on her to meet the tumult with redoubled firmness, even as the mountain shrubs root themselves the stronger for the tempest. Lord Keswycke, if he did not yet touch her heart, already commanded her respect. He was neither gracious nor graceful; but his every word was bright with meaning—his every action with nobleness. She looked up to his intellectual superiority as to the majesty of the firmament over her head, which, transparent as it is, no eye can search or measure; and grew more important in her own eyes, on finding herself valued and approved by a being of such eminent endowments. She knew (for Keswycke was not the man to bestow his name on one he deemed unworthy his utmost confidence), that it was to *him* the protestant party looked for furtherance and protection against the innovations of a despotic king and corrupt ministry. She knew that he afforded the connecting link between the Court of the Hague and the people of Britain; that it needed but the uplifting of his hand for Mary of Orange to appear on her native shores, and assume a throne forfeited by her father's blind and bigoted defiance of its laws and constitution. She knew that on the acquittal of the bishops at their trial at Westminster, it was Keswycke's name that was shouted loudest by the rejoicing populace; that it was *his* influence which upheld the opposition of the University of Oxford to the imperious mandates of the king —that the chief men of the city—the chief prelates—the chief

jurists,—were in constant and confidential communication with Keswycke Moat. Yet in spite of all this, Milicent feared nothing for his safety; for she also knew the purity of his life, the steadiness of his judgment, and the total absence of worldly or interested motives from his proceedings. She saw that his measures were taken for conscience sake; that he was above the influence of ambition, beyond the reach of venal calculations;—the diligent servant of God, the vigilant master of his own passions;—and believed him secure as the ark of the covenant from the touch of a lawless sovereign. It was not with her liege lord as with her rash and vacillating father. Keswycke could have said or done or thought no weak or evil thing; and Milicent was as proud of the greatness of her husband's mind as many women would have been of the mightiness of his estate and condition. Once or twice it was insinuated to her by old Sir Giles, now verging on his dotage, that Francis de Cressingham, (who was well known as an accredited emissary between the courts of James and of the Vatican, or rather as the officious agent between Father Petre, the royal confessor, and his own uncle, Cardinal Howard,) had pointed out the popular influence of Lord Keswycke as a matter of peril and terror to the weak minds of James and his queen; and that a system of espionage was accordingly instituted in the environs of Keswycke Moat. Yet still Milicent feared nothing. Whenever Ursula was moved to the acknowledgment of her apprehensions, her sister did but incite her to join more fervently in prayer for their mutual consolation, and more actively in study for the engrossment of their faculties, lest she should be induced into the frailty of weak-heartedness in her lord's behalf.

"There is a mighty duty in his hand," said she, as they walked side by side along the stately terraces of the old castle: "the fate of nations is committed to his charge,

—the welfare of millions,—the des inies of interminable posterity. Shall I then,—even I,—by my weak terrors molest my husband in his most responsible career, or add one thorn to the anxieties of his arduous undertakings?—No, no! Ursula:—if I am weak, pray that I may be strengthened; if perplexed, pray that my paths may be made straight;—but hazard not one word to me of my husband's danger, lest I grow faint in my good intent. Talk to me of other things. The earth with its flowers, which is so bright around us;—the Heavens with their stars, which are so bright above;—futurity with its hopes, brighter, yea! a thousand-fold brighter, beyond!—Let us talk of these things, Ursula; nor linger one sentence longer amid the political dissensions of a misgoverned nation."

So stedfast was Milicent in this prudent and virtuous resolve, that throughout the perils which ensued, although her frame wasted to a shadow and her voice grew even as a whisper for very wretchedness, she breathed not a word of fear or misgiving.

From the momentous period of the landing of William, she suffered no hour of the twenty-four—no moment of the hour—to remain unoccupied; for now,—for the first time since her marriage, she was withdrawn from her husband's company. Lord Keswycke had hastened, by a pre-appointment with the Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton, to join the protestant prince at Axminster;—and even at the moment of bidding him farewell, Milicent had the noble fortitude to say "God speed him!" without embittering their parting embrace by a single tear. She looked upon him as a nuncio of Heaven, going forth to fulfil his master's work; nor was it till after his departure, after the old gates of the Moat had actually closed upon the last straggler of his train, that she fell down on the threshold in a deep swoon; struggling for five hours between death and life, while the doting

old knight tore his gray hair by her bedside, and Ursula sat chafing her cold hands without hope of her recovery. Her disorder arose, however, from weakness of body, not weakness of mind. Her soul was worthy of her husband and his cause; and, in the course of a day or two, she was enabled to rise and go into her oratory, and pray with all her spirit for a blessing on the absent one.—"He saved my father;—he is about to save my country:—strengthen him, O Lord God, with thy mighty power, and prosper his undertaking!" said Milicent; and, in the sight of Heaven at least, she had no need to check the bitterness of her agony.

Her prayers were heard!—The hour of danger passed away; but although Milicent knew him to be standing at the king's right hand at Westminster, she had prudence to refrain from joining her husband in the capital, or from interceding for a short visit to the Moat, lest she should intercept, however slightly, the fulfilment of his public duties. Mighty indeed had been the strife within her soul, and mighty the anguish of her heart, during the political conflict of that bloodless revolution. But still more mighty was her reward when, summoned by her lord to their new residence at court, she heard his name shouted by the grateful populace as he approached; and, amid the tears that sprung into her eyes and which she was no longer compelled to repress, hailed for the first time the countenance she loved brightened by the sunshine of perfect contentment!—The destinies of his country were secured, and Milicent was again in his arms!

It was amid the tumult of this unhoped-for triumph, that Lady Keswycke and her lord were summoned to receive the old man her father's dying benediction; and it was an affecting thing to hear the aged knight, reversing the law of nature, render thanks to his child that she had solaced him, and supported him, and been a stay to his feeble footsteps. He bequeathed his daughter Ursula to the guardianship of

his high-minded son-in-law as to that of a second providence; and then, like Simeon, was ready to "depart in peace, now that his eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord:" leaving it to his daughters, to carry back the remains of their old father to the abode of his ancestors,—where he had hoped to return and find a tranquil home, and where it was their pious duty to lay his gray head in the grave.

Some years had now elapsed since they quitted Cressingham. The hall had grown damp and dark and gloomy, even to the uttermost desolation; while the gardens, like every spot recommitted to the hand of nature, were only the more beautiful in proportion to their abandonment. The trimmed shrubs had shot forth into a natural shape; the flowers, unchecked and unpruned, had sprung up as in a wilderness of blossom; song-birds had built unheeded on every side; and even the wild bees now deposited their treasures in the clefts of its solitary trees. As the sisters bent their steps on the evening of their arrival across the weedy gravel, or ascended the mossy stone steps of the terrace—startled in their turn by the wood-pigeons they scared from their nests Ursula vainly attempted to beguile her sister from the path leading to the phyllyrea bower. "Nay, let us not bend our steps thitherward," faltered she at length, fancying that the spot would present a painful recollection to the mind of Lady Keswycke.

"And wherefore not?" answered Milicent, in her own sweet stedfast voice, turning upon her a countenance that their father's recent death had stripped of its natural bloom. "It is my place of triumph, Ursula!—the spot where I was tempted—the spot where I was sustained against temptation. But for that green arbour and its scene of parting, I had followed my youth's vain fancy, and never been blest as the wedded wife of the noblest of mankind; had never enjoyed the triumph of being dearest of all to one whose love extends to the meanest of his fellow-creatures:—the

glory of holding a part in that mind to which the nations of the earth turn for guidance and instruction:—the holy joy of knowing myself a first object in those prayers betwixt which and Heaven no vile or worldly object interposeth! My sister—my dear sister,—look around; look at these shapeless walls of verdure, these decaying benches, this weed-entangled ground under our feet;—and then thank Heaven for me that they were made to bear witness to my eternal separation from one who would have had me desert my father in his falling fortunes!"

The influence of a woman thus gifted was necessarily great at the sober court of the new queen; where, sorely against her will and solely in obedience to her husband, Lady Keswycke had undertaken the post of Lady of the Bedchamber. Resigning the tranquil seclusion of Keswycke Moat for the stir and pageantry of Hampton Court,—and elbowed in the antechamber of the palace of St. James's, instead of presiding over the restoration of the Cressingham estates,—Milicent, over whom, from her youth upward, the word duty possessed a paramount authority, renounced without repining those simple habits which her country breeding rendered second nature. The buoyancy of her youthful gaiety had long been subdued into the matron dignity of a wife; but an innocent joyousness of spirit still sparkled in her eyes whenever Keswycke's weight in the council, or arguments in the House, or favour with all classes of the realm, were commended in her hearing. It was the custom of Mary to sit among the ladies of her court, engaged in needlework, or other exercises which could be made available to benevolent purposes; and among these the Lady Keswycke was the fairest, and most graceful, and most favoured. Her prudence, her dignified humility, as well as her enthusiasm in the cause sanctioned by a father and a husband, rendered her an invaluable companion to her majesty; and when, sixteen

months afterwards, the king departed on his Irish expedition, it was in the bosom of her friend (her friend—not favourite) that the daughter of James—the wife of William—deposited her two-fold sorrow. And well indeed could Milicent appreciate their influence; and earnestly did she rejoice that the necessity of Keswycke's presence in the council prevented him from following the fortunes of his royal master. He had been appointed by the king, with seven other statesmen, to exercise a direct influence over the measures of the Queen; and his position, as the husband of her favourite friend, having invested him in the royal mind with a degree of interest beyond that of the Lords Carmarthen and Nottingham, his time was soon wholly engrossed by hurried journeys between Windsor and Whitehall.

But the crisis of Milicent's destiny was now at hand. One morning, some days after the arrival of intelligence of the battle of the Boyne, Ursula De Cressingham burst, with frantic gestures and quivering lips, into the cabinet of his lady, her sister.

"Weep with me," cried she; "weep with me:—our father's house is dishonoured! Frank,—our cousin Frank—our playmate,—the hand-in-hand companion of our childhood—is a prisoner; ay, and likely to perish by an ignominious death!"

"The clemency of the king is well known," said Milicent, coldly; "nor is it the custom of modern warfare to injure an honourable captive."

"Alas, alas! cried Ursula, "can I, dare I, tell you all and move you to interfere in his behalf?—Shall I avow the weakness of my heart?—Yes! I *love* him, Milly;—love him with all the fervour of womanly attachment!—While the eyes of our cousin Francis were riveted on *you,* mine saw nothing on this earth besides himself. Judge, therefore, Milicent, my dearest sister, judge of my feelings on learning that a great victory has blessed our protestant hosts; and that the

papers of the Lord Tirconnell having fallen into the hands of the victors, a horrible plot has been discovered for the assassination of the king's majesty.—Sister,—it is rumoured that a De Cressingham was the enemy to whom was delegated the perpetration of the crime!"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Milicent, "I thank thee that my father did not live to see this day."

"He is innocent!—our cousin is innocent!" cried Ursula.

"Surely it is guilt enough to be accessible to the charge of so heinous an enormity," said Lady Keswycke, shuddering with horror.

"And has your heart no memory?" ejaculated Ursula: "do you recollect nothing of your childish endearments,—your youthful friendships?—The same blood flows in the breast of Francis that animated our father's; would you see it outpoured on a scaffold?—Would you hear the name of our forefathers profaned by the common voice as that of a traitor and a malefactor?—Your influence is great with your lord. Plead with him, plead with him, and save our kinsman from this disgraceful end."

"Leave me," said the lady, bestowing a warm sisterly embrace upon the trembling Ursula; "I have need to ponder upon these things."

Milicent was seated at her tiring mirror when her sister burst into her chamber;—and there she still sat,—perplexed by that stir of pulse which, however great the influence of female prudence or christian principle, is apt to wake anew on mention of the lover of our youth. The recollection of those early days was as afar-off vision; connected with her mother's endearments, her father's pride in her well-doing; with holy memories of the dead, with holy reliance on the living. It was strange, she thought, that her sister's partiality should have escaped her observation. Was it vanity that had blinded her eyes?—Had her persuasion of her cousin Frank's exclusive

devotion to herself rendered her insensible to the possibility of his becoming an object of attachment to another?—How came it, too, that Frances should have overlooked the lighter and brighter graces of her young sister, when connected with this flattering partiality?—Milicent was still but five-and-twenty years of age; and in spite of all her prudence, an involuntary glance bent itself on her tiring glass for a reply to the question!—

That Francis was really guilty of the offence laid to his charge did not for a moment occupy her fears. A De Cressingham turn assassin?—No, no, Frank might have subjected himself to suspicion—but to become a deliberate murderer?—Impossible?—She knew him to be deeply pledged to the fugitive king,—the advocate and upholder of his most obnoxious measures; and he had probably been induced into some outrage, whereby still deadlier suspicions became attached to his designs.

What was to be done?—The court was at Hampton; and Keswycke had but an hour before departed on state business for an audience with the queen. Should she despatch an express to him, imploring his intercession?—Alas! how hard the task to commence a letter to the lofty Keswycke with an allusion to her girlish weakness, with the narrative of a love tale!—But there was no time for deliberation; and in the midst of her perplexities Ursula claimed admittance, and placing the Gazette in her hand, pointed out to her horrorstruck eyes the ancient name of their house pointed out in large capitals to the detestation of the kingdom!—Yes, all was too true. Among the papers left by King James on his precipitate flight from Dublin, was a letter (addressed to the queen at St. Germains) detailing a plan of assassination, whereby Sir Francis De Cressingham had undertaken to cut off his royal son-in-law!—

"This is no business for Keswycke's interference," cried

Milicent, drawing on her hood. "For twenty cousins or twenty worlds I would not peril his noble name by entanglement in so vile a thing;—but the queen loves me,—I will try my own influence over her heart. God has been merciful to her in sparing the lives of her father and husband in this unnatural conflict; let her show mercy in return."

When the Lady Keswycke's coach entered the quadrangle of the palace at Hampton, all appeared in confusion. Courtiers were thronging in on every side to tender loyal congratulations to her majesty, who was still occupied with her cabinet council;—but on the announcement of a lady of the bedchamber, respectful way was made; and Millicent was able to take her seat nearest the door of the audience chamber, and await as patiently as she might the coming forth of the queen. No one approached her. The name of Cressingham seemed to have communicated some fatal infection to Lord Keswycke's wife. The courtiers and ladies of the household stood in groops afar off, smiling and sneering and admiring how soon the rumour of her family shame had brought the favourite of the queen to be a waiter in antechambers!——

But Milicent saw them not—heard them not—heeded them not!—She had drawn her hood closer over her face. Her thoughts were far away in the dimness of years; her heart was back again in the green arbour.—Again she seemed to see the fiery youth at her feet; again she seemed to shudder and recoil as he denounced her father to be a ruined man, and invited her to forsake him in his helplessness. But for that spot and that hour, she might now have been the wife of a convicted traitor and malefactor!—Had she not cause for thankfulness to the Almighty Being, by whom her determination had been inspired?—

But Milicent's prudence was about to encounter a new ordeal. On entering the presence, to which she was now hastily summoned, she discovered that she had to con-

front not only the searching gaze of her royal mistress, but the wondering looks of her husband, and the somewhat supercilious smile of Bishop Burnet, who stood at the queen's right hand. Milicent's footsteps trembled for the first time on approaching an earthly throne; but after kissing the hand graciously extended towards her, she unhesitatingly kneeled down, and implored in simple terms the queen's clemency for her cousin, Sir Francis De Cressingham.

Never before had Lady Keswycke perceived the angry blood rise to the brow of her royal patroness! Mary, who resented not this bold application as a queen, but as a wife, hastily demanded, while her eyes sparkled with anger, whether the Lady Keswycke, in hazarding so audacious a supplication, could be aware of the crime of which that person stood accused?

Milicent clasped her hands; but said not a word in reply.

"Let me hear no more of this," said her majesty, seating herself beside the council table with an air of dignity she was rarely seen to assume, "*or I may be tempted to inquire to what strange influence over the wife of Lord Keswycke, the traitor Cressingham is indebted for this eager intercession!*"

Even this harsh taunt did not divert the lady from her purpose.

"Suffer me, madam, to forestal the question," said she, striving to assume a composed demeanour:—and without rising from her kneeling position, and regardless of the stern gaze fixed by Keswycke and the queen upon her face, she proceeded to relate all;—her cousin's hereditary devotion to the house of Stuart,—his intemperance of spirit,—his betrothment to herself,—his interest in the heart of her only sister.

Mary bent a significant look towards Lord Keswycke, who was visibly affected by the narration. "Rise!" said he, raising Milicent from her knees with an air of inexpressible

dignity; "rise, my beloved wife, nor humble yourself further for this thing. Your kinsman is beyond reach of the mercy or the vengeance of kings. A price was set upon his head; and being overtaken, Francis De Cressingham perished in the ignoble scuffle of capture. See, madam," said he, replying with proud consciousness to the glance of the queen "My Milicent blenches not!—Your majesty will now graciously admit that her petition arose not from any unworthy predilection. Blessed is the husband whose heart, in spite of insinuation—in spite of prejudice—in spite of every sinister appearance—is anchored in the unswerving prudence of a virtuous wife!"

It was a proud moment for Lady Keswycke. Mary,—generously retracting her momentary mistrust,—caused the doors of the presence-chamber to be thrown open, and walked forth into the gallery betwixt herself and her lord.

"For once, my lord, the text is at fault!" whispered the queen to Bishop Burnet, as she saw her two friends depart together in undiminished love and confidence:—"The children of this world are not *always* wiser in their generation than the children of light!"

EPILOGUE *.

BY THE COUNTESS OF MORLEY.

And must I then—the fatal knot once tied—
Become the meek, submissive, pattern bride?
Forego the short-lived triumph of my sex,
Renounce the glorious privilege to vex—
To tease the teaser—to befool the wise,
And o'er the future tyrant—tyrannize?
Why—for the brief dominion of an hour
Should fate accord us weapons of such power?
Eyes darting fire—legions of conquering graces—
Squadrons of charms:—look, heroes, in our faces
And own yourselves the humblest of our slaves.
You smile assent—but you're such treacherous knaves,
There's something in your very smiles would say,
"We have our safety in the word—*obey*;"
But if you hold us by this legal tether,
And fancy love and law can go together,
We may contrive such galling chains to loose,
And when you least expect it—slip the noose.
(Aside.) A friendly hint, dear ladies, in your ear,
Which, if you'll follow (husbands must not hear),
You still may rule them with despotic sway:
Always—in trifles—let them have their way.
On soups and *entrées*—bow to their opinion;
O'er dogs and horses—grant them full dominion;
Protest you think their arguments so clever
On game and corn-laws—you're convinced for ever.

* This Epilogue is supposed to be spoken by a Coquette, who marries at the termination of a comedy, of which she is the heroine.—Ed.

Give them in politics no molestation,
But whilst you rule them—let them rule the nation.
Your tyrant thus deceived becomes your tool,
Still, though you rule him, never show you rule:
Rivals in love they naturally hate—
Rivals in power they cannot tolerate.
Who calls to order? How am I transgressing?
The ladies only, sir, I was addressing.
I see you tremble lest I go too far,
Encouraging revolt and civil war—
The fearful fruits of our emancipation—
Allow me then a word in explanation.
I dread, like you, reforms and revolutions,
'Tis to support established institutions,
As ancient as the siege of Troy, I speak—
The great Atrides was a Jerry Sneak.
Nay, I could cite, but that I dread to bore ye,
Examples without end from ancient story,
Occurrences as old as the creation,
Proving the rule of *man*—the innovation.
(Aside.) (But am I wise and prudent—on reflection—
Suing for public favour and protection,
One half my audience thus by taunts provoking.)
Believe me, gentlemen, I am only joking.
You know too well—howe'er we scorn and flout you,
We all had rather die than live without you.
Your praise we covet—your applause we prize,
E'en "as the light that visits these bright eyes."
Nay, *I*—with all my airs of domination
Claim at your hands one clap of approbation.
Be generous then, exceed the boon I ask,
And if you deem we well have done our task,
Let cheers and bravos echo from the walls,
To crown our triumph as the curtain falls.

THE CASKET.

A TALE.

There are many questions which cannot be answered; some wrongs which may not be appeased; and a few truths which should not be revealed.

We do not ask the Lady Beatrice, if she be happy; neither ought we to follow the restless pilgrimage of her unfortunate cousin, Maurice d'Orvigny: nor shall we officiously whisper to the amiable Lord Eglamont, that the domestic peace, so dear to him, is still the funeral of hope to another.

Why should we?

There are moments, too, which are the very avalanches of time; and once disengaged from the mass that makes up existence, they carry far down into the vale of years their long traces of violence and destruction: and with them we chronicle the past, and limit the future.

Life is full of inequalities; the human mind replete with inconsistencies; and the grand desolation of nature can alone furnish adequate emblems of the moral ruin which love and hatred bring about. It must be our instinctive perception of *this*, that inspires all rapturous admiration of magnificent scenery. It must be this tacit sympathy, which covers the whole surface of the earth with meaning; with intelligence of expression, and the poetry of beauty.

Ce que tu vois de l'homme, n'est pas l'homme, has already been said; and man may well run away from his species to talk to mountains and cataracts, which can better tell him what he feels.

It was in vain that Maurice endeavoured to depreciate the excellence of the being he had offended and lost; there could

be no real relief in this: and it was equally in vain that Madame d'Orvigny, in all the glow of maternal resentment, compared the merit of her son with the very obvious inferiority of the English nobleman: they could blame no one but themselves and each other.

Beatrice, Contessa di Soranzo, was the portionless bride of Lord Eglamont; and had left, at a distance of many hundred miles, Rome, the convent, her aunt, her fortune, and the two alternatives of either marrying her cousin, or taking the veil.

The only relic of the past, that accompanied her, was the venerable man who had been her mother's confessor.

The Padre Anselmo did not quit his orphan charge, since it was the pleasure of Lord Eglamont that he should go with them into Switzerland; and, whatever may have been the scruples of the pious catholic on leaving Rome, it is certain that he did not express them.

In one of the now forsaken chateaux, on the Genevese borders of that lovely Leman, this well-composed and affectionate trio passed two of their summers. The winters were given to Paris and other capitals.

And Maurice, in all the despotism of an imperious temper, demanded compensation of the world for the injury he had done himself; and the world is a flatterer on these occasions, and promises too much. Its usury goes unpunished; and its dupes cannot retaliate.

He passed from one country to another; unable to satisfy himself with his own proceedings; still less able to tolerate the conduct of others.

The world grew insipid. It was a wide-spreading level. There was nothing in it that he could appropriate. He found no equal; and sighed over the void he could not fill.

One mighty disappointment held his proud heart in check; one beauteous form still haunted the withered Eden of his imagination, guarding its spectral and eternal loneliness; one

irresistible loss kept all his thoughts in mourning; and Maurice d'Orvigny loathed the vapid excitements of life whenever an unoccupied hour left him to himself.

Madame d'Orvigny could not persuade her only child to return and sooth the last few years of her life. Mutual recrimination had ended in total disunion; and the mother and son had parted for ever.

Maurice heard of her death during the second year of his wanderings, and visited Rome only to gaze heavily upon the tomb that held *both* parents, and to arrange the settlement of such domestic affairs as had fallen into disorder.

The scene of his deepest mortification was insupportable to him; and he again fled from it—a broken-hearted man.

It was spring; and to those who are unhappy, the aspect of spring is an aggravation of suffering.

He went to Paris. It was just possible that Lord and Lady Eglamont might be there; and a morbid desire to see —though but for an instant—the idol of his far-off worship, clung to him with irresistible tenacity.

When life offers no wholesome and primary pursuit to our attention, every extravagance of feeling and fancy obtains a dangerous power over us; and we become the sport of childish and irrational impulse.

We are, indeed, so weary of ourselves, that we are glad to throw up the reins, and let chance, or the fever of the will, direct.

After passing a month in all the gradations of this unenviable state of mind, D'Orvigny ascertained that the objects of his search had left Paris for Switzerland a fortnight before.

He had never seen Switzerland. During the two years of Lady Eglamont's marriage, the knowledge that she was *there* had banished him to the remoter precincts of the earth; and now, he rashly determined to intrude upon the quiet of her happiness.

That she *was* happy, he could not doubt; everything that he had heard led to this belief. Had she ever loved *him*—even in the earliest period of their long engagement? He could not positively assure himself that she had. Had not the presumptuous tyranny of his disposition shocked her into disgust?—Yes. Would she not have preferred even her Carmelite cloister to *his* society? And had not her glad spirit previously renounced the gloom of *this* with decided aversion?

There was no end to the irritating catechism: the carriage waited; the postillions were ready; and D'Orvigny dashed off with the ungoverned haste of one who bears with him the news of a great victory.

He travelled day and night until he reached the broad platforms of the Jura mountains—and we will leave him in one of the wild and singular passes of that gloomy chain—or, shall we follow him on foot, as he slowly climbs the highest of its pine-fledged tops?

Who would not envy him such a first view of the distant Alps? Who, that has gazed in voiceless wonder on those stupendous bulwarks, has not—like him—been electrified on seeing, when all the earth was clothed in vesper gray, *their* world of sunshine beyond?

If anything could elevate, soften, or even shape a purpose, vaguely formed, rudely designed, and but dimly understood, it was this burst of awful grandeur—it was this hymn of sunbeams—this repose of everlasting snows, and all the silence of those giant spires that point to the Eternity above them!

The mind asks for greater space: we gasp for breath in a new element of serious joy, and feel the pent-up enthusiasm of spirituality acting within. But to what purpose, if, the moment that these fragments of early glory disappear, we resume the dull tenor of every-day thought—the common-place

of every-day care—and the undignified disguise of habitual meanness and folly?

"Do not forget the white roses, Beatrice; and here is the veil, if you will take it," said Lord Eglamont, gaily presenting his lovely wife with an exquisite specimen of Brussels lace. Beatrice smiled affectionately, and sighed half inaudibly; this allusion to the white roses had carried her into forsaken Italy, and struck at once upon many chords that had otherwise been silent.

It was her *fête* day; the day, too, on which, only three years before, she had stood within the walls of her convent church, her pale brow encircled with a chaplet of these paler flowers, the decorated bride of Christ, and ready, with her companion novices, to renounce the world she had never seen. But the sudden arrival and frantic conduct of her cousin Maurice had then interrupted, and for ever postponed, the ceremony. It was on this occasion that Lord Eglamont had first beheld her; and its anniversary, in the succeeding year, had been chosen by him for the celebration of their marriage. This ninth of June, therefore, came charged with the most important events of her life; and it was not possible for Beatrice to forget even its white roses.

Lord Eglamont left the breakfast-room, and Beatrice was alone.

It seldom happens that those who love us well, can *understand us too!*

She rose, and stood in the recess of a favourite window. The weather was magical for giving effect to the brilliant scenery before her. Ever shifting accidents of light and shade on lake and mountain imparted colours of all beautiful hues to land and water; and then, a rapid change passed over all: dark masses of vapour gathered up; the wind rose violently; the liquid mirror grew angry, and its tiny waves looked like some thousands of sea-birds turning their white breasts

to the storm. Heavy and livid clouds imbued the lake with a tinge of the deepest yet brightest green; and, little by little, a thick black curtain was folded down before the whole line of the Alps. It was altogether a combination of the sublime in scenic metamorphoses. When, lo! the brief storm ceased; sun-burst after sun-burst came and went, in magnificent struggle; and the triumph of the day-god was at last complete.

If Beatrice had wept, she now felt ashamed of her tears; and hastened, in all the warmth of love and gratitude, to witness and approve her husband's busy arrangement of preparation for the domestic festival. She soon found him in the conservatory with Father Anselmo. The aged priest was carefully filling an elegant vase with select exotics of his own cultivation.

"You approach too soon, love—Father Anselmo does not choose to be discovered: you know he rejoices in small surprises, and I am certain that he has some little attention in store for you."

And Lord Eglamont playfully concealed the vase with his hands, his blue eyes dancing all the while, in admiration of the fair creature before him, and looking vivid as the bright Rhone itself, when it rushes through Geneva.

What a pillow of down is love, when the heart aches *unintelligibly!* Beatrice forgot all her recent uneasiness, and the reception of her numerous expected guests no longer appeared formidable and fatiguing. Her spirit was awake to every note of gladness—the conversation of green leaves was delightful—the earth smelled refreshingly—the flowers were breathing incense—and she was happy. Thus the *allegro* movement of the day began; but it is to its *close* that we must come.

It was observed at the supper-table that Father Anselmo was missing. This absence seemed unaccountable; no one knew how to explain it; and it was evident that both Lord and Lady Eglamont were anxious and perplexed. Hour

after hour passed away, but the confessor came not. The guests disappeared; the band ceased playing; the last rocket had sent down its farewell sparks of light, and Beatrice left the illuminated garden bouquet, and returned with her husband through the conservatory to the chateau. They were discussing various remote probabilities, when the individual whose temporary absence had been so much regretted, stood before them.

"You are ill, father," said Lady Eglamont, immediately taking his cold hand, and pressing it to her cheek. "What is the matter?—and where have you been? Does he not look *very* ill, dearest?"

Lord Eglamont did, indeed, perceive how much the usually serene countenance of the confessor was agitated, and glancing at the delicate and half filial Beatrice, as if some too fearful tale of wo impended, he said emphatically "Come with me, Father Anselmo; and, Beatrice, love, let *me* take care of our venerable friend, and I will come to you in the oriel chamber."

At mention of this apartment, the old priest involuntarily shuddered, and muttered, as if thinking aloud—"It was the conditional vow, extorted by a desperate and dying man! I have not erred—may God preserve my daughter!" And with this remarkable and hurried blessing, Beatrice was dismissed.

And with footsteps somewhat reluctantly obedient, she ascended the broad, aristocratic staircase of the mansion, and entered the long corridor that led to her little sanctum. It was a retreat that might have charmed the most fastidious. The alabaster lamp was burning placidly within; the screen just circumscribed the chosen corner; the costly antique chair was placed near the table; and upon this stood Father Anselmo's vase, and by its side *a casket*. "Another gift from my beloved Eglamont," thought Beatrice. But several minutes passed before she opened it; for Father Anselmo's

manner had excited both alarm and curiosity, and her mind was occupied. At length, however, she disengaged the attached key from its ingenious envelope, and opened the casket. The first glance was sufficient to tell the history of its contents. There were packets of letters in her own youthful handwriting; the rosary she had worn in the convent; jewels; diminutive books, and other *souvenirs*, the memorials of days gone by. And these could only come from Maurice d'Orvigny. And *where* was he? and *why* had he sent them? There was a letter on the outside of a minor parcel in *his* handwriting: the superscription, too, was evidently recent. Beatrice, Beatrice, read it not! Alas, alas! that we should be, in any degree, responsible for the sufferings and the crimes of others; or that others should have it in their power *to make us believe that we are so.*

But Beatrice was alone. There was no friendly hand to dash away the barbed arrow she held in hers. There was no protecting shield to ward off this cruel assassination of her peace. She opened the letter, and it was this:—

"Beatrice! my vow is accomplished—I *have* seen you! Yes, I have seen you, even *to-day*—radiant in beauty and perfect in its expression. I see—I *feel* that you are *happy!* There was no thought of the wretched Maurice in that sweet and tranquil smile of yours. No! he is an outcast, even from your compassion.

"Had you dedicated *but one sigh* to him on this *imperishable anniversary,* he would have blessed you in the solemn hour that approaches!—It shall, henceforth, be invested with a new and unwelcome association.

"Beatrice! Beatrice! my still adored and perfect Beatrice! I *cannot* survive this night. I have tried to forget you in the giddy whirl of incessant dissipation—it is impossible! And *now—now* that I have once more beheld you—the past resources of a reckless life seem doubly odious.

Painted by Miss F. Corbaux.

Engraved by J. Thompson.

London. Published for the Proprietor, by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

"Farewell! my own lost love! When all is over, this will reach you—and with it that angelic miniature, the innocent theft of early and happy years, with which *you know* I would not part, could *life* still keep me prisoner.

"I shall send for your confessor, and he must give you this. He cannot have forgotten me; and he cannot refuse a dying man's request.

"Am I not *a fiend*, thus to revenge my sufferings upon the inspiration of all loveliness?—Yes, yes, I am unworthy even of your *regret*—but *I cannot die without it.*

"Forgive, forgive, blest spirit of benevolence, your eternally ruined, broken-hearted Maurice."

Beatrice mechanically placed the letter on the table—suspended horror fixing itself upon the still unopened small packet. Her trembling hands withdrew the fatal miniature; and breathless with incredulous awe—paralysed by sudden and overwhelming emotion—she held the chain that fastened it, and looked towards the door of her apartment, as if it would open, and tell her some yet more appalling truth.

Footsteps were heard. She tried to move—to speak; it was impossible; she could not articulate. The door opened, and Eglamont, distressed and terrified beyond expression, fell on his knees before the statue figure of his wife. Father Anselmo followed, and Beatrice made another ineffectual effort to speak.

"Be composed, my precious child—he died repentant—he *is* gone—doubt it not."

"Beatrice, Beatrice! my only life and happiness! do not look so—do not make me miserable!" said Eglamont, half frenzied.

His earnest, affectionate, and deep-toned voice dissolved the icy spell, and the hitherto motionless Beatrice, bending her dark, full eyes upon him, and dropping the chain from her grasp, fell, in an agony of tears, into his outspread arms.

THE GLOVE.

(FROM SCHILLER.)

BY SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, BART.

Before his Lion-garden gate,
The wild beast combat to await—
King Francis sate—
Around him were his nobles placed,
The balcony above was graced
By ladies of the court in gorgeous state.
And as with his finger a sign he made,
The iron grating was open laid,
And with stately step and mien
A lion to enter was seen.
With fearful look
His mane he shook,
And yawning wide
Stared around him on every side;
And stretch'd his giant limbs of strength,
And laid himself down at his fearful length.

And the king a second signal made—
And instant was open'd wide
A second gate on the other side,
From which with fiery bound
A tiger sprung,
Who, when he the lion saw,
Roar'd aloud from his frightful jaw,
And in a circle, round and round,
His tail he flung;

And stretch'd out his tongue,
And with glittering eye,
Crept round the lion slow and shy,
Then horribly howling,
And grimly growling,
Down by his side himself he laid.

And the king another signal made—
The open'd grating vomited then
Two leopards forth from their dreadful den—
They rush on the tiger, with signs of rage,
Eager the deadly fight to wage—
Who fierce with paws uplifted stood,
And the lion sprang up with an awful roar,
Then were still the fearful four:
And the monsters, on the ground
Crouch'd in a circle round,
Greedy to taste of blood.

Then fell from the terrace above,
From beauteous hand a glove,
And the tiger and lion between,
To drop 't was seen.

And the Lady Kunigund, in bantering mood,
Spoke to Knight Delorges, who by her stood—
" If the flame which but now to me you swore,
Burns as strong as it did before,
Go pick up my glove, Sir Knight."
And he with action quick as sight,
In the horrible place did stand;
And with dauntless mien,
From the beasts between
Took up the glove with fearless hand:

And as ladies and nobles the bold deed saw,
Their breath they held through fear and awe,
The glove he brings back composed and light.
His praise was announced by voice and look,
And Kunigund received the knight
With a smile that promised the deed to requite;
But straight in her face he flung the glove
"I neither desire your thanks nor love:—"
And from that same hour the lady forsook.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

Years pass away; the worthy die, and leave
No successors their virtues to replace:
We win our way by trouble and by care;
Yet when 'tis past, it seems an arrow's flight.
For friends departed we are left to grieve,
And would again the course they ran, retrace;
For much that once was rugged, now seems fair
When memory clothes it with a soften'd light.
We cannot hope again; whence chilling age
Runs cold and feeble in our palsied veins;
No new affections will our hearts engage;
No sound of joyance in the distance reigns;
And when the cloud of darkness is before,
The rays behind us but afflict the more!

THE MORTAL IMMORTAL.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

July 16, 1833.—This is a memorable anniversary for me; on it I complete my three hundred and twenty-third year!

The Wandering Jew?—certainly not. More than eighteen centuries have passed over his head. In comparison with him, I am a very young Immortal.

Am I, then, immortal? This is a question which I have asked myself, by day and night, for now three hundred and three years, and yet cannot answer it. I detected a gray hair amidst my brown locks this very day—that surely signifies decay. Yet it may have remained concealed there for three hundred years—for some persons have become entirely white-headed before twenty years of age.

I will tell my story, and my reader shall judge for me. I will tell my story, and so contrive to pass some few hours of a long eternity, become so wearisome to me. For ever! Can it be? to live for ever! I have heard of enchantments, in which the victims were plunged into a deep sleep, to wake, after a hundred years, as fresh as ever: I have heard of the Seven Sleepers—thus to be immortal would not be so burthen-some: but, oh! the weight of never-ending time—the tedious passage of the still-succeeding hours! How happy was the fabled Nourjahad!——But to my task.

All the world has heard of Cornelius Agrippa. His memory is as immortal as his arts have made me. All the world has also heard of his scholar, who, unawares, raised

the foul fiend during his master's absence, and was destroyed by him. The report, true or false, of this accident, was attended with many inconveniences to the renowned philosopher. All his scholars at once deserted him—his servants disappeared. He had no one near him to put coals on his ever-burning fires while he slept, or to attend to the changeful colours of his medicines while he studied. Experiment after experiment failed, because one pair of hands was insufficient to complete them: the dark spirits laughed at him for not being able to retain a single mortal in his service.

I was then very young—very poor—and very much in love. I had been for about a year the pupil of Cornelius, though I was absent when this accident took place. On my return, my friends implored me not to return to the alchymist's abode. I trembled as I listened to the dire tale they told; I required no second warning; and when Cornelius came and offered me a purse of gold if I would remain under his roof, I felt as if Satan himself tempted me. My teeth chattered—my hair stood on end:—I ran off as fast as my trembling knees would permit.

My failing steps were directed whither for two years they had every evening been attracted,—a gently bubbling spring of pure living waters, beside which lingered a dark-haired girl, whose beaming eyes were fixed on the path I was accustomed each night to tread. I cannot remember the hour when I did not love Bertha; we had been neighbours and playmates from infancy—her parents, like mine, were of humble life, yet respectable—our attachment had been a source of pleasure to them. In an evil hour, a malignant fever carried off both her father and mother, and Bertha became an orphan. She would have found a home beneath my paternal roof, but, unfortunately, the old lady of the near castle, rich, childless, and solitary, declared her intention to adopt her. Henceforth Bertha was clad in silk—inhabited a

marble palace—and was looked on as being highly favoured by fortune. But in her new situation among her new associates, Bertha remained true to the friend of her humbler days; she often visited the cottage of my father, and when forbidden to go thither, she would stray towards the neighbouring wood, and meet me beside its shady fountain.

She often declared that she owed no duty to her new protectress equal in sanctity to that which bound us. Yet still I was too poor to marry, and she grew weary of being tormented on my account. She had a haughty but an impatient spirit, and grew angry at the obstacles that prevented our union. We met now after an absence, and she had been sorely beset while I was away; she complained bitterly, and almost reproached me for being poor. I replied hastily,—

"I am honest, if I am poor!—were I not, I might soon become rich!"

This exclamation produced a thousand questions. I feared to shock her by owning the truth, but she drew it from me; and then, casting a look of disdain on me, she said—

"You pretend to love, and you fear to face the Devil for my sake!"

I protested that I had only dreaded to offend her;—while she dwelt on the magnitude of the reward that I should receive. Thus encouraged—shamed by her—led on by love and hope, laughing at my late fears, with quick steps and a light heart, I returned to accept the offers of the alchymist, and was instantly installed in my office.

A year passed away. I became possessed of no insignificant sum of money. Custom had banished my fears. In spite of the most painful vigilance, I had never detected the trace of a cloven foot; nor was the studious silence of our abode ever disturbed by demoniac howls. I still continued my stolen interviews with Bertha, and Hope dawned on me—

Hope—but not perfect joy; for Bertha fancied that love and security were enemies, and her pleasure was to divide them in my bosom. Though true of heart, she was somewhat of a coquette in manner; and I was jealous as a Turk. She slighted me in a thousand ways, yet would never acknowledge herself to be in the wrong. She would drive me mad with anger, and then force me to beg her pardon. Sometimes she fancied that I was not sufficiently submissive, and then she had some story of a rival, favoured by her protectress. She was surrounded by silk-clad youths—the rich and gay—— What chance had the sad-robed scholar of Cornelius compared with these?

On one occasion, the philosopher made such large demands upon my time, that I was unable to meet her as I was wont. He was engaged in some mighty work, and I was forced to remain, day and night, feeding his furnaces and watching his chemical preparations. Bertha waited for me in vain at the fountain. Her haughty spirit fired at this neglect; and when at last I stole out during the few short minutes allotted to me for slumber, and hoped to be consoled by her, she received me with disdain, dismissed me in scorn, and vowed that any man should possess her hand rather than he who could not be in two places at once for her sake. She would be revenged!—And truly she was. In my dingy retreat I heard that she had been hunting, attended by Albert Hoffer. Albert Hoffer was favoured by her protectress, and the three passed in cavalcade before my smoky window. Methought that they mentioned my name—it was followed by a laugh of derision, as her dark eyes glanced contemptuously towards my abode.

Jealousy, with all its venom, and all its misery, entered my breast. Now I shed a torrent of tears, to think that I should never call her mine; and, anon, I imprecated a thousand

curses on her inconstancy. Yet, still I must stir the fires of the alchymist, still attend on the changes of his unintelligible medicines.

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights, nor closed his eyes. The progress of his alembics was slower than he expected: in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighed upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyes his crucibles wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? Winzy, you are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change its hue, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered, as they were, in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "Winzy, my boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philter—a philter to cure love; you would not cease to love your Bertha—beware to drink!"

And he slept. His venerable head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy hue of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel! Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged—she should see Albert expire at her feet—she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew

my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she? —the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine of the adept; I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; an odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's gripe at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frighted at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him. The fire of the medicine was quenched—the fragrance died away —he grew calm, as a philosopher should under the heaviest trials, and dismissed me to rest.

I will not attempt to describe the sleep of glory and bliss which bathed my soul in paradise during the remaining hours of that memorable night. Words would be faint and shallow types of my enjoyment, or of the gladness that possessed my bosom when I woke. I trod air—my thoughts were in heaven. Earth appeared heaven, and my inheritance upon

it was to be one trance of delight. "This it is to be cured of love," I thought; "I will see Bertha this day, and she will find her lover cold and regardless; too happy to be disdainful, yet how utterly indifferent to her!"

The hours danced away. The philosopher, secure that he had once succeeded, and believing that he might again, began to concoct the same medicine once more. He was shut up with his books and drugs, and I had a holiday. I dressed myself with care; I looked in an old but polished shield, which served me for a mirror; methought my good looks had wonderfully improved. I hurried beyond the precincts of the town, joy in my soul, the beauty of heaven and earth around me. I turned my steps towards the castle—I could look on its lofty turrets with lightness of heart, for I was cured of love. My Bertha saw me afar off, as I came up the avenue. I know not what sudden impulse animated her bosom, but at the sight, she sprung with a light fawn-like bound down the marble steps, and was hastening towards me. But I had been perceived by another person. The old high-born hag, who called herself her protectress, and was her tyrant, had seen me, also; she hobbled, panting, up the terrace; a page, as ugly as herself, held up her train, and fanned her as she hurried along, and stopped my fair girl with a "How, now, my bold mistress? whither so fast? Back to your cage—hawks are abroad!"

Bertha clasped her hands—her eyes were still bent on my approaching figure. I saw the contest. How I abhorred the old crone who checked the kind impulses of my Bertha's softening heart. Hitherto, respect for her rank had caused me to avoid the lady of the castle; now I disdained such trivial considerations. I was cured of love, and lifted above all human fears; I hastened forwards, and soon reached the terrace. How lovely Bertha looked! her eyes flashing fire, her cheeks glowing with impatience and anger, she was a

thousand times more graceful and charming than ever—I no longer loved—Oh! no, I adored—worshipped—idolized her!

She had that morning been persecuted, with more than usual vehemence, to consent to an immediate marriage with my rival. She was reproached with the encouragement that she had shown him—she was threatened with being turned out of doors with disgrace and shame. Her proud spirit rose in arms at the threat; but when she remembered the scorn that she had heaped upon me, and how, perhaps, she had thus lost one whom she now regarded as her only friend, she wept with remorse and rage. At that moment I appeared. "O, Winzy!" she exclaimed, "take me to your mother's cot; swiftly let me leave the detested luxuries and wretchedness of this noble dwelling—take me to poverty and happiness."

I clasped her in my arms with transport. The old lady was speechless with fury, and broke forth into invective only when we were far on our road to my natal cottage. My mother received the fair fugitive, escaped from a gilt cage to nature and liberty, with tenderness and joy; my father, who loved her, welcomed her heartily; it was a day of rejoicing, which did not need the addition of the celestial potion of the alchymist to steep me in delight.

Soon after this eventful day, I became the husband of Bertha. I ceased to be the scholar of Cornelius, but I continued his friend. I always felt grateful to him for having, unawares, procured me that delicious draught of a divine elixir, which, instead of curing me of love (sad cure! solitary and joyless remedy for evils which seem blessings to the memory), had inspired me with courage and resolution, thus winning for me an inestimable treasure in my Bertha.

I often called to mind that period of trance-like inebriation with wonder. The drink of Cornelius had not fulfilled the task for which he affirmed that it had been prepared, but its

Painted by [illegible] R.A.

Engraved by [illegible]

Untitled

London, Published [illegible] by Longman & Co [illegible]

effects were more potent and blissful than words can express. They had faded by degrees, yet they lingered long—and painted life in hues of splendour. Bertha often wondered at my lightness of heart and unaccustomed gaiety; for, before, I had been rather serious, or even sad, in my disposition. She loved me the better for my cheerful temper, and our days were winged by joy.

Five years afterwards I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of the dying Cornelius. He had sent for me in haste, conjuring my instant presence. I found him stretched on his pallet, enfeebled even to death; all of life that yet remained animated his piercing eyes, and they were fixed on a glass vessel, full of a roseate liquid.

"Behold," he said, in a broken and inward voice, "the vanity of human wishes! a second time my hopes are about to be crowned, a second time they are destroyed. Look at that liquor—you remember five years ago I had prepared the same, with the same success;—then, as now, my thirsting lips expected to taste the immortal elixir—you dashed it from me! and at present it is too late."

He spoke with difficulty, and fell back on his pillow. I could not help saying,—

"How, revered master, can a cure for love restore you to life?"

A faint smile gleamed across his face as I listened earnestly to his scarcely intelligible answer.

"A cure for love and for all things—the Elixir of Immortality. Ah! if now I might drink, I should live for ever!"

As he spoke, a golden flash gleamed from the fluid; a well-remembered fragrance stole over the air; he raised himself, all weak as he was—strength seemed miraculously to re-enter his frame—he stretched forth his hand—a loud explosion startled me—a ray of fire shot up from the elixir, and

the glass vessel which contained it was shivered to atoms! I turned my eyes towards the philosopher; he had fallen back—his eyes were glassy—his features rigid—he was dead!

But I lived, and was to live for ever! So said the unfortunate alchymist, and for a few days I believed his words. I remembered the glorious drunkenness that had followed my stolen draught. I reflected on the change I had felt in my frame—in my soul. The bounding elasticity of the one—the buoyant lightness of the other. I surveyed myself in a mirror, and could perceive no change in my features during the space of the five years which had elapsed. I remembered the radiant hues and grateful scent of that delicious beverage—worthy the gift it was capable of bestowing——I was, then, IMMORTAL!

A few days after I laughed at my credulity. The old proverb, that "a prophet is least regarded in his own country," was true with respect to me and my defunct master. I loved him as a man—I respected him as a sage—but I derided the notion that he could command the powers of darkness, and laughed at the superstitious fears with which he was regarded by the vulgar. He was a wise philosopher, but had no acquaintance with any spirits but those clad in flesh and blood. His science was simply human; and human science, I soon persuaded myself, could never conquer nature's laws so far as to imprison the soul for ever within its carnal habitation. Cornelius had brewed a soul-refreshing drink—more inebriating than wine—sweeter and more fragrant than any fruit: it possessed probably strong medicinal powers, imparting gladness to the heart and vigor to the limbs; but its effects would wear out; already were they diminished in my frame. I was a lucky fellow to have quaffed health and joyous spirits, and perhaps long life, at my master's hands; but my good fortune ended there: longevity was far different from immortality.

I continued to entertain this belief for many years. Sometimes a thought stole across me—Was the alchymist indeed deceived? But my habitual credence was, that I should meet the fate of all the children of Adam at my appointed time—a little late, but still at a natural age. Yet it was certain that I retained a wonderfully youthful look. I was laughed at for my vanity in consulting the mirror so often, but I consulted it in vain—my brow was untrenched—my cheeks—my eyes—my whole person continued as untarnished as in my twentieth year.

I was troubled. I looked at the faded beauty of Bertha—I seemed more like her son. By degrees our neighbours began to make similar observations, and I found at last that I went by the name of the Scholar bewitched. Bertha herself grew uneasy. She became jealous and peevish, and at length she began to question me. We had no children; we were all in all to each other; and though, as she grew older, her vivacious spirit became a little allied to ill-temper, and her beauty sadly diminished, I cherished her in my heart as the mistress I had idolized, the wife I had sought and won with such perfect love.

At last our situation became intolerable: Bertha was fifty—I twenty years of age. I had, in very shame, in some measure adopted the habits of a more advanced age; I no longer mingled in the dance among the young and gay, but my heart bounded along with them while I restrained my feet; and a sorry figure I cut among the Nestors of our village. But before the time I mention, things were altered—we were universally shunned; we were—at least, I was—reported to have kept up an iniquitous acquaintance with some of my former master's supposed friends. Poor Bertha was pitied, but deserted. I was regarded with horror and detestation.

What was to be done? we sat by our winter fire—poverty

had made itself felt, for none would buy the produce of my farm; and often I had been forced to journey twenty miles, to some place where I was not known, to dispose of our property. It is true we had saved something for an evil day —that day was come.

We sat by our lone fireside—the old-hearted youth and his antiquated wife. Again Bertha insisted on knowing the truth; she recapitulated all she had ever heard said about me, and added her own observations. She conjured me to cast off the spell; she described how much more comely grey hairs were than my chestnut locks; she descanted on the reverence and respect due to age—how preferable to the slight regard paid to mere children: could I imagine that the despicable gifts of youth and good looks outweighed disgrace, hatred, and scorn? Nay, in the end I should be burnt as a dealer in the black art, while she, to whom I had not deigned to communicate any portion of my good fortune, might be stoned as my accomplice. At length she insinuated that I must share my secret with her, and bestow on her like benefits to those I myself enjoyed, or she would denounce me —and then she burst into tears.

Thus beset, methought it was the best way to tell the truth. I revealed it as tenderly as I could, and spoke only of a *very long life*, not of immortality—which representation, indeed, coincided best with my own ideas. When I ended, I rose and said,

"And now, my Bertha, will you denounce the lover of your youth?—You will not, I know. But it is too hard, my poor wife, that you should suffer from my ill-luck and the accursed arts of Cornelius. I will leave you—you have wealth enough, and friends will return in my absence. I will go; young as I seem, and strong as I am, I can work and gain my bread among strangers, unsuspected and unknown. I loved you in youth; God is my witness that I would

not desert you in age, but that your safety and happiness require it."

I took my cap and moved towards the door; in a moment Bertha's arms were round my neck, and her lips were pressed to mine. "No, my husband, my Winzy," she said, "you shall not go alone—take me with you; we will remove from this place, and, as you say, among strangers we shall be unsuspected and safe. I am not so very old as quite to shame you, my Winzy; and I dare say the charm will soon wear off, and, with the blessing of God, you will become more elderly-looking, as is fitting; you shall not leave me."

I returned the good soul's embrace heartily. "I will not, my Bertha; but for your sake I had not thought of such a thing. I will be your true, faithful husband while you are spared to me, and do my duty by you to the last."

The next day we prepared secretly for our emigration. We were obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices—it could not be helped. We realised a sum sufficient, at least, to maintain us while Bertha lived; and, without saying adieu to any one, quitted our native country to take refuge in a remote part of western France.

It was a cruel thing to transport poor Bertha from her native village, and the friends of her youth, to a new country, new language, new customs. The strange secret of my destiny rendered this removal immaterial to me; but I compassionated her deeply, and was glad to perceive that she found compensation for her misfortunes in a variety of little ridiculous circumstances. Away from all tell-tale chroniclers, she sought to decrease the apparent disparity of our ages by a thousand feminine arts—rouge, youthful dress, and assumed juvenility of manner. I could not be angry—Did not I myself wear a mask? Why quarrel with hers, because it was less successful? I grieved deeply when I remembered that this was my Bertha, whom I had loved so fondly, and won

with such transport—the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with smiles of enchanting archness and a step like a fawn—this mincing, simpering, jealous old woman. I should have revered her gray locks and withered cheeks; but thus!—— It was my work, I knew; but I did not the less deplore this type of human weakness.

Her jealousy never slept. Her chief occupation was to discover that, in spite of outward appearances, I was myself growing old. I verily believe that the poor soul loved me truly in her heart, but never had woman so tormenting a mode of displaying fondness. She would discern wrinkles in my face and decrepitude in my walk, while I bounded along in youthful vigour, the youngest looking of twenty youths. I never dared address another woman: on one occasion, fancying that the belle of the village regarded me with favouring eyes, she brought me a gray wig. Her constant discourse among her acquaintances was, that though I looked so young, there was ruin at work within my frame; and she affirmed that the worst symptom about me was my apparent health. My youth was a disease, she said, and I ought at all times to prepare, if not for a sudden and awful death, at least to awake some morning white-headed, and bowed down with all the marks of advanced years. I let her talk—I often joined in her conjectures. Her warnings chimed in with my never-ceasing speculations concerning my state, and I took an earnest, though painful, interest in listening to all that her quick wit and excited imagination could say on the subject.

Why dwell on these minute circumstances? We lived on for many long years. Bertha became bed-rid and paralytic: I nursed her as a mother might a child. She grew peevish, and still harped upon one string—of how long I should survive her. It has ever been a source of consolation to me, that I performed my duty scrupulously towards her. She had been mine in youth, she was mine in age, and at last, when

I heaped the sod over her corpse, I wept to feel that I had lost all that really bound me to humanity.

Since then how many have been my cares and woes, how few and empty my enjoyments! I pause here in my history —I will pursue it no further. A sailor without rudder or compass, tossed on a stormy sea—a traveller lost on a wide-spread heath, without landmark or stone to guide him—such have I been: more lost, more hopeless than either. A nearing ship, a gleam from some far cot, may save them; but I have no beacon except the hope of death.

Death! mysterious, ill-visaged friend of weak humanity! Why alone of all mortals have you cast me from your sheltering fold? O, for the peace of the grave! the deep silence of the iron-bound tomb! that thought would cease to work in my brain, and my heart beat no more with emotions varied only by new forms of sadness!

Am I immortal? I return to my first question. In the first place, is it not more probable that the beverage of the alchymist was fraught rather with longevity than eternal life? Such is my hope. And then be it remembered, that I only drank *half* of the potion prepared by him. Was not the whole necessary to complete the charm? To have drained half the Elixir of Immortality is but to be half immortal—my For-ever is thus truncated and null.

But again, who shall number the years of the half of eternity? I often try to imagine by what rule the infinite may be divided. Sometimes I fancy age advancing upon me. One gray hair I have found. Fool! do I lament? Yes, the fear of age and death often creeps coldly into my heart; and the more I live, the more I dread death, even while I abhor life. Such an enigma is man—born to perish—when he wars, as I do, against the established laws of his nature.

But for this anomaly of feeling surely I might die: the

medicine of the alchymist would not be proof against fire—sword—and the strangling waters. I have gazed upon the blue depths of many a placid lake, and the tumultuous rushing of many a mighty river, and have said, peace inhabits those waters; yet I have turned my steps away, to live yet another day. I have asked myself, whether suicide would be a crime in one to whom thus only the portals of the other world could be opened. I have done all, except presenting myself as a soldier or duellist, an object of destruction to my—no, *not* my fellow-mortals, and therefore I have shrunk away. They are not my fellows. The inextinguishable power of life in my frame, and their ephemeral existence, places us wide as the poles asunder. I could not raise a hand against the meanest or the most powerful among them.

Thus I have lived on for many a year—alone, and weary of myself—desirous of death, yet never dying—a mortal immortal. Neither ambition nor avarice can enter my mind, and the ardent love that gnaws at my heart, never to be returned—never to find an equal on which to expend itself—lives there only to torment me.

This very day I conceived a design by which I may end all—without self-slaughter, without making another man a Cain—an expedition, which mortal frame can never survive, even endued with the youth and strength that inhabits mine. Thus I shall put my immortality to the test, and rest for ever—or return, the wonder and benefactor of the human species.

Before I go, a miserable vanity has caused me to pen these pages. I would not die, and leave no name behind. Three centuries have passed since I quaffed the fatal beverage: another year shall not elapse before, encountering gigantic dangers—warring with the powers of frost in their home—beset by famine, toil, and tempest—I yield this body, too tenacious

a cage for a soul which thirsts for freedom, to the destructive elements of air and water—or, if I survive, my name shall be recorded as one of the most famous among the sons of men; and, my task achieved, I shall adopt more resolute means, and, by scattering and annihilating the atoms that compose my frame, set at liberty the life imprisoned within, and so cruelly prevented from soaring from this dim earth to a sphere more congenial to its immortal essence.

THE ALLOY.

BY J. H. L.

"A KISS ere we part,"
  Cries the girl I adore;
"Come, come to my heart,
  And embrace me once more."

Alas! my Louise,
  What pure transports can flow
From moments like these,
  Which conduct us to wo?

Felicity vain!
  When reduced thus in measure,
'Tis too near to pain,
  To be longer a pleasure!

LINES ON HADDON HALL.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

THRICE venerable, venerated walls,
Now girdled by the ivy's clustering thralls,
And many a darkling and defacing weed,
How alter'd must ye be from what ye were,
When proudly and majestically fair
Ye rose to o'erhang the subject wood and mead.

Thrice venerable, venerated place!
The abode of a gone-by, forgotten race—
The uninhabited—the desolate!
And standing like a fallen, discrowned king,
Liable to each mean, dishonouring thing,
A sovereign reft of all his towering state.

Perchance of old, near thy o'ershadowing roof,
Hath haughty knight, in beamy mail of proof,
Sustain'd the pride of princely chivalry;
And tender woman, trembling, meek beholder,
By very tenderness made braver—bolder,
The hearts that owed and paid her fealty.

Oft have thy walls beheld the festal glee
Of mime and masque—revel and pageantry,
When all breathed joyousness and gladness round.
Oft here was hail'd some heir's auspicious birth,—
Greeted with strangely-mingling grief and mirth,
Some bridal train, and bride new-robed and crown'd.

And oft the sadder train of funeral state
Hath issued from thy venerable gate;
  Slow trampling o'er the hollow echoing ground,
Kindred and vassals bow'd with stately grief,
Bearing unto the tomb some honour'd chief—
  Some warlike chief—beloved and renown'd.

Thy natal—nuptial—funeral pomps are o'er;
The tide of life and death hath from thy shore
  Receded, to leave barrenness behind!
But that it *hath* here thickly rush'd and flow'd,
Thou ancient, storied, trophy-piled abode,
  Hast sovereign influences o'er my mind.

And fancy brings to life and light once more
All that hath here been done and seen of yore,
  While buried years confess her conquering sway!
All those who revell'd, triumph'd, perish'd here,
Girt round with warlike attributes, appear
  With warlike attributes—in war's array

The gorgeous plumery of their burnish'd helms,
The jewellery, rich spoil of orient realms,
  Studding their temper'd and transcendent mail;
Their battle-harness blazing in the sun,
Which scarce the dazzled eye might rest upon,
  With startling lustrousness the sight assail.

The escutcheonry of shields—the costly pomp
Of marquetry—the gonfalon—the tromp—
  The broider'd bridle and the bauldrick bright—
The crimson'd housings, all with fair gems sown,
The o'er-blazon'd galaxy of pennons strown,
  With quaint device, and hues of rainbow'd light.

Those things light up the visionary scene,
All seems again to be, that, erst, hath been;
  But soon, too soon, fades that fantastic dream,
And they, those shining throngs, have vanish'd all;
More dreary looks the hoar and weed-grown wall—
  More dark and lone the vaulted galleries seem.

Yet, in these ruins, drear and dark, and lone,
With age on each attesting stain and stone,
  Remain for *them* no home—no dwelling place!
No! in more chill and circumscribed abode
Are they whom time's unfailing scythe hath mowed,
  The past—the perish'd—the forgotten race.

Warriors!—ye haughty flowers of chivalry,
Sheathed in most gorgeous pomp of panoply,
  And arm'd with mighty arms from head to heel!
A stronger panoply hath girt ye now,
Invulnerable arms do ye avow,
  Nor heed, nor need, your mould'ring case of steel.

Thou ancient chapel! where the warrior knelt
Till through its iron mail his bosom felt
  The power, the softening, hallowing, power of prayer.
Through the oriel still, the sunbeam floats and flames,
Ev'n as 'twas wont on stateliest knights and dames—
  But with how much of gloom within its glare!

Where once the warder at his post did dwell,
The owl is now the only sentinel!
  Unscared, untroubled, builds he here his nest—
And shrieks his shrill defiance to the night,
And shrinks before the morning's laughing light—
  By none disturb'd, despoil'd, or dispossess'd.

And oh! thou many-tower'd and terraced hall,
Where once within thy carved and buttress'd wall
The lady of the minstrel's lays hath shone—
The lady of the warrior's lists hath moved—
The adored—the admired—the flatter'd and the loved—
The worthy to have shared a kingly throne.

The galliard's grace—the tournament's fair pride—
The theme of minstrelsy, famed far and wide—
Despair of many, and delight of all!
Now the dimm'd tapestry fluctuates to and fro,
And echoes sigh, and shadows come and go,
And pale oblivion weaves her cloudy pall.

Ay! all is past!—all, all is gone and done—
Of Time art thou the solitary throne!
Time! that crown'd thing of shadows, cowers o'er all!
Outworn and mournful thy proud front doth look,
Though all untouch'd by hostile siege or stroke!
His weight seems crushing down thy bulwark'd wall.

Yet long unprone, unbow'd, mayst thou remain,
Mayst thou thy present aspect long retain,
Breathing deep bodings on the neighbouring air!
A wail of omens from thy casement eaves
Comes with each rustling of the ivy's leaves,
In verdurous luxuriance clambering there!

Ivy! which still all flow'ry bloom disowns,
Wreathing its garlands rich, and dew-dropp'd crowns,
O'er ruins dim—by desolation bow'd;
Fancy might deem that flow'ry bloom forborne—
Where all besides is joyless and forlorn—
Lest it should mock the wreck 'twere meant to shroud.

Haddon, farewell! farewell! I turn from thee
With sorrow! (that hath little new for me),
  Thou pillar and palladium of the past!
Not altogether shall oblivion sweep
Her funeral banners o'er that past's great deep,
  Whilst thou in venerable strength shalt last.

TO THE MOON AFTER A STORM.

BY THE HONORABLE HENRY LIDDELL.

Sweet Moon! thy radiance clear and cold
  Hath lull'd the wind and laid the storm,
That whilom swept o'er crag and wold,
Splinter'd the mountain pine-trees old,
  And ravaged nature's faded form;
Beneath thy soft and silver light
The murmuring river glancing bright
  In surge and billow foams no more;
But, tamed its fury, spent its force,
Meanders down its peaceful course,
  And gently rippling laves the shore.

So may Religion's torch have power
  To cheer for me the tranquil even;
Disperse the clouds that darkly lower
On fleeting life's meridian hour,
  And light the pilgrim's way to heaven:
And as yon torrents lately spread
In deluge o'er the watery mead,
  Now calmly in their channels roll;
So may the pride of earlier days,
Ambition's dream, and glory's blaze,
  Be quench'd within my chasten'd soul.

THE HEAD.

BY L. E. L.

The Countess Amalie de Boufflers was one of the very prettiest specimens of a pretty woman that Paris and nature had ever constructed. She had bright golden hair, always exquisitely dressed, whether sprinkled with powder, lighted with diamonds, and waving with feathers, or suffered to hang in the studied negligence of a crop *à l'Anglaise*. She had a hand as white as a lily, and nearly as small; a foot and ankle as faultless as the satin slippers—which their artist said required the imagination of a poet to conceive, and the genius of a sculptor to execute; her walk was the most exquisite mixture of agility and helplessness that ever paid a cavalier the compliment of attracting his attention and requiring his aid; her dancing made the Prince de Ligne exclaim, "I understand the fables of mythology—Madame realizes the classic idea of the Graces." Never did any body dress so exquisitely; Raphael himself never managed drapery to such a flow of elegance, Corregio never understood half so well the arrangement of colours, and in the management of fan, *flaçon*, scarf, handkerchief, and *bouquet* she was unrivalled—"the power of science could no further go." Beautiful she was not, for the imagination and the heart must enter into the composition of beauty—that beauty which is both poetry and passion; but, after all, there is no word in French that translates our "beautiful," and who in her own sphere could have desired her to be what their language did not even express? Numberless were the lovers whom she drove to despair—and many were those whom she did not! But all her *petites affaires de cœur* were arranged in the most perfect taste; no

scenes, no jealousies, no *brouilleries;* these are things which a *femme d'esprit* always avoids, and, as the Countess was wont to observe, "*Je suis femme d'esprit par la grace de Dieu—et je le sais.*"

It was amazing, in spite of all her avocations, how much she contrived to do for her husband: half at least of his pensions, places, and favours were owing to her solicitations; and this was very disinterested—for as they scarcely ever met, she had no motive for keeping him in good humour. Talk of the industry of the lower classes:—no woman with two cows, six children, to say nothing of pigs and poultry, and who takes in washing to boot, ever worked harder than the Countess de Boufflers; the poets whom she patronised; the plays which she protected, for a smile from the fair face bending anxiously from the box above, and meeting his gaze, quite by chance, disarmed many a stern young critic in the *parterre;*—then the fashions which she invented; the financiers' wives whom she put in the way of spending their husbands' money creditably, *i. e.* as quickly and as uselessly as possible; her assiduous attendance at court and at mass; her thousand and one balls; her myriad of letters and notes, and, above all, the inimitable suppers, of which she was the presiding deity; the piquant things which she said, the charming things which she looked, and the innumerable things which she did, proved, at least, that if idleness be the mother of mischief, she carefully avoided the parent, whatever she might do the child.

Time past on as lightly as he always steps over flowers, Brussels carpets, marble terraces, green turfs, or whatever simile may best express a path without an impediment. Every day added one to the crowd of her adorers—people feel so safe in an admiration which is general; to think with others is the best plan of never committing yourself—the unsupported opinion runs such risks. But Fate is justly personified as a female, in so many caprices does she indulge; and one malicious

fancy which she contrived was exceedingly displeasing to *la belle comtesse.* One night her husband entered her *boudoir;* a surprise disagreeable on many accounts, but most disagreeable in its consequences. With that perfect ease which constitutes perfect good breeding, he announced that an affair of honour forced him to leave the court for a while, and madame must be ready to accompany him to his chateau by daybreak. Amalie was horror-struck: she could have been so interestingly miserable about the count's misfortune—so useful in arranging matters: such an opportunity for general sympathy might never occur again; but though she had not had many experiences of the kind, yet one or two instances of a divided opinion convinced her, that when M. le Comte did make up his mind, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it was not to be changed, and, it must be confessed, with no better reason. There is nothing in nature so impracticable as the obstinacy of your true husband; it is the insurmountable obstacle—the Alps no female vinegar can melt. Amalie knew her destiny, and submitted to it with as good a grace as she could. "Grace," as she afterwards observed, "is a duty which a woman owes to herself on all occasions." The count thanked her, kissed her hand, and bowed out of the room, leaving her to console herself as she could, and Amalie rarely wanted the means of consolation. We will only notice two principal sources; first, she had some rustic or rather romantic notions about innocent pleasures, interesting peasants, sheep, and roses growing in the open air; secondly, it was a great relief to think of the sensation her absence would produce; she had quite comforted herself while she reflected on *les miserables* whom she would leave behind; she also felt a little touch of curiosity when the count desired her company; she became almost interested about him while thinking what could be the cause. It was but a little mystery, scarcely worth penetrating, if she had known all. De Boufflers was himself in despair at leaving

Paris, and was only induced to take so rash a step from considering that his own chateau was preferable to the Bastile. In an agony of anticipated ennui he looked about for a resource; his wife's evil genius managed that her idea should occur to his mind. Every body said she was so charming, would not her company be better than none at all—or, worse than none at all—his own? The Comte de Boufflers was himself "the ocean to the river of his thoughts," and he decided that it was far better for half the *salons* in Paris to be *desolés* than to omit even so slight a precaution as his wife's company, when reduced to sixty miles from Paris, tapestried chambers, some fifty worm-eaten portraits, and an avenue with a rookery.

The next morning Amalie, who had made up her mind to enact *la femme comme il y en a peu*, was ready, and they drove off rapidly, after a conjugal dispute as to whether both her pet poodle and paroquet were to have a place in the carriage; but, as is usually the case in trifles, female supremacy carried the day. For many miles the countess was kept awake by hope and reflection; the hope, a sort of vague, romance-reading hope, that some adventure would fall out by the way, and the reflection on the despair which her sudden departure would occasion. At length her imagination and her temper were alike exhausted; she became sleepy and petulant, and, if such a term could be applied to any form of speech proceeding from a mouth whence spring had copied its roses (we merely translate into prose an expression in the last copy of verses addressed to the divine Amalie), she actually scolded, her poodle barked and snapped, her paroquet screamed and bit, and when they arrived at the end of their journey, the count was plunged in a profound meditation as to what other people could find so fascinating in his wife.

The chateau was, like the general run of chateaux left to a *concierge* and one or two old retainers, as dilapidated as their dwelling. A ghost had taken possession of one chamber

—smoke of a second—a murder, ages ago, had been in a third—and a fourth swarmed with rats. The count sought refuge in shooting partridges from morning till night, and the countess in despair and letter-writing. There is such a thing as friendship, for her epistles received answers full of condolences, regret, and, dearer still, news. One letter, however, from *l'amie intime*, Madame de Bethune, made her feel almost as desperate as people do when they tear their hair, drown themselves, pay their debts, or commit any very outrageous extravagancy. The precious yet cruel scroll gave a full and particular account of a late *fête* at Marli. Marie Antoinette had decided on a taste for rural and innocent pleasure, and the whole court had grown rural and innocent to a degree. Nothing was to be seen but crooks, garlands, straw hats, and "white frocks with broad sashes," quite English: then they had a real-earnest mill and a boat, and the gardens were filled with groups enacting rustic scenes. It was enough to provoke a saint—though Amalie made no pretensions to such a character, whatever she might to that of an angel—to have every body else playing at a country life, while she was acting in reality. But the worst was yet to come; the part selected by the queen herself for "*sa belle Amalie*" had of necessity been given to Madame de Mirvane, "who," pursued her informant, "looked pretty enough, but managed the dove, which she was to sit beneath a tree caressing, with no sort of grace. How differently would it have been perched on your *mignon* fingers! it was dreadful that such an interesting part, so simple and so tender, should have been so utterly wasted; but this will make her majesty still more in earnest about obtaining M. de Boufflers' return. What business has *notre bon homme* Louis with a gentleman's affair of honour?" The only consolation which the countess could devise was to try how the new and simple costume would suit her; she could at least have the satisfaction of her own approval.

The next day saw her seated beneath an old tree in the neglected garden, through whose boughs the sudden sunshine fell half green, half golden, as the light of the noon and the hue of the leaf mingled together. Her hair was carelessly combed back under a wide black chip hat, with just *un nœud du ruban;* she wore the simplest of white dresses; and, as no dove could be procured, her paroquet was fastened with a silken string, and placed in an attitude on the prettiest hand in the world. But, alas! projects fail, strings break, and birds fly away, even from such a jailer as *la belle* Amalie; suddenly the slender fastening gave way, the paroquet spread its wings, and was soon lost amid the branches. In such a case there is but one resource, and the countess executed a most musical shriek; this being of no avail, "tears were in the next degree;" but the countess had no idea of wasting such interesting things as tears on herself, so she was returning to the chateau for assistance to recover her fugitive, when a rustling amid the boughs overhead attracted her attention, and the next moment a singularly handsome young man sprang to the ground and presented her bird.

"*Ah, perfide!*" exclaimed Amalie, overwhelming her favourite with caresses—upon principle—for affection is the sign of a good heart, and simplicity was not only so engaging, but in such exact keeping with her costume! "But I am quite ungrateful with delight," turning to the young stranger, who was gazing upon her with evident admiration; and raising, but for a moment only, her eyes to his face, "I really know not how to thank you enough."

"Ah, madame," exclaimed the youth, "I am but too fortunate," and he stopped, embarrassed, but reluctant to depart:—the countess had no intention that he should.

"How could you," continued she, glancing, with a slight shudder, at the old chestnut tree, from which he had just descended, "trust your life amid these decaying branches?

Painted by B. R. Faulkner. Engraved by C. Heath.

Amelie de Beauffleurs.

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co Paternoster Row.

Ah, even my attachment to *ce pauvre cheri* is a selfish pleasure;" and, lost in the terror her fancy had conjured up, and the philosophic reflexion it had inspired, Amalie seated herself on a projecting root, whose moss was beautiful enough to have been an artificial covering. The stranger stood at a little distance, and even Amalie felt something very like confusion at his earnest and prolonged gaze; for *hommage* she was always prepared, but sincerity took her a little by surprise—however, the novelty made the affair more *piquante.*

"Monsieur does not belong to these parts?" Now there was insinuated flattery in this negative method of putting the question; it was as much as to say, it was impossible they could have produced him.

"I am a native of the adjacent valley."

"Strangers alike upon our native soil, I suppose?" said Amalie.

"I have passed the greater portion of my life here."

"Indeed!" exclaimed she; "but I can see that you have travelled."

"I spent two years in England."

"As every thing English is the rage just now, I dare say you recognize my dress."

The young stranger was forced to confess that he did not, and he avowed that he had attended but little to the affairs of the toilette during his absence; but his manner implied that he had now seen one that he should not readily forget. Well, to cut the conversation much shorter than the countess did, they parted, with a light hint just dropped by Amalie, that she now passed the greater portion of her time in solitude, and that the old chestnut was her favourite haunt. The next day she was there, and the young stranger passed quite accidentally; however, she had to show him how much more securely the paroquet was fastened to-day; one word led to another, and the conversation was long and interesting.

Amalie discovered that the youth's name was Julian; and that he was *democrate et misanthrope*, but she undertook to convert him. Even with the very prettiest of preceptors conversion is not the work of a day; so leaving it to its progress, we will take the opportunity of stating who Julian was—alas! a *roturier*. His father had carried on an extensive trade in precious stones, had travelled much, and profited in more ways than one by his travels; he early realised a competence, and, what is much rarer, early began to enjoy it. He married an English girl, and settling in the valley where he was born, led a life of seclusion, study, and domestic content—a state of existence so often a dream and so rarely a reality. Julian was brought up with every care; his natural talents were cultivated as sedulously as books could cultivate them. But the knowledge of the library is not that of the world; a youth of solitude is bad preparation for a manhood of action; from the earliest age we need to mingle with our kind; the child corrects and instructs the child more than their masters; our equals are the tools wherewith experience works out its lessons; and the play-ground, with its rival interests, its injustices, its necessity for the ready wit and the curbed temper is both miniature and prophesy of the world, which will but bring back the old struggles only with a sterner aspect, and the same successes, but with more than half their enjoyment departed.

The death of Julian's mother was soon followed by that of his father, and at nineteen the youth was left to a world from which he turned with all the desolation that attends on the first acquaintance with sorrow and death. The affection between himself and his parents had been so strong and undivided, that life seemed left without a charm when bereaved of their love. Youth suffers but for a season; the bowed but unbroken spirit resumes its elasticity; the future, unknown and beautiful, wins the present to itself, and the past

waits for that dark and overwhelming influence which sooner or later will darken our whole horizon.

Julian arrived in Paris—his heart full of passion, and his head full of poetry—the one to be deceived, and the other to be disappointed. His wealth, his prepossessing appearance, and some scientific introductions, for his father had been the correspondent of eminent men, opened to him several of the first houses in Paris; but such society soon made him aware that he was only there on sufferance; that "thus far and no further," was the motto of aristocratic courtesy; he felt himself the equal—ay, the superior—of half the gracious coxcombs that surrounded him, and yet an accident of birth and fortune placed him at an immeasurable distance from those whose manner mocked him with the semblance of equality. It was one of the greatest vices of the old French regime, that there was no opening for the energy, the enthusiasm, or the genius, of the middle rank; that rank which in England is constantly renovating the upper classes, and which may, at least, aspire to any distinction. But in France, "the sword, gown, glory" did not "offer in exchange" for industry and talent; and a highly educated young man, of independent fortune, but of plebeian extraction, —from his wealth lacking the only pursuit allotted to his class—was like an animal in a menagerie, the most misplaced object in creation, debarred from all healthy and natural exercise, yet able to see the free boughs and far prospect while confined to a dreary perch and a narrow cage. But the tyranny of custom, like all other tyrannies, when grown quite unbearable—for it is wonderful what people will endure —had already sown the seeds of its own dissolution. Out of the hardship had grown the repining, and to repine at the exercise of an alleged right is soon to question its authority, and the first question asked shakes the whole ancient and time-honoured fabric of privilege. A fierce and restless spirit

of change was at work—and only that the future, despite of history, was never yet foretold from the past, a sudden and terrible re-action might have been foreseen. But we have nothing more to do with revolutionary principles than to mark their effect on the mind of Julian, which soon became imbued with the wildest of the doctrines then afloat; to the young it seems so easy to mend everything, simply because they have not tried. Perfect equality, and perfect despotism, are theories equally unreducible to practice; but there are many fine sentiments belonging to the first, and there is singular fascination in a fine sentiment—we pay ourselves a compliment by uttering it. Julian heard the errors of "the present state of things" so often dilated upon, that he doubted whether there was anything really right on the earth; however, he was fortunate in the belief (a common patriotic delusion, by-the-by,) that himself, together with a few chosen others, were destined to set everything as it ought to be, and the sooner that such a destiny was fulfilled the better. In the meantime an affront at a gaming-table from the Chevalier de l'Escars, for which satisfaction was afterwards refused on the plea he could not fight a *roturier*, drove Julian's naturally violent temper almost to insanity. Degraded in his own eyes, he fancied every one must feel as he did, and abjured a world to which he imagined he was an object of scorn, while in truth he was only one of indifference. There is one conviction at which, though forced upon us by daily experience, we never arrive, namely, the conviction that Nobody in reality cares for Anybody; but this truth is so cold that we fence it out by all sorts of cloaks and coverings, delusions and devices. Well, Julian retired to his native valley, to brood over schemes of public benefit and private revenge; but at two-and-twenty it is as much *trop tot* for a man to be *philosophe* as it is for a woman to be *devote*. *Les beaux yeux* of Madame de Boufflers put to flight a

thousand schemes for the regeneration of mankind, and Julian forgot wrongs, projects, equality, unity, and the rights of the human race, at the feet of the pretty aristocrat.

PART II.

A low, chill wind moaned through the streets of Paris, and a dull, small rain scarcely penetrated the thick fog which hung on the oppressed atmosphere:—in a high wind and a brisk shower there is something that exhilarates the spirits; but this damp, dreary weather relaxes every nerve, unless indeed they be highly strung with some strong excitement, that defies every external influence—but, ah! of such life has but few instances. All great cities present strange contrasts; the infinite varieties of human existence gathered together mock each other with the wildest contrasts; and if this be true of all cities and all times, what must it have been in an hour like that of which we now write, and in a capital like Paris! The revolution was now raging in all its horrors; a terrible desire for blood had risen up in the minds of men, and cruelty had become as much a passion as love. In one street a band of ruffians insulted the quiet night with their frightful orgies; in the next a worn and devoted family clung to each other, and trembled lest the wind as it moaned past might bring the footsteps of the ministers of a nation's vengeance, or rather of a nation's madness. Here was a prison crowded with ghastly wretches sickening on hope deferred, till it grew into fear; there a palace where the purple availed no longer, while its wearied and wretched inmates sought courage from despair. Hate, terror, rage, revenge, all the most ghastly elements of human wretchedness and crime, were in commotion, and Paris was filled with riot and change. Yet into one luxurious haunt of rank, wealth, and grace it would seem as if no alteration had made its way. The blue satin draperies of the little boudoir, which was fitted up as a tent, were undis-

turbed, and the silver muslin curtains reflected back the soft light of the lamps; while roses, on which months of care had been bestowed for an hour of lavish bloom, the red light from the cheerful hearth, the rich carpet, over which the step passed noiseless, the perfumes that exhaled their fragrant essence—all mocked the desolation without. Leaning upon a couch near the window was the Comtesse Amalie, pretty as ever, changed in nothing save costume, which was suited to the classical mania of the day; her hair was gathered up in a Grecian knot, the little foot wore a sandal, and the white robe, *à l'antique,* was fastened by cameos. Suddenly a door opened—and the rain damp upon his cloak, and his hair glittering with its moisture, entered Julian; he was changed, for he looked pale and exhausted, and lip and brow wore the fixed character and the deeper line which passion ever leaves behind. Amalie rose, and, with an expression of the tenderest welcome, took his cloak from him, and with her own *mignon* hands drew the *fauteuil* towards the fire, and then placing herself on a little stool at his feet, looked up in his face with an asking and anxious gaze, perhaps the most touching that a woman's features can assume to her lover. Amalie did not love Julian as he loved her—it was not in her nature—but her light and vain temper was subdued by his earnest and impetuous one; she feared him too, and fear is the great strengthener of a woman's love. Besides there is something in intense passion that communicates itself, as the warmth of the sun colours the cloud, whose frail substance is yet incapable of retaining the light or heat. Amalie had no sympathy with the poetry of his character; but it gave grace to his flattery and variety to himself, to say nothing of the advantage of contrast with all her other *adorateurs.* Moreover his influence with the Jacobin clubs had warded off dangers that had crushed other families noble as that of De Boufflers. Julian, like all of an imaginative turn, deceived

himself, and worshipped an idol which he had created rather than an object which existed: a pretty face blinds even a philosopher, and from habits of seclusion and naturally refined taste, he was peculiarly susceptible to the charm and ease of her manners. Perhaps—for the wheat and tares of human motives spring up inextricably blended—the young democrat was somewhat dazzled by the rank of the charming countess. I always suspect that the professed despisers of all worldly distinctions take refuge in disdain from desire. For some time Julian sat in moody silence, his gaze fixed on the wood embers, as if absorbed in contemplating their fantastic combinations. Amalie changed her attitude, rallied her lover on his abstraction, and asked him if it was fair to seek one lady's presence and then think of another.

"Think of another!" exclaimed he, springing from his seat: "Good God, Amalie! is there one moment, fevered and hurried as is my existence, in which you are forgotten? I love you terribly! ay, terribly! for it is terrible to have one's very soul so bound up in but one object. I would rather at this very moment see you dead at my feet than even dream of you as loving another."

The Countess turned pale; there was nothing in herself that responded to this burst of passion, and terror was her paramount sensation. "You are too violent," said she, in a faltering voice.

"Too sincere, you mean," replied he. "Amalie, our present life is intolerable;—I cannot endure longer these stolen and brief interviews. Why should we thus waste life's short season of existence? we shall not live long,—let us live together. Amalie, you must fly with me."

Madame de Boufflers looked—what she was—astounded at this proposition. "What nonsense you are talking to-night," answered she, forcing a laugh.

"You do not love me!" and his clear light eyes flashed upon her with a strange mixture of ferocity and tenderness.

She shrank before the glance, and whispered, "If I did not love you, why are you here? but think of the scandal of an elopement; *les convenances* of society must be respected."

"Curse on these social laws! which are made for the convenience of the few and the degradation of the many. Amalie, I cannot, will not steal into the house of that insolent aristocrat, your husband, like a midnight thief. You must leave him, and let my home become yours. I will watch over you,—pass my life at your side,—anticipate your slightest wish,—but you must be mine own. The law for divorce will soon pass the Assembly, and then let me add what tie or form you will to the deep devotion of my heart, my own, my beloved Amalie, as my wife."

"Your wife!" interrupted the countess, old prejudices springing up far stronger than present feelings. "How very absurd; think for a moment of the difference in our rank."

A spasm of convulsive emotion passed over his face, the veins rose on the high forehead, the blood started from the bitten lip, but in an instant the expression was subdued into a stern coldness; and if Julian's voice was somewhat hoarse the words were slow and distinct. "Amalie," said he, taking her hands in his, "my whole destiny turns on the result of this interview. Have you no fear of my despair?"

Amalie could have answered that she felt very sufficiently afraid at that moment, but, for once in her life she was at a loss for a reply; she remained silent, almost embarrassed, certainly bored,—and Julian went on.

"I will not shock your gentle ear by words of hate against the class to which you belong; but a fearful reckoning is at

hand; and I am among those who will exact it to the uttermost. I warn you fly from them—be mine, for your own sake."

"Really, Monsieur Julian," said she, "your conduct tonight is most unaccountable. Come, do pray be a little more amusing."

"Monsieur Julian!" repeated he, in a deep whisper; "is it come to this? Amalie, do, I implore you, think how desperately I love you. You may believe that on your part has been the sacrifice; but what has it been on mine? For your sake I have trifled with rights I hold most sacred; I have tampered with mine own integrity; I have held back from the great task before me; I have been a faint and slow follower of that glorious freedom which now calls aloud on all her worshippers for the most entire devotion; and yet I have shrank back from the appointed duty. Amalie, come with me—be my inspiration; feel as I feel, think as I think, cast aside the idle prejudices of a selfish and profligate court, and be repaid by passion as fervent, as fond, and as faithful as ever beat in man's heart for the woman of his first and only love."

"This is really too much of a good thing," thought the countess, whose mind wandered from the love before her to the scandal and ridicule likely to be caused by her flight. "*Il faut respecter les convenances,*" was her chilling reply.

Julian dropped her hands, and approached the door; he opened it, but he lingered on the threshold. "Do you let me go, Amalie?" whispered he, in a scarcely audible voice.

"I am sure," replied Madame de Boufflers, pettishly, "you have not been so agreeable that I should wish to detain you."

The door closed, and his rapid steps were heard descending the narrow staircase; at length they died away.

"I really must put an end to this affair, it is becoming

troublesome; my young republican is growing *pedante et despote*. He has none of the graces of my cousin Eugene." And Madame de Boufflers threw herself into the *fauteuil*, and indulged in a discontented reverie, in which Julian's faults and Eugene's merits occupied conspicuous places; together with the garniture of a new species of sandal which she meditated producing. In the meantime Julian pursued his way through the dark and dreary streets, suffering that agony of disappointed affection which the heart can know but once. Love is very blind indeed, but let the veil once be removed, though but for a moment, and it never can be replaced again. Then how quicksighted do we become to the errors of our past worship, and mortification adds bitterness to regret. "And is it for one," exclaimed he, "who holds the factitious advantage of a name, to be better worth than my deep love, that I have sacrificed the cause to which I was vowed, and have paused on the noblest path to which man ever devoted his energies? But the weakness is over; a terrible bond shall be made with Liberty—Liberty henceforth my only hope, my only mistress!"

The evil spirit of love left his soul for a moment, but returned, though with a strange and lurid aspect, bringing with him other and worse spirits than himself—hate, revenge, blood-thirstiness—all merged in and coloured by the excited and fanatic temper of the time. He stopped before a large hotel, from whose windows the red light glared, as if it mocked the darkness of night as much as the revel within did its silence. There was that mixture of luxury and disorder which at once so shocks and attracts the imagination. Its hangings were silk, the chairs and sofas satin, but they were torn and soiled; the servants were many, but ill-dressed and awkward; all the light elegance for which the hotel had been noted in its former proprietor's life (the Duc de N. had perished by the guillotine) had disappeared; the character

of its present master was impressed on all around him. A door opened into a vast chamber crowded with fierce and eager faces, every eye assuming the expression of murder as the ruthless Danton called down their vengeance on those whom he denominated their old and arrogant oppressors.

"Some there are," exclaimed he, as he caught sight of Julian's pale and expressive countenance, "who delude themselves with the belief that their own preferences are sufficient cause for exception—who merge the public cause in private interests. What are such but cowards and traitors? unworthy to bring one stone towards the great temple of liberty about to overshadow the world, but whose foundations must be laid in blood—ay, blood!"

A hoarse and sullen murmur rather than acclamation ran through the crowd, and a few minutes elapsed ere the business of the night proceeded. Then began those fearful denunciations, which seemed to loosen every tie of nature—the father witnessed against the son, and the son against the father; the young, the aged, the innocent, the beautiful, were alike marked as victims. Suddenly Julian arose: a close observer might have noted that his brow was knit, as it is in inward pain, that his lip was white, as if the life-current had been driven back upon the heart, prophetic of the future, which doomed it to freeze there for ever; but to the careless eye he seemed stern, calm, ferocious as the rest, while he denounced Amalie, Comtesse de Boufflers, as an aristocrat, and an enemy to the people. Danton looked at him for an instant, but cowered before the wild and fiery glance that met his own.

To denounce, to condemn, to execute, were, in those ruthless days, but the work of four-and-twenty hours. The next noon but one an almost insensible female form was carried or rather dragged to the scaffold. It was the Comtesse Amalie. Her long bright hair fell in disorder over her shoulders;

the executioner gathered it up in a rough knot,—he had been told not to sever it from the graceful head. At that moment the prisoner gave a bewildered stare around—a wild gleam of hope illumined her features—she stretched out her arms to some one passionately in the crowd. "Julian, save me!" The executioner forced her to her knee—the axe glittered in the sun, and the head fell into the appointed basket, while a convulsive motion shook the white garments around the quivering trunk.

PART III.

"I looked on the faces of his judges, and felt there was no hope," said an old man as he led away the promised bride of his son, now a prisoner, doomed to death on the morrow.

"Yet the one they call Julian looks so young, so pale, and so sad, there is surely some touch of pity in him; at least, I will kneel at his feet, and implore him for mercy on Frederic."

The old man shook his head, but accompanied her to Julian's hotel, where the eloquence of some golden coins procured her admittance. She found her way to a large and gloomy chamber, where he sat surrounded with books, papers, and charts, mocking himself with a frenzied belief in the coming amelioration of the world, while his own home was a desert and his own heart a desolation. He did not perceive the fair and agitated creature that knelt at his feet, till her supplicating and broken voice roused his attention. He listened till her words died away into the short thick sobs of utter agony, unable to bear the picture it had conjured up of its coming wretchedness.

"Pity from me!" he exclaimed, with a quick fierce laugh; "Pity!—I do not know the meaning of the word. You might as well address your prayers to yonder bust of the stern old Roman, who sealed his country's freedom with the life-blood of his child."

The girl unconsciously looked towards the harsh features, made yet harsher by the black marble in which they were carved. And she started, for she felt that even that stern and sculptured countenance had more of human sympathy than the pale lip and cold eye of the living listener; yet love is desperate in its hope; she flung herself at his feet, she hid her face on the hand which she grasped, for she dared not look up and meet that fixed and passionless face; but still she pleaded as those plead who pray for a life far dearer than their own.

"He is so young—so good—there is so much happiness before us; his poor old father will die—he has no other child—and I——he must not look to me to supply his place. God of heaven! have you never loved—have you no recollections of affection that can move you to pity others!"

"I have!" said Julian; and rising from his seat, he took the arm of the agitated girl, and led her to a recess in the apartment, and drew back a curtain. Horror for a moment suspended every other feeling; for, laid upon a cushion, the long fair hair streaming around, was a female head, preserved by some curious chemical process; the eyes were closed, but as if in sleep; colour had departed from lip and cheek, and something beyond even the rigidity of stone was in the face. The petitioner turned from the dead to the living, whose ashy colour, and wild fierce eye, struck more terror to her soul than the mournful mockery of the head, where life's likeness was fearfully rendered. Julian gazed on the dread memorial which he had snatched from the scaffold, with that strange mixture of hate and love, the mind's most terrible element, whereof comes despair and madness; then turning slowly to the bewildered girl, said, in a low voice, but whose whisper was like thunder when the flash is commissioned to destroy,—

"That head belonged to my mistress—she was an

aristocrat—and I denounced her——Judge if there exist one human being whom my pity is likely to spare."

His wretched petitioner gazed upwards, but hopelessly, and staggered against the wall.

"I would be alone," said Julian, and led her to the door.

She left him silently. She now knew prayers were vain. That night her lover perished beneath the guillotine;—the same blow struck to the heart of the fond and faithful girl—death was merciful, for both died at the same moment. By some inscrutable sympathy with the love which yet moved him not to spare, Julian had them buried in the same grave.

LINES

TO THE HON. MISS SUSANNA FOX STRANGWAYS *, AGED ONE YEAR, WRITTEN IN 1744,

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

SWEETER than the sweetest manna,
Lively, lovely, chaste Susanna;
You 're the girl that still I muse on,
Pretty little smiling Susan.
Oh! if verses can amuse ye,
Fairest, sweetest, laughing Susy,
I 'd write on, but ne'er rebuke ye,
Handsome and good-natured Suky;
Every rhyme should flatter you,
Sprightly, dimpling, tender Sue.
I 've sung my song—adieu, adieu,
Susanna, Susan, Suky, Susy, Sue!

* Afterwards Lady Susan O'Brien.

TO THE SAME LADY,

IN HER EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR, APRIL, 1825.

BY LORD HOLLAND.

At twelve months old, dear cousin, you,
So Hanbury sings, were lively Sue.
At brisk sixteen, 'tis certain, look ye,
Court Memoirs call you lively* Suky,
'Mid Yankies chanting out Hosanna,
Still were you lively, gay Susanna.
Such I at Stinsford after knew ye,
Friendly indeed, but lively Suey;
And late, when I in Wilts was boosy,
'Twas drinking healths to lively Susy.
Then, here 's indeed a theme to muse on,
At fourscore years still *lively* Susan.
Lively alike, all stages through,
Susanna, Susan, Suky, Susy, Sue!

* The Lady Susan Fox Strangways is so termed in some unpublished Memoirs of the Accession of George the Third, by Henry, first Lord Holland.

HAVRE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

One of the nymphs of Ceres, whose name was La Seine, was one day amusing herself with gathering shells, on the sea-sand, and running away with cries of sportive terror from the huge waves that sometimes broke over her feet. While engaged in this manner, the nymph Heva, whose province it was to watch over her beautiful friend, lest she should meet with the fate of Proserpine, saw suddenly a blue robe floating on the waters; and, soon after, the white locks and purple face of Neptune rose above the surface.

La Seine, startled by a wild scream from the lips of Heva, fled towards the bank; but the god, enamoured with the beauty of her bashful fear, and the elegance of her unstudied motions, shook out the reins of his hippocampi, and bounded after at full speed. Already had he overtaken the breathless fugitive; and already was his hand extended to seize her, when, with a loud shriek, she invoked the aid of her father, Bacchus, and her mistress Ceres, and at the instant she melted into water, beneath the grasp of the god, and became a river, that still loves to wander through the haunts in which she delighted while a nymph.

Heva died of grief, and the admiring Nereides built her a monument of white and black stones, on the side of a steep, which retains her name to this day; while Amphitrite, indignant at the infidelity of her spouse, hollowed out a bay near the spot, to serve in all future time as a sure Havre (harbour) against the fury of Neptune.

Such, if we believe the dreams of the tender and graceful

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A.

Engraved by R. Wallis.

Saint Pierre, was the origin of Havre: I would recommend the sceptic (provided he hath music in his soul) to betake himself to the heights of Ingouville, what time the mists of morning or evening twilight are hanging over the sea. There will he behold the identical veil of the nymph of Ceres, undulating upon the emerald waters; and there will he shape out of the shadows of distance the mantle of that old sea-king

"Floating many a rood"

upon the waves. His mind, filled with images of physical beauty, will be led into their moral associations; again will he find himself a denizen of that antique world in which the dead forms of nature were animated by the spirit of poetry; and again will he feel his heart grow young in the old faith, and think

"That still from Jupiter, whate'er is great
Proceeds; from Venus, everything that 's fair."

When he has descended, however, from these heights of Ingouville, where the good taste of the English has built themselves a little city of exile, the bustle and industry of a great maritime town recall him to the realities of the present world. He finds that Havre was not founded by Amphitrite, but by Louis XII.; and not from jealousy of Neptune, but of the enemy. The port of Harfleur was fast filling up with sand, and a town of defence being necessary at the embouchure of the Seine, Louis laid the foundations of Havre in 1509.

His son-in-law, Francis I., continued the works with more spirit; and in order to signalize at once the new town and himself, constructed there a vast ship, called *La Grande Françoise*, which he destined to combat the Turks. The principal mast of Mademoiselle was about six fathoms in circumference; and she carried her own chapel for the celebration of mass, a tennis-court, a smithy, a windmill, and nu-

merous apartments, and after all had room for two thousand tons. It may be conceived what a sensation a beauty of these dimensions made in the country, and what eagerness of curiosity was manifested as the moment approached when, like a crocodile hatched in the sand, she was to be plunged into the element for which she was destined.

The moment did come—but *La Grande Françoise* would not stir. In vain the shipbuilders swore and coaxed by turns, buffeted her with their axes, and raised her up with their levers—*La Grande Françoise could* not stir. Even as the Vicar of Wakefield's picture was too large to go in, so she was too large to go out; and there she lay, a sign and a wonder to the time—a mockery of human ambition, and a monument to herself.

Havre became gradually a place of great importance, till at length the First Consul made use of this remarkable expression:—"Paris, Rouen, and Havre are only a single town, of which the Seine is the main street." Before his visit, the unhappy Louis XVI. had entered the town amidst showers of flowers and cries of enthusiastic welcome. The following well-turned compliment was inscribed on the door of the custom-house:—

"Protecteur du commerce et des arts des Français,
Respecté sur les mers, adoré sur la terre,
Louis, en acceptant un impôt nécessaire
Ne reçoit en tributs que pour rendre en bienfaits."

Napoleon and Marie-Louise came in their turn, and the empress-queen determined to gratify the Havrais by catching a fish (if the gods should make her so lucky) with her own imperio-royal hand. Down dived the so honoured hook and line at one end of the boat, and down dived (secretly) a cunning fisherman at the other, with an immense fish between his teeth. Marie-Louise was successful. She fished up the fisherman's fish, to the joy and wonder of the spectators, and

the diver received fifty pieces of gold for his ingenious gallantry.

Havre is one of the most agreeable of the English haunts in France. The new streets are clean, and even handsome; and the Place, in which there is an elegant theatre, gives an imposing air to the town. The view conveys an accurate idea of the quay where the steam-boat adventurers land, and comprehends the space from the Custom-house to the *Hôtel de Ville*.

ACROSTIC

ON A PATRONESS OF ALMACK'S.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

C AN empty title claim the world's applause,
O r riches form the base of social laws?
U seless are both, unless, with these combined,
N ature bestows the treasures of the mind;
T hen does the high-born fair, if found to blend
E ach grace, which beauty's softest charms can lend
S eductive woman—like the beams of May,
S hine in her sphere, and own imperial sway.

C ontent afar the crowded throng to view,
O r court the chosen friendship of the few—
W ith taste refined, yet true to nature's call,
P olite, engaging, affable to all—
E ach heart, each voice, through Almack's proud domain,
R ecords the justice of her equal reign.

ON LEAVING NAPLES.

BY LORD * * *.

Land of the South! victorious clime!
  Were ever triumphs like to thine?
Fierce conquest's grasp, stern valour's prime,
  They bow beneath thy spell divine!

Nurtured in toil, the Grecian came—
  Unnerved, unmann'd, the Grecian dwelt—
Lives there no trophy of his shame,
  Where Isis frown'd, and panders knelt?

To win thy smiles, the Roman bled;
  Amid thy smiles the Roman staid;
And every generous impulse fled
  From Baia's halls, Pozzuoli's shade!

O'er Alp and Apennine they come!
Fierce Lybia's host hath baffled Rome!
But mark, where Capua's olives wave
Above the swart Numidians' grave!

Land of the South! thou all-subduing!
  Though never foe had own'd thy spell,
Thy triumphs live—thy work is doing—
  And manhood falls where manhood fell!

Bloodless, yet sure, thy victory—
  Ere yet life's burning sun is high,
  Lo! at thy feet the vanquish'd lie,
Man's courage,—Woman's modesty!

Child of the South! Gennaro's slave!
Too gay to mourn—too lost to save;
Thy ardent speech, thy sunny smile
May charm my wandering steps awhile;

But ere that sun hath scorch'd my brow,
Ere thy soft saint hath heard *my* vow—
Back from thy treacherous clime I flee,
And seek a land where man is free!

NOTES.

"*The Grecian came.*"—Naples itself, Cuma, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and many others, were early Greek colonies.

"*Where Isis frown'd*"—At Pompeii, among the temples of Grecian deities, there yet remain the ruins of an Isēon, or temple of the Egyptian Isis, whose rites were disowned in the purer mythology of Greece itself, but adopted here by *Greek colonists*. Her priests were infamous in many ways.

"*Baia's halls.*"—When Neapolis (Naples), Capua, and the rest of this earthly paradise, had fallen under the Roman dominion, senators and nobles began to settle along the Bay of Baiæ, now Baia; and all around Puteoli (Pozzuoli) are innumerable remains—the villas of emperors Caligula, Adrian, Tiberius, Theodoric; the baths and amphitheatres of Nero; many vast monuments of Roman virtue in its decline, and true greatness on the wane. It was here that effeminacy rose to its greatest height in the annals of Rome; her degenerate patricians crowded hither because the climate was heavenly, and natural vapour baths of sulphur abounded.

"*Where Capua's olives wave*
Above the swart Numidians' grave!"

Hannibal entered Italy, gained victory after victory, crowned all at Cannæ, and then lost his laurels, and with them the flower of his troops, in the luxurious winter quarters of Capua and Campania—the modern Campagna di Napoli.

"*Gennaro's slave.*"—Gennaro, St. Januarius; the patron saint and idol of the devout Neapolitans.

THE CAVES OF GROENENDAEL,

AN EPISODE OF WATERLOO.

BY THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN.

WHOEVER stands upon the field of Waterloo and looks round its bleak extent, must, even while his mind is filled with the whole panorama of the battle, image to himself the multitude of individual traits which composed it, and long to revive the memory of each actor in the scene. The thousand episodes of that day, if they could be brought to light, would form a rich fund for detail. One of them I became acquainted with by accident, as others have been, from time to time, revived. Any circumstance that tells well for human nature ought not to be lost for want of a narrator; and I am, therefore, induced to the task of bringing this one before the public.

Florent Martigny was a sub-officer in the cuirassiers of the imperial guard; a young man of respectable family; filled with zeal for the service of Napoleon, under whom he had served some stormy campaigns; and possessing, in proportion to his idolatry for France, a bitter hatred to England and all that was English. Nothing could exceed his delight on coming for the first time into action with those detested enemies. His bosom swelled against the cuirass that covered it; and he struck the hilt of his long straight sword against the pummel of his saddle, as if to fix the weapon more firmly in his grasp.

The position occupied by Napoleon, during the seven or eight hours' continuance of that memorable fight, is well known. It commanded a full view of the conflict, from right to left. It was almost the central point of the French

line, and exactly opposite to that occupied by the Duke of Wellington and his staff, from which the valley between increased its real, but lessened its apparent, distance. Every movement was evident; every advance and repulse; all the fluctuations of the day. This was a trying situation for the boiling ardour of the cuirassiers of the guard, who formed the reserve, drawn up in squadrons close behind the emperor, and who for many a tedious hour panted for the order that was to send them to the charge. The English bullets, from time to time, came whistling over their heads, ploughed up the ground under their horses' feet, or caused a few casualties in their ranks.

During the whole of this time, Florent Martigny had his eye fixed on the person of Napoleon, although his anxious gaze took in, as well, the great objects of the field. He marked every movement, every gesture, every glance of the hero who now fought the last and greatest of his battles. He was so close as constantly to hear his conversation with the marshals and the officers of his staff, and particularly those parts of it which related to the doubtful question of the approach of the Prussian army.

Napoleon, who held a spy-glass of remarkable power in his hand, resisted for a long time the arguments and asseverations of those around him, who assured him that at length there could be no doubt on the matter, but that it was indeed Bulow's corps that deployed from the forest on the right, and not Grouchy's, as Napoleon persevered in saying it was. At length the impetuous and unfortunate Labadoyère, irritated at the emperor's obstinacy, rode away towards the right, determined to see, at the nearest possible distance, the fact of the Prussian approach, and to bring back his occular testimony to remove his master's scepticism. As he galloped off, Napoleon only redoubled his desperate orders to force the British centre. Battalion after battalion, squadron after

squadron were marched down the height and across that bloody valley; and broken and shattered on the bayonets of their impenetrable foe.

Labadoyère, covered with dust and sweat, soon came galloping back again; and riding up fiercely to the emperor, who was on foot, walking backwards and forwards amidst a shower of cannon balls with an air of perfect *sang froid*, he exclaimed, "Sire, it is insanity to doubt the fact—Grouchy is no where to be seen. It *is* the Prussian army which comes on from the forest, in great force."

Napoleon smiled, and tapping him lightly on the shoulder with his glass, answered with the greatest calmness,

"Tut, tut, young man, don't be in a passion. I have known it for an hour past. The battle is lost, and the empire with it*!"

Looks of mingled admiration and alarm were exchanged in the group, who heard their ruined chieftain thus calmly pronounce the sentence of his fate. A murmur of impatient desperation arose. Several voices were heard together, muttering calls to be led on. "All is *not* lost," cried a voice; "Let the cuirassiers charge!" The emperor looked round. A forest of broad swords glittered on high, as they were fiercely flourished by the infuriated guard.

"Let them charge!" cried Napoleon;—and in an instant the whole of the reserve, their helms and cuirasses gleaming in the setting sun, were impelled headlong down the heights, and were soon in close contact with the heavy dragoons of the British force. One of the foremost and most active in the shock was Florent Martigny. Amid the clangor and smoke of the *melée*, he struck fiercely round, fighting, like his comrades, in desperation and almost in despair; till a blow from a sabre, inflicted by what hand he knew not, cut

* "Paix, jeune homme—ne vous fachez pas! Je le sais, il y a une heure. La bataille est perdue, et L'Empire avec."—*Napoleon's expression, verbatim.*

him across the side, just under his cuirass, and he sank to the earth, stunned by the wound and the fall.

When Florent recovered his senses, he found himself as it were in a new existence. The whole turmoil of the battle-field had disappeared. In lieu of the alarms, the shouts, the clash of conflict, all was calm and still. The groans of the wounded, and the confused murmur of those occupied in removing them, alone were heard. The moon shone brightly above; the night fires of the English army gleamed around; and nothing was to be seen but enemies. Florent was surrounded by a group that he at once recognized for English. A surgeon was in the act of binding his wounds. Two or three soldiers were preparing a hand-litter to carry him away.

"A prisoner—and to the English! The battle is lost—and the empire with it!" Such were the thoughts that rose to Florent's lips, and were quickly distilled into words of bitter utterance. Rage and regret agonized him together; but he said no more. He was soon placed in one of the farm houses that line the road from the battle-field to the village of Waterloo, all converted into hospitals, where the wounded French were mingled indiscriminately with those of their conquerors, and treated with equal care. Florent felt a fresh access of rage and hatred at every new proof of English humanity. He would have rather died, than be saved by it. But his fate was otherwise—his wound was not dangerous. It was soon almost healed, and in a few days he was able and at liberty to walk freely into the open air.

A detachment of English were in the village, in charge of the wounded and invalided men. The officers did all that is usual to kill time in such a situation. The several billiard tables in the different *auberges* were occupied by them from morning till night. One evening some half dozen of them were playing as usual, the doors and windows wide open, admitting the summer air. Suddenly a young Frenchman

stalked into the room. He wore the uniform of the imperial guard, and he looked pale from the united effects of illness and passion. He stopped near the doorway, and with clenched fist and gnashing teeth, he exclaimed, "I could eat the heart of an Englishman!"

The player suspended his stroke;—the Britons looked at each other, with various feelings. But one of them, with more presence of mind, and more ready witted than the rest, politely bowed to the intruder, and said, in excellent French, "And pray, sir, how would you like it dressed?"

The effect of a repartee on a Frenchman is always prodigious. In the present instance it was completely so. Florent (for it was he, who, wandering about, had been hurried into this intemperance by his rage at seeing his victors happily enjoying themselves), felt at once overwhelmed by the simple answer to his outrage. He was faint from mental and bodily excitement, and he sunk on a chair. The English officers all came round him; and seeing in a moment the truth of his situation and his feelings, they did all they could to soothe and relieve him. They offered him wine, which he drank mechanically; and when he was recovered, one of them addressed him.

"Sir," said he, "we have been enemies—we are so no longer; it is the fate of war that we should be friends, for the blood of many of us has flowed in the same channels. My companions and myself are resolved that you shall join us in a pledge of good fellowship. We must play a pool at billiards together, for a napoleon each."

Florent, astonished at this extraordinary method of cementing a new friendship, attributed it to English barbarism, or to a design upon his purse. He declined; protested he was a bad player; and would have added that he had but one napoleon in the world, had shame allowed the confession. The officers would hear of no excuse. They put their money

down; they placed a cue in his hands; in short, he was mortified, confused, indignant—he had no power of resistance. A few strokes were played for form's sake by his opponents. They lost every time. In a few minutes Florent was winner of the pool; and it was only when the whole of the stakes were placed in his hands by the liberal losers, that he saw they had adopted this delicate means of forcing their generosity on him. The English officers retired, one only remaining to conduct Florent to his quarters. He soon excused himself from the attendance of this one, and as he lost sight of him, he felt his cheeks burn with shame. To have been the victim of English bravery, he could bear—but to be the object of English bounty! the thought was maddening. He was close by the village church. He took the money, still enclosed in his clenched hand, and he thrust it all, including his own solitary napoleon, into the box for the poor, that stood in a niche by the door. He seemed to have thrown off a load of infamy. He felt light and without reproach. He could now freely curse the English once more. His next thought was to fly from captors, who he feared would soon force him to esteem them.

The evening was calm, and no obstacle opposed his object. He turned into the first opening from the street; and crossing a few corn-fields, was quickly in the Forest of Soignies, which closely borders the village. Without any purpose but to escape, he pursued his way without turning to the right or left; the open glades of this beautiful forest allowing those who traverse it, to go in any direction unobstructed. Florent at times was obliged to sit down to rest; but as soon as thought began to work, and memory, taking advantage of his repose, renewed its tortures, he arose again, and pursued his route with renovated energy. At the dawn of morning he found himself suddenly clear of the forest, and was standing on a rising ground, commanding a view that at once recalled

him to a recovered sense of the beauties of nature and of his own situation.

Beneath him, in the midst of a fine garden and pleasure-grounds, stood a building of ancient structure, but bearing marks of modern renovation. Some old ruins at a short distance showed that an abbey once filled the space. A lake of considerable extent stretched through a valley to the left; and the forest, rising over and surrounding the whole scene, completed a landscape of exquisite diversity. Florent knew not at the time that he gazed on the ancient priory of Groenendael *, which modern taste had preserved and converted into a handsome chateau. The grounds showed marks of great care, which, however, had evidently been suspended from the circumstances of the times. Florent's practised eye discovered immediately that the place was converted into a military post. A couple of sentinels at different points convinced him of it. Of what nation they were he could form no judgment, in the haze through which he distinguished them. That they were enemies, he had no doubt. His only fear was that of falling again into the hands of the English. Fancy told him they might be in pursuit. Those before him might be others of the same nation. He was bewildered for a moment; but his doubts and his courage alike impelled him forward. He crossed a hedge that separated him from the garden. He had been for some time much exhausted by his night march, although it was performed at great leisure. He wanted refreshment, and he found it in the still unripe fruit which hung around.

After swallowing a few hasty mouthfuls, he proceeded towards the left, where he observed, through some overbranching shrubs, the entrance of a deep grotto, either natural, or so artfully constructed, as to present the appearance of nature in one of its most picturesque aspects. Impelled by curiosity,

* The green valley.

and a feeling of security inspired by the place, he entered, and proceeded for a long time unobstructed through a labyrinth of passages, curiously cut in the rocky soil. Openings, ingeniously contrived, admitted at intervals light from the gardens above; but whenever Florent attempted to penetrate upwards, he found every aperture thickly covered with shrubs and trees. The footing through the whole of the caves was quite dry, except in one part, where a little stream gurgled along, like a half-seen liquid thread running through the mazes of the place. He was determined to follow the course of this stream, which seemed to offer itself as a guide towards some new outlet; and in a little while it led him, by various turnings, to an opening, that showed him the whole expanse of the lake in long perspective before him. A few islands studded its surface, and the overhanging woods were reflected deep in its clear mirror at either side. Florent would have gladly ventured out on its banks, and explored the beauties of the place; but he feared to quit the refuge which offered such perfect security, and for the whole day he continued to wander about the caves, until he had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the locality, the purposes of which, in days of yore, he amused himself by imagining.

Evening at length came on, and with it the natural consequence of exercise, recovered health, and long fasting—a voracious appetite. Florent restrained, until the sun was fairly set, his urgent inclination to sally out in search of food; but no sooner were the trees in shade, and the face of the lake dimmed in the mists of twilight, than he cautiously ventured to the mouth of the cave, which opened on the water, and from which a narrow and weed-covered path led to the left, towards the overhanging skirts of the forest. Just as he reached the opening, and while he was still quite concealed from view, he marked a scene which powerfully affected him, and led to consequences on which his whole future fate de-

pended. A girl, neatly dressed, of a slight figure, and a general *tournure* of grace not often met with among the peasantry of Brabant, stood on the ridge, along which a foot-path led to the little hamlet visible through the trees at the farther end of the lake. She had just placed a basket on the earth, and her hands were seized, in a mood half jocose, half violent, by a soldier, whom, although he was turned from him, Florent recognized at once for a Prussian dragoon, for he had often come into contact with such, and had often seen their backs. An altercation of a few minutes between the soldier and girl ended in the former increasing his violence of tone and gesture; and a scream from the latter completed the excitement with which Florent was boiling. He bounded from the cave—was in a moment on the ridge—and, firmly grasping the girl with one arm, he snatched her from the astonished soldier. The latter stepped back, and attempted to draw his sword; but ere his hand could reach the hilt, a furious blow on the head, from Florent's well-nerved hand, struck him over, and he fell, stunned irrecoverably, into the deep lake below.

Florent's first care was to soothe the girl he had rescued, and his surprise and pleasure were great to find that she was French. How she came to be settled, as it appeared she was, in the heart of Brabant, he had no time to inquire, for both his and her anxiety led them to look after the fallen Prussian. They were shocked to perceive that the body had sunk to the bottom of the lake, where they saw it make some convulsive struggles, which caused the whole expanse of water to shudder in its utmost breadth. An exclamation of horror burst from the girl. Florent leaped down the bank, and rushing into the water, he stooped, seized the body, and attempted to drag it on shore. At this instant loud calls from the chateau, in a language he knew to be German, convinced him that the soldiers there stationed were in search of their

comrade. Three or four figures were visible among the ruins, coming in the direction where he stood. Self-preservation, and the safety of his lately-rescued and interesting young countrywoman, left him no choice of measures. He left the drowning Prussian to his fate, and scrambled up the bank. The terrified girl, trembling and exhausted, but feeling perfectly secure in the protection of her preserver, made no hesitation in following the movement he suggested, and in a few moments they were both safe in the shelter of the caves. And there they remained until night had long set in, and until the stars danced in reflection upon the bosom of the lake, agitated gently by the breeze. Those who have known community of danger, may judge of the progress towards intimacy made in the time which elapsed. Marguerite, for so the girl was named, told Florent her whole history, for which a few words sufficed. She was the daughter of a Frenchman, a gardener, who, from a wandering disposition, or the hope of greater profit, had emigrated from his native land, and lived in the hamlet hard by, on the produce of a large plot of ground, in the culture of which he was assisted by two sons and as many daughters. Marguerite, the elder of these, was in the habit of serving the military quartered in the village and the chateau with eggs, cream cheeses, and other little matters, a supply of which she had been in the act of carrying, when Florent saved her from the outrage of the soldier. When she learned that she owed this service to a countryman of her father, to one of the heroes of the beaten army, with which all the sympathies of her family were accordant, she made no limits to her confidence, and Florent's handsome and interesting appearance was certainly no drawback to her regard. It may not be degrading to this true history to state, that in the intervals of information and confidence thus given and received, Florent had made considerable havoc on the contents of Marguerite's basket, and that

he found himself infinitely refreshed thereby. When they at last were convinced that the search after the dead Prussian was over for the night, the anxious girl declared her resolution to seek her father's cottage, and quiet the fears which her long absence must have excited.

As they cautiously approached the open air again, and sent out their looks upon the lake before them, Marguerite shrunk back with horror, and even Florent was for a moment appalled, on observing the swollen corpse of the drowned man floating on the surface, within a few yards of the bank. But the young soldier had strong nerves. He felt no remorse for the deed he had done; and the evidence of the death he had inflicted carried no reproach to his conscience. He spoke a few cheering words to his companion, and they moved on briskly. He escorted her to within a close distance of her home, but would not enter the cottage, to avoid the embarrassment of explanation, and perhaps the risk of detection. He preferred returning to his former refuge, indifferent to the neighbourhood of the dead body, and cheered by the promise of a visit early in the morning from Marguerite, and probably from her father, if it could be managed without detection.

The dawn had scarcely broken, when the search of the Prussians for their missing comrade recommenced. He was soon discovered, brought to shore, and buried without much ceremony. It being taken for granted that wine and darkness had been the accessories to his fall into the lake, the hasty verdict, like many another, fell on the innocent. It was lucky for Marguerite that the soldier's rencontre with her had been observed by Florent alone. But the matter passed over without inquiry, and was soon forgotten by all but the pair who had been actors in the fatal scene. For several days Florent continued in his retreat, daily visited, and amply supplied with food, by Marguerite and some one

or other of her family, to whom she recounted her adventure. With the usual warm feelings of their nation, these French people felt unbounded gratitude and compassion towards their countryman; and the speedy removal of the Prussian detachment left them at liberty to bring him to their cottage, where he remained, without much observation from the neighbours, for two or three weeks.

What a length did gratitude, esteem, and friendship travel in that space! How deep did they sink in the hearts of those for whom reciprocal services and mutual confidence created ties, more strong a thousand fold than those of blood! But my readers will well suppose that there was one other passion which flew faster far, and deeper sunk, than any of those; which absorbed wholly the heart it fixed in, and left it unconscious of the existence of all other feelings. Could Marguerite resist the approaches of this insidious passion, in the guise of the handsome, brave, unfortunate Florent? There were too many elements of interest combined, for her to oppose successfully, even if she wished it. But in truth she gave herself up without resistance, and threw herself upon the stream of feeling, which she doubted not would carry her to a haven of happiness at last.

Florent was too well versed in the mysteries of the female heart, not to be aware of the mischief he had done; nor can we altogether acquit him of the intention to do it, to a certain extent. The temptation of gaining a footing in the regard of a pretty girl, very far superior to her station in life, was scarcely to be resisted in the peculiar circumstances of our hero, if he may be dignified with the title. But he had no notion of the extent of his own attractions or Marguerite's susceptibility; and, like a man of honour and true sentiment, he felt extreme regret when he discovered the lengths her feelings had carried her. What was now to be done? To fly, certainly.—For lest it be hastily supposed he ought to

have stayed and married her whose affections he had gained, it is necessary to state that he was affianced to another.

Ties of honour and of interest both, bound him to the engagement he had contracted when last in Paris, by the wishes of his family rather than from his own inclination. A longing desire to see into the state of his affairs, and the situation of his former friends, prompted him to revisit his native land, although he felt that his career of ambition was closed for ever; for the rapid march of events that followed the battle of Waterloo was soon known in the hamlet of Groenendael. However fatal these events were to his prospects in life, they lessened the difficulties to his return to France. A passport was soon obtained, and a day fixed for the departure of the *ci-devant sous-officier*. The whole family, who had so long sheltered him, regretted his approaching departure. Marguerite trembled as the day came near, and she found that her happiness was inevitably linked with the fate of Florent. As she was an artless girl, she knew not whether the rules of delicacy had been strictly observed, or whether a sufficient time had elapsed to justify her having formed an attachment so overwhelming. Happily for the children of nature, their impulses are not subject to quarantine laws. They know no restriction as to time; and have no fears of the contagion of sentiment and affection.

When the day of separation came, the whole family, with one exception, gathered round Florent, loaded him with little tokens of regard, and poured forth good wishes and blessings with profuse sincerity. Marguerite alone stood aloof. Cold, pale, silent, she spoke not a word, nor offered a keepsake to him, for whose safety and welfare she would have exhausted language or given worlds.

The morning was wearing away; the hour fixed for departure had long passed by; the moment for saying a final farewell was at hand. Florent, having gone through that

sad ceremony with all the others, approached Marguerite, stretched out his hand, and paused for a like movement on her part, but the poor girl seemed paralysed. Feeling was strong, and art had no force in her mind. She therefore made no effort to conceal her emotion; but burst into tears, and did not even put a handkerchief to her eyes to hide the evidence of her weakness.

"Dear Marguerite," said Florent, much moved by this true token of affection, "this is more than I deserve or expected—we shall meet again." Marguerite made no reply to this short sentence, which contained, short as it was, three unpremeditated untruths. Florent had *not* such a mean opinion of his own merits—he knew how his departure would affect Marguerite—and he had no notion of ever again seeing her. But vanity and kind-heartedness (the chief national characteristics) were uppermost in his breast, and found ready utterance at his lips. Marguerite only replied by clasping his proffered hand, pressing it to her lips, and bathing it with tears. On this the father, mother, brothers, and sister, with one accord, and from feelings which the ignorant would call *affectation*, the satirist *sentiment*, but which they who know the French character will pronounce to be true delicacy, turned from the scene, and silently quitted the room. In the quarter of an hour which elapsed before Florent and Marguerite joined the group in the garden, he used every means which honour and candour inspired to soothe the agitation he had no power to suppress. And, perhaps, even with his compassion for the suffering girl there was mixed a secret sentiment of self-love that was not displeased with it.

But if such existed it led to no base result. He told his situation frankly, confessed that he was going to fulfil an engagement that must separate him from her for ever; assured her of his firm friendship and brotherly regard; and took such leave as a friend or brother might take. He placed a

plain gold ring on her finger—not on the middle one, which in Belgium is the mark of matronly promotion—and he accepted in return, and hung round his neck, a chaplet of berries, with a small cross of carved ebony, the most valuable of poor Marguerite's scanty stock of ornaments.

When Florent was fairly gone, when his footsteps died away on the chaussée, and his manly form finally disappeared in the forest skirts, Marguerite felt relieved from a weight of anguish. The struggle was over—he was *gone*—no elements of contest were left between hope and fear, passion and propriety, the heart and the head. She had now only to endure; and woman's nature fits her for the display of that passive courage which so few of the other sex possess.

As for Florent, he never felt so proud of himself—nor consequently so happy. He knew he had influence sufficient with her who so truly loved him, to have obtained *any* purpose; and he gloried in the triumph he had gained over himself.

A month "dragged its slow length along." Time appeared to Marguerite to have grown decrepit as he had grown older. She felt weary of her life. The whole tenor of her character was changed. She looked back on her years of thoughtless joy, and felt as if they measured less than the short space which had elapsed since she began to think and suffer. The usual resource with persons of her station, in such cases and in catholic countries, was resorted to.

She unburthened her bosom to the curé of her parish, in the ample confidence of confession. There was little in the harmless events of her existence on which priesthood could set the seal of its severity. But the authority of the church required *some* subject of exhortation, if not of reproof, and such seemed to present itself in Marguerite's complicity in the death of the Prussian soldier, whom Florent's indignant energy had precipitated to his untimely end. To clear

away all stain from the innocent cause and horror-struck witness of this catastrophe, the confessor inflicted a penance not difficult in the performance, but which would have been harrowing to the penitent, had conscience mingled its reproaches with the lectures of the priest.

This penance was a daily visit, for forty days, to the scene of the fatal transaction, at the twilight hour in which it took place; and the recital of a set form of prayer for the repose of the Prussian's soul, before the antique and broken image of the patron saint of the old priory of Groenendael, which still held its place in one of the niches of the caves, a relic of the monkish rites to which they were originally destined.

Autumn was now set in. The beautiful scenery of Groenendael was daily becoming more beautiful; as deep tints of brown mingled with the forest verdure, and the fantastic movements of the wide-branching trees, and a rougher ripple on the lake, proclaimed the presence of the most picturesque of the seasons. As regularly as evening closed, and the sun threw into the forest depths the crimson radiance of his setting beams, Marguerite, dressed in a plain *blouse* of penitence, her head bare, and her person devoid of every ornament but its own beauty, and that plain ring which never left her finger, repaired with slow step along the water's side, entered the caves and performed her pious task. She felt no remorse arise as she recalled the circumstances of the deed she thus expiated. But at times her blood did curl involuntarily, as she saw the lake *shudder* as it once before appeared to do, and the wind moaned through the forest as if wailing a deed of death. But these moments of superstition were deprived of all painful effect by the sweet associations they conjured up, of him whose fancied presence seemed, like a spirit of good, to still the water's surface and hush the melancholy breeze. And Marguerite performed her solemn duty unappalled; and always felt relieved by it; for her prayers

for the Prussian's soul were sure to close with one still more warm and fervent, for him by whom he was destroyed.

The term of penance reached the day of expiration; and on a chill, damp, and gusty evening, Marguerite set out on the last of her pilgrimages. She lingered on her path, from the morbid feeling of reluctance with which we give up even an irksome duty that habit has rendered familiar. But Marguerite had contrived to throw a charm even into the repugnant task of penance, by the association of Florent's idea with its performance; and she cogitated, as she walked pensively along, on what new method of excitement she could invent on the morrow, for bringing him at some stated period of each day more vividly before her. She reached the cave, and was soon on her knees before the relic, which stood dimly and almost invisible in its niche. And yet, as she gazed on the image of the saint, it appeared that something more than usually met her eye seemed appended to the rude and half-worn sculpture. She looked closer, and distinguished something hanging on the stony shoulders of the saint. She took it in her hand—it was a chaplet of berries fastened to an ebony cross. Marguerite's heart bounded in her breast—she trembled in every joint—rushed to the mouth of the cave—and there plainly saw that it was her own parting gift to Florent she once more held in her hand. Who may describe the rush of overpowering thought which assailed her? Her head swam—the sight was leaving her eyes—a trampling hollow sound was in her ears. As a last instinct of failing sense, she turned round, as these sounds seemed to pursue her from the subterranean depths. The form of a man was close beside her. His outstretched arms received her, as she sank in a paroxysm of wild delight, on finding that it was indeed Florent who clasped her to his breast.

His story is soon told. On reaching Paris, he had found his party broken, his family ruined, his mistress false. Dis-

heartened and disgusted, he gathered the little remnant of his expectations, abandoning the whole of his former hopes. He swore an eternal adieu to France, and turned his steps towards the country where he knew a shelter, a home, and one faithful heart awaited him. What aspirant for happiness need have more? The plain gold ring was soon taken from the finger it had for nearly three months occupied, and placed on the middle one of that hand, whose grateful pressure within that of her husband told a secret tale of delight which the tongue could not express.

The numbers of visitors to the beautiful scenery of Groenendael have remarked, among the neat cottages that stand on the edge of its lakes, one particularly striking from the beauty of its situation. A group of children, from fifteen years of age downwards to one or two, is constantly seen sporting or working in its little gardens, sunning themselves on its grass plats, or dabbling with the young cygnets at the water's side. Sometimes a handsome woman, in neat country costume, is seen looking tenderly and anxiously from the cottage door; while a manly figure by her side, of an air distinguished from the mere rustics to whom his dress pronounces him to belong, leans with folded arms, and smiles at the joyous party. A variety of situations, as pleasing and as picturesque as the one here traced, show this family at different times to different sets of pic-nic adventurers, or other wanderers in search of rural enjoyment. Need I record the family's name?

THE PROPOSAL.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour, qui fait le monde à la ronde," &c.

WHILE in her fairy bow'r, alone,
Sophia like a houri shone
Supreme on beauty's dazzling throne,
My panting breast grew frantic:
Long had I doubted, blush'd, and sigh'd,
But now I press'd her to decide,
When thus she spoke, and I replied,
In language unromantic.

"I would not, Charles, for worlds, encroach—
But will you build a new town coach,
And britska too? that no reproach
May reach our happy marriage."
"No—Sophy! those bewitching feet
Were form'd to trip through Regent-street;
That graceful swing! say—who can beat
Your *own* smart, easy *carriage?*"

"In Belgrave-square, I covet most
A tasteful house—The Morning Post
Might then print many a tale and boast
Of our domestic glory."
"The New Road, Sophy, I admire—
To lodgings only I aspire;
A second floor—I can't soar higher,
The hero of one *story.*"

Engraved by J. Heath

Thos. Hopwood

" Have you engaged in Hookham's list
An opera box? I couldn't exist,
From Easter, if this chance were miss'd,
This lawful, bridal fixture."
" Alas! to lose Giovanni's nose—
Grandolfi's legs—Taglioni's toes—
The only *box* I can unclose
Is one of *Pontet's mixture.*"

" At least, you'll not curtail my clothes,
My blond, my flounces, my gigôts,
Or call Carsan's or Ma'ame Triaud's
Accounts, at Christmas, teasing."
" Dear girl! I like but little *waste;*
Gigôts, our own plain cook shall *baste;*
The only long *bills* to my taste
Are woodcocks', when in season."

" Excuse me! Charles, you 'll not forget
My great aunt's diamonds with Hamlet—
They 're only roses, badly set—
But brilliants are my passion."
" Sweet maid! the only gems I prize
Are those your *pearly* mouth supplies,
Your *ruby* lips, your *brilliant* eyes
Will always be in fashion."

" For Almack's, have you any doubt
That we are fix'd, the spring throughout?
I long, dear Charles! to roam about
Those regions so enchanting."
" Three maiden aunts, with *pipes* as shrill
As Colinet's, will prove their skill
On basto, ponto—a *quadrille*
At home, shall ne'er be wanting."

" Too cruel Charles!—Will you secure
My jointure, or your life insure?
Were I, all foresight to abjure,
  My friends would blame my blindness."
" Why, Sophy! you would ne'er forgive
Your husband, if he did not strive
That you should not his love *survive*—
  I 'll kill you *first* with kindness."

" Time past, you offer'd to devote
Your heart and *fortune*—Charles! you wrote
What I believed—a dear, fond note,
  Its words were sweet as honey."
" True, Sophy—but you made me wait
So long! the note is out of date,
I 've mortgaged *since* my whole estate,
  And spent my ready money."

" Oh, Charles!—'tis useless to repine,
House—carriage—jewels, I resign,
And jointure too—the loss be mine—
  Poor victim of affection!"
" Agreed—kind girl! we 'll now remove
All protocols—a husband's love
Shall guaranty (your smiles approve)
  A treaty of protection."

MORAL.

Ye beaux! who eager to appear
In Hymen's market, idly fear
To bid for hearts, because they 're dear,
  Be bold, and bargain freely.
No skilful suitor need despair,
Though drain'd his purse—his rent-roll bare,
For women, prudent as they 're fair,
  Will reason quite genteelly.

Ye timid swains! be not dismay'd,
For maids, in hearts, as dealers trade,
They quickly sell, when they're afraid
  That Cupid's darts get rusty.
To you—ye fair! a poet's song
Presents this hint, (he means no wrong)—
That love, like wine, if kept too long,
  Grows vapid, sour, and crusty.

A MARRIAGE-GUEST.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY LORD MAHON.

I saw him wed thee—saw him clasp
  The hand which should be mine;
Which did not shrink back from his grasp,
  But press'd it on to thine.
The hall around was fair and bright,
A hundred faces beam'd delight;
A hundred tongues on every side,
Welcomed the bridegroom and the bride.

I, too, was there—I, too, essay'd
  Some hollow vows to pay;
But found the faltering words I said,
  Not those I meant to say.
Oh, may no outward sign reveal
The love I felt—the grief I feel:
My manner, cold as Etna's snow,
Shall hide the fatal flames below.

Cadiz, Dec. 1827.

LAWRENCE BAYLEY'S TEMPTATION.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

"The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
And in gay Holy Rood the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play."

Marmion.

"Hearts with love's fever for the first time shook,
And even the preacher, in his parting prayer,
Shut his dark eyes, and warn'd men to beware
Of beauty."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S *Maid of Elvar.*

WHAT a secret would that sage discover who could determine wherein lies the power to charm! It is not in beauty, for loveliness which has maddened one man will be viewed with coldness and indifference by another;—it is not in talent, for the weakest and silliest women have controlled the actions and governed the understandings of wise and intellectual men;—it is not even in amiability of disposition, for many and many a time we groan in a species of slavery, the more galling that it diminishes our comfort and our self-respect together. Some strange and unaccountable sympathy draws us towards persons comparatively strangers, while a repugnance, equally incomprehensible, renders the society of others disagreeable or intolerable; and we struggle to explain to our souls, what is perhaps after all dependant on the mechanism of our bodies.

There is a little withered old maid residing at the village of Aldbury, with cold, unwinning manners, and grey, dark eyes, in which sadness and suspicion seem ever striving for

mastery. No one ever succeeded in convincing her of the innocence of an accused individual, yet the severity of her opinions does not prevent such acts of kindness as her means will permit; no ill-natured report was ever traced to her, yet the village gossips always ascribe their stories to her authority. She never caresses children, and has a large grey cat constantly with her, besides an old setter-spaniel (blind of one eye), who engrosses more of her attention than most other objects. On the mantelpiece of her formal little sitting-room are several cups and saucers of old china, and above them hang two small miniatures, in black polished frames: one of these represents a grave-looking young man in the dress of a clergyman, and is as ill-painted as it is possible to conceive; the other is an exquisitely-finished portrait of a beautiful girl, whose face is shaded by a profusion of what poets call "sunny hair," and the richness of whose dress betokens a far higher rank than that of the inmate of the cottage. It is reported (I know not with what accuracy) that the village postman having occasion to deliver a letter at the cottage, and finding the servant-maid somewhat tardy in answering his summons, looked in at the parlour window to discover if any one were at home, and that he there saw the old maid, with the first of these miniatures in her little withered hand; that she looked at it—wiped away the dust from its frame, and showed it to the dog, who whined piteously, as if partaking her feelings; and that, finally, she dropped on her knees by the sofa, and hiding her face with one hand, while the other rested on the spaniel's neck, she appeared to be convulsively sobbing. The story was heard in the village with little interest (for who ever interested themselves in the sorrows of an old maid?) but to me—to *me* it brought bitterness, and mournful thoughts, and yearning for other days; for the spinster's name is Miss Mary Esdale, and *I* remember Mary Esdale the sweetest—the love-

liest—the most loveable of human creatures. Yes! *hers* was the power to charm (at least so it seemed to me) beyond all that ever was granted to woman. Her soft grey eyes and broad pencilled brows—her gentle, cheerful voice—her gliding step—her welcome smile, sweeter than any smile I ever saw, coming like the sudden burst of morning light, and dying along those full red lips as slowly as the sunset dies along the sky—all had a separate, an intoxicating charm—and yet——Poor Mary!

Mary Esdale's father died when she was very young, and her mother, thrown without money or friends on the desert world, came back to the place of her youth, and found a shelter beneath the same roof that had fostered her infancy, devoting the remainder of her young days to the education of her little girl, and the society of her own father, the aged minister of M. Surrounded by blessings, and the idol of a small circle, Mary Esdale grew up in unconscious beauty and undisturbed happiness; and when at length the rosy child was transformed into the meek and gentle girl, Lawrence Bayley (the young curate who had occasionally done duty for her grandfather when his failing health required assistance), proposed, and was accepted as her future husband. So far her life had glided on like the course of a quiet stream—its sameness had not made her sigh for change:—the excitement of the world's pleasures—the knowledge of the world's vices—all that makes existence a fever, a toil, and a curse, were to her a sealed book and a mystery. The blessed ignorance which alone can give purity of heart—the peaceful rest—the joyous waking of childhood's earliest years were hers even now, as she sate smiling in the glowing light of autumn, her hand clasped in that of her doting grandfather, and her sweet eyes lifted to the face of her betrothed, as he supported her mother to the rustic bench in the rectory garden, where it was their custom to spend the latter

hours of the day. A year was to pass before the young couple were to be united, to give Lawrence time to obtain an expected curacy, or perhaps something better; and if ever one year of perfect happiness was allowed to a mortal creature, it was allotted to Mary Esdale. Autumn wore away—the wind whistled through the little valley, and the cold red sunlight gleamed fainter on the bark of the trees, and shone without warmth on the choked streamlet, where their brown and withered leaves drifted. Winter came on—the sheeted snow covered the desolate earth, and the grey smoke from the cottages curled upwards, scarcely distinguishable from the dull sky above. Spring—the green and lovely spring, with its bursting buds and universal warbling, insensibly gave way to the glory of majestic summer. Seasons in their turn rolled round, and Nature's beautiful face changed beneath their sway, but the same love and the same happiness still blest the inmates of the lowly rectory. The seasons brought no change for *them*—they loved—they were together. Their evening stroll in the rectory garden was exchanged, indeed, for a seat by the rectory fireside, and the winter's day saw Mary's cheek glow with a brighter pink in her close straw bonnet, as she walked quickly through the village on missions of charity, than the summer's sun, which lit the leaves when Lawrence and she first rambled together, and talked of their future home. But the same voices spoke and answered—the same smiles were on every face—the same deep-seated content in every heart.

It was towards the end of the August of this year, that a travelling carriage was seen advancing rapidly along the road that passed the rectory. Mary and Lawrence were walking together, and both stopped—struck with the same instinctive dread; for they plainly perceived that the horses were unmanageable, and were rushing to the brow of the hill, the descent of which was so steep as to threaten destruction to

all who were in the vehicle. With arms nerved by love's agony, Lawrence Bayley lifted his terrified companion to the bank above the narrow road, just in time to save her, as with a sudden crash the carriage overturned close to the spot where they had been standing. An oath, vehement and terrible, from a man's voice, and shrill screams from those of women, were the first sounds that broke on Lawrence's ear. Eagerly he sprang forward, and passing with a shudder the body of the postillion, whose head had come in contact with a fragment of stone bedded in the earth, and who lay lifeless beneath the horses' feet, he proceeded to extricate the travellers. A man, apparently about sixty years of age, tall and commanding in appearance, and who was himself uninjured, assisted him to raise his female companions, one of whom, a young girl, had fainted; and the other was apparently only saved from insensibility by the endurance of great torture. She moaned and writhed when Lawrence lifted her, and her white withered lips and glassy eyes contrasted horribly with the paint which the drops of agony had half removed from her cheek, and which streaked the handkerchief her companion passed lightly over her face. Mary Esdale had descended the bank the moment the accident was over, and, kneeling on the road, sprinkled the fair countenance of the younger female from the little spring which ran between the road and the bank. Her care was rewarded in a few minutes by seeing the colour return to her cheeks and lips, and her large blue eyes slowly and wildly open.

"Are you hurt?" said Mary, gently.

"No—oh! no—but what has happened to mamma—where is my dear, dear father?"

At the sound of her voice that father turned, and spoke kindly and encouragingly. By this time a crowd of villagers had assembled, and had arranged the carriage cushions in a light cart, to which the suffering lady was removed, and after

a few words of hurried and tearful thanks on the part of the young girl, they left Lawrence to superintend the removal of the broken carriage and unfortunate driver, and proceeded together to the rectory.

"Well, dear Mary, and how is Lady Delamere?" said Lawrence Bayley, in a suppressed voice, as they met on the little terrace beneath the windows of the house, the evening of that eventful day.

"She is better, dearest: the surgeon thinks that she will do very well (though her leg and arm are both fractured) if her excessive irritability does not bring on fever. It is strange, is it not, that Providence should have decreed their accident here? The rectory is in Lord Delamere's gift, and he seems so pleased with my grandfather, and so glad to converse with him. And Miss Delamere, Lawrence, is she not beautiful?"

"I scarcely looked at her; I saw she had fair hair, but I was so occupied with Lady Delamere, so absorbed with the pain she was suffering, that——"

"But you must have seen her when she spoke to you, dearest, when she was leaning on me by the cart."

The young man smiled, as he gazed on the gentle face of his companion.

"No, Mary. I saw *you* while she spoke to me; and I thought how sweet and holy was the expression of your countenance in its natural grace, contrasted with the angry torture on the brow of that painted lady of fashion; and I prayed, that if ever pain visited you, I might be with you, to watch over you and soothe you, as you soothed those by whom you stood this day."

Oh, how often, in the silence of night—in the sunshine of day—amid the struggling bitterness of desolate and unpitied sorrow—did the words we have just recorded come back to the heart of Mary Esdale—fresh in their tone and expression as if spoken but yesterday—though the lips that

breathed them might never more smile on her, and the heart that dictated them was cold in the dust.

There was a pause after Lawrence had spoken, for the same emotion thrilled the souls of the young lovers, and the tears which had gathered in Mary's eyes were shaken away as she exclaimed—

"Now then, Lawrence, look—she does not see us—she is at the window with her father—oh! how very, *very* beautiful she is!"

And Lawrence, thus adjured, *did* look, and could not but allow the praise was deserved. Blanche Delamere's beauty was of that order which all allow and which all perceive, from the child who loves its brightness, to the voluptuary who marvels at its perfectness of form. Her full red lips seemed too short ever completely to close over the glittering and pearl-like teeth below, and separated only to smile; the glowing pink of her cheek, the deep sapphire blue of her glorious eyes, the dazzling clearness of her complexion, and the clustering profusion of golden ringlets with which her small and distinguished head was adorned; all made her appear as if she belonged to a separate order of beings from the usual inhabitants of earth—"created to reflect the sun." She stood for some minutes contemplating the view, leaning her head back on her father's shoulder, as his arm fondly encircled her waist, and gazing on the calm and lovely evening, rich and glowing as the light of August could make it.

"Well, Lawrence," said Mary Esdale, timidly, after she had watched his countenance for some time, "what do you think?"

"That there is nothing so beautiful as light—and light never so beautiful as when it falls on a young and lovely face. —What a glowing sunset shines out to-night!"—and this time Lawrence Bayley looked not on the face of his betrothed, nor the glory of the summer sky, but on the fair countenance

of the stranger, as she stood leaning her young head and white throat back on her father's arm, and lifting her blue eyes to the calm heaven.

Three months passed away. Lord Delamere had promised to obtain a rectory for our young curate. His proud and fretful lady had amused herself by writing a series of letters to different acquaintances whom she called her friends, to announce her speedy return to the metropolis, and her determination never again to stir from it, in spite of Blanche's love for the pretty place Lord Delamere had taken in the neighbourhood, and where she had in some measure recovered her health, though still much shaken by the effects of "that dreadful fall." The day, the very hour was fixed for their departure: it was to be preceded by a dinner and ball given to the neighbouring gentry at Beech Hollow, the name of the villa occupied by the Delameres. To this dinner the Esdale family were of course invited; and the unknown vanities of life vaguely struck the mind of the gentle Mary as her mother impressed on her the necessity of dressing with more than usual care for the occasion. From a little casket, whose contents had not for years seen the light, the widow drew a necklace and brooch of pearls, the same which she had worn on her wedding-day, the only jewels she had ever possessed; as she clasped them round her child's neck, tears of mingled sorrow for the past, and triumph in Mary's beauty, fell on the meek brow of the latter, and glistened on her white silk robe.

"Would that your father had seen you to-day, my Mary! The pearls are yours now; I meant to have kept them till your wedding-day, but it is as well you should wear them to-night, and my blessing and prayers for your future life go with them—and may the husband of your youth be spared to you for many a long and happy year to come!"

Mary Esdale stole down to the little sitting room, where

she expected to find her grandfather and Lawrence. Neither was there; and she sate down in one of the high-backed, old fashioned chairs to wait their coming. On the table lay the large Bible, out of which the dim and venerable eyes of the rector were accustomed to read the Scriptures; a sealed packet; and one or two drawings, apparently taken from a portfolio which remained half open on a chair. The packet was directed to Blanche Delamere. The drawings were mostly such as were familiar to Mary's eyes, as the work of Lawrence's pencil, and the representations of the scenes of her youth. But there was one which was new to her—one which, as she gazed, sent the blush of pleasure to her cheek and the sparkle of pleasure to her eye; it was a sketch of herself by the same beloved hand. She looked at it till the tears which rose in her eyes dimmed her sight, and then timidly and hurriedly, as though it were a forwardness and a sin, she kissed the pencilled cyphers which stood for "the one loved name." The sketch was still in her hand when Lawrence entered. She started, and laid it down, and, with a slight laugh to cover her confusion, said, "I have found you out, Lawrence —you never showed me that drawing, and now I claim it for my own."

Her lover did not answer, and she raised her eyes smilingly to his. They were not directed to her; they remained fixed on the little sealed packet, while he murmured some explanation about his wish to give Miss Delamere some sketches of the neighbouring scenery, and having carelessly left the remaining drawings scattered on the table. He also added (and his voice faltered as he said it) that the sketch in question had been taken long since,—almost immediately after her acceptance of him. There was little in the matter of what he said; but there was something in the *manner* which made Mary Esdale feel as though she were endowed with a new sense.

"And was this, too, for Blanche Delamere?" said she, in a choked tone.

"No, Mary."

The deep sadness with which these two words were spoken again directed Mary's glance towards the speaker; his eye shrank from hers, and wandered irresolutely from the drawing to the packet, and from that to the portfolio. A new feeling took possession of Mary Esdale's heart; a feeling as if molten lead had been poured into her veins—burning, heavy, and intolerable. Her brain rang with a confused sound, as of a thousand waterfalls, and a thousand voices trying to make themselves heard above even the water's roar; her heart heaved till she mechanically pressed her hand to still the wild pain of its beatings, and ever and anon through her throbbing brain there passed visions of half-forgotten scenes —tones unheeded at the time—words which had waited till that hour for their meaning—looks which came like lightning flashes across her memory—and the form of Blanche Delamere was in all. A fierce and unquenchable feeling, like the thirst of one who dies in the desert, parched her lips; the gentleness of her whole nature seemed changed and departed for ever—dark shadows fell on the face of all things—wild resolves and wilder prayers—hatred and agony—all that revulsion of feeling which is vainly deemed the work of years of sin and sorrow, fell on her blighted heart in that one hour's jealousy! Peace—purity—hope were gone;—years might roll on, and bring a new calm and a comparative happiness, but never more could the shivered bowl of crystal which hangs by youth's early fountain be filled with its transparent waters of perfect joy! Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives

of all, when *the heart* dies: an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow;—an hour which *they* may strive to trace, who say, "Ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;"—an hour when the cord is snapped and the chain broken on which depended the harmony of existence;—an hour such as Mary Esdale spent in that old fashioned little room in the rectory.

Shout, little children! shout, and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green bosomed earth! from you the angel nature hath not yet departed—in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator; perfect love and perfect joy. Shout, I say, and rejoice! for the dark days are coming when ye shall see no light, and the hours when mirth shall be strange to you, and the time when your voices shall grow so sad that they shall mingle with the wailing of the winds, and not be distinguishable from them, because of the exceeding sorrow of their tones!

During all the struggling emotion she experienced, Mary Esdale had not spoken. One word alone rose to her lips, and that word was but the name of him she loved—but she feared to speak it—she felt as if it would burst with a shriek from her wrung heart; and by degrees a calm stole over her (outwardly at least), and by the time that her mother and grandfather were ready, she rose, and passing her arm through Lawrence Bayley's, they descended the stairs without a word of explanation, and without either knowing the suffering and sorrow which wrung the heart of the other. The only sentence spoken as they got into the carriage was from Lawrence: "It has been snowing, Mary; look, the ground is quite white;" and her sweet voice answered in its accustomed tone, as she took her place by his side.

During the dinner at Lord Delamere's, Mary sate by her lover as usual, and at intervals her heart grew gay and forgetful, and the sudden smile, so peculiar to her expression, played on her lips and gladdened her eyes; but the cold sickness of heart returned after that momentary joy, and her gaze fixed wistfully on the careless brow of Blanche, as if to ask wherefore this new misery had risen to crush her from the hand she had loved so innocently and so confidently. On Blanche Delamere's face, however, there was no expression of consciousness, or love, or sadness; the unchanging smile of old sate on her small, full lips—the unchanging rose brightened her beautiful cheek—the very ringlets seemed as though Lady Delamere's French maid had counted and divided them into a like number every succeeding day.

"Well, Mary, I hope you are sorry at our departure?" said she, as they ascended the illuminated staircase together. Mary faltered out an affirmative. "I assure you I am quite sorry to go, though it is very different from my London life. I have not made," continued she, playfully, "I have not made a single conquest since July, except, indeed, a little, little twinge, which I trust I have given the inexperienced heart of Mr. Lawrence Bayley; but, after all, such a *petit poisson* should not be counted. Come and see the ball-room, Mary, before the people arrive; it is so beautifully done up."

Mary Esdale followed mechanically, as her sylph-like companion fluttered from one room to another, all profusely decorated with real flowers, and lit till the eye ached with gazing. "She does not love him!" It was the only thought of which she was conscious, and she repeated it over and over to her aching heart, as if it *ought* to console her—"*She does not love him!*"

Just then Blanche raised her head from the clustering geraniums, whose perfume she had been inhaling, and looking at her companion, exclaimed, "How prettily you are dressed! but how pale you are of an evening—very pale; you really ought to wear *rouge*."

"Wear what?" said Mary, mournfully.

"Wear *rouge*, as mamma does, you know—why, you have seen her put it on—I know many girls in London who do it."

"And do *you* wear false colour?" murmured the village girl, as she glanced at the sunny cheek of her aristocratic friend.

"I? Oh! no, my complexion does not want it—I am very vain of it; but I dare say I shall some day, when I get old and faded: no complexion will stand London hours. Do you valse?" added Miss Delamere, as she once more glanced round the ball-room.

"Valse?"

"Ah; perhaps you think it wrong, you are so strict; but you like dancing, don't you?"

"I cannot dance—I never learnt any dance at all."

"Never learnt to dance! Goodness, what will you do this evening?"

"Oh, I shall not wish to dance, believe me."

There was something so mournfully bitter in the tone of this last sentence, that Blanche Delamere turned, almost startled, to look at her companion; their eyes met—and for the first time Mary Esdale thought Miss Delamere's face expressive, and its expression disagreeable. There was a cold scrutiny in her bright blue eyes, which bespoke curiosity without sympathy; and a slight, very slight shade of contempt round her smiling mouth. Mary's pale cheek crimsoned, and her eyes filled with tears, as she turned silently away, and after a moment's pause they returned to the drawing-room.

The hours devoted to the farewell *fête* passed rapidly away—the weary musicians nodded drowsily over their instruments; and the tired country neighbours struggled against the wish to go home and go to bed, under the impression that a great honour and a great favour had been done them in permitting them to get so tired at such a place as Beech

Hollow. Mary Esdale could not dance, but it amused her to look on. All was new to her, and she experienced, for the first time, that false excitement which leaves such utter depression of spirits. It was towards the end of the evening that she observed Blanche Delamere address herself, laughingly, to Lawrence Bayley, who reddened and smiled, while he shook his head in denial. She wished him to dance.

"I appeal to you, papa," said she; "ought we not to part gaily who met so sadly? Explain to Mr. Bayley that I am not accustomed to be refused, and that he ought to be pleased and flattered."

"Here is a temptation of St. Anthony!" said an old general, whose boast it was to be the one "intimate friend" of Lord Delamere's at this memorable *fête;* "why, it would not be believed that you chose a partner, and he declined the honour, if it were told in town."

Mary Esdale heard so far, and was left to conjecture the rest, as the music again struck up, and she saw Lawrence—*her* Lawrence—lead the young queen of the evening to her place in the dance. It was with feelings of pure astonishment that she beheld this scene—astonishment which overbore whatever of mortification, or sorrow, or displeasure she might have felt. The idea of its being *wrong* to dance had never entered her mind; but there did seem something strange, indecorous, and startling in seeing the companion, who had so often gravely discussed with her eternal truths—from whose lips she had heard the service morning and evening in the village church, and whom she had been accustomed to think as nearly perfect as erring man could be, bantered into partaking of an amusement foreign to his habits, and of which, at heart, he disapproved. Her mother—her grandfather, both remarked it, and Lawrence himself, as he caught her eye, coloured, and averted his own.

For the first time, as Mary Esdale laid her head on her

pillow that night, she felt distrust and suspicion chill her heart: her respect for Lawrence was lessened—she no longer thought of him as of a superior being—she prayed for him, but her prayer was choked in its utterance—she thought of him, but it was with a bitterness unknown before. She fell asleep, and dreamed that she stole to the little sitting-room, and took from the table some flowers, such as had adorned Beech Hollow, and that Lawrence perceiving it, upbraided and cursed her; and then the countenance of Blanche, full of cold scrutiny and mockery, rose before her, and she awoke sobbing, again to slumber that unquiet sleep, and to dream those restless dreams. The day but one after the ball was the Sabbath, and on Tuesday Lord Delamere's family were to leave Beech Hollow. Saturday was a day on which she seldom saw much of Lawrence—he was engaged preparing for the Sunday's discourse. She had, therefore, one day of calm reflection before her, and earnestly she sought to convince herself that all she had thought and felt respecting her affianced lover and Blanche Delamere arose from delusion. Even if *he* had been smitten by the beauty and attractions of the young stranger, *she* was not attached to him; and when they were gone, and all was again quiet and happy, his heart would return to its allegiance, and they would talk of the past as of a wild dream.

That Sabbath morning the village church was graced by the presence of the noble family from Beech Hollow; it was as a parting token of respect, and their last visit to the rectory was to be paid afterwards. The text given out by Lawrence was "Lead us not into temptation." Always eloquent, and gifted with a singularly graceful delivery, he this day seemed to surpass himself. Mary Esdale's heart glowed, and her eyes grew tearful as she lifted them to the pulpit; suddenly Lawrence Bayley's voice faltered—the sentence he had begun became stammered and broken—the allusion he was

about to make to the temptation of Jesus and of many of the saints, abruptly concluded; for the space of a minute there was a dead pause. Something during that minute irresistibly recalled to Mary's mind the scene in the ball room; it might be the subject, or the hesitation and confusion in Lawrence's manner, or something in the words he used, or it might be merely a mysterious sympathy; but so it was, that as the thrilling sensation passed through her heart, she half rose from her place, and beheld Lawrence's eye fixed full and wildly on the face of Blanche Delamere, and on *her* face, upturned as it was to the gaze of the preacher, a smile, a struggling, but clearly perceptible smile of passionate triumph! Mary Esdale looked round that holy place, sanctified by all the recollections of her life—as the pause was broken, and Lawrence's words again claimed the attention of his congregation; she looked—all was the same as she ever remembered it: the light streamed through the narrow stained glass window on the white aprons of the little village schoolgirls; the old, deaf farmer, who for eleven years had leaned in the same position, with his ear-trumpet turned in the direction of the preacher's voice, still leaned and listened in his accustomed place; the aged widow, whose children had one by one been taken from her, still sat, a little more bent and a little more weakened, in the corner to which Mary's infant eyes had often turned to pity; the arched windows still gave to view the old tombstones gleaming in a wintry sunlight. All was *real!* Suddenly the church grew dark to Mary Esdale's eyes; the faces round her wavered and became dim; Lawrence's voice came like the distant gurgling of waters on her ear—in another minute she had fainted.

"Here is a letter for you, miss," said the old servant at the rectory.

The person he addressed turned, and silently took it from his hand. She was in the deepest mourning; her face was not the face we knew four years ago, yet it was Mary Esdale who sate alone and sorrowing in the well remembered room where so many happy days had been spent. Nothing is more common in novels and romances than to describe the effects of misery of heart as rather adding to the beauty of the sufferer. I never yet saw in real life an instance of this. It has always seemed to me, on the contrary, that sorrow will leave harsh lines in the sweetest face; will bring sharp tones to the softest voice; that the wringing of the heart will wrinkle the brow, and the memory of blighted hope sow grey hairs in the darkest tresses. Consumption *may* spare the beauty of its victims: it is the body only which wastes and decays; the soul still shines out sunnily from the young eyes that refuse to look upon death; the heart still sends its expression of hope to the hectic cheek and crimson lip: but grief is the canker of the *mind,* and beneath its sway the traces of beauty fade as rapidly as the shadows of evening come down on the earth. Mary Esdale's figure had become thin and angular; her grey eyes had lost their sweetness; her voice had changed its tone. She had voluntarily relinquished the hand of her lover, and left him free to follow one who scorned to be his wife when only Blanche Delamere, but thought no shame, as Viscountess Torrington, to count him in her list of lovers. She had knelt by the death-bed of a suffering mother, and watched the spark of life which lingered in her aged grandfather three fretful and impatient years. They were over—the corpse of the old man lay in the upper room, and his desolate child sate endeavouring, through her blinding tears, to decipher the letter just put into her hands. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MISS ESDALE,

"I have this moment heard of the decease of your pious and worthy relative. Several applications have been made to me, during his illness, for the living. I had originally intended Mr. Bayley to succeed the late occupant; he has, however, been differently provided for through the interest of Lady Torrington, who has procured him the chaplaincy to her uncle, the Duke of Chiverton; I have therefore bestowed the living on the gentleman who lately assisted your grandfather; and feeling, as I ever must, the sincerest respect and gratitude for his memory, I have endeavoured to arrange something to meet your own views. My sister, Lady Eleanor Ord, who is old and infirm, wishes very much to persuade you to become her companion. She is about to journey to Italy, which would do your health and spirits good. Her temper is kind and cheerful, and you would find with her a pleasant home. Let me beg of you to consider this, and to favour me with a speedy reply. Believe me always,

"Your true well-wisher,

"DELAMERE."

"I shall lie down till the carriage is ready to proceed, and try to sleep; so do not fatigue yourself waiting here, dear Mary—you will find books and everything in the room we have just left—pray, go."

"You will send your maid to call me, dear Lady Eleanor, if you should wish to be read to—or if you feel restless and ill: I cannot bear that any one should serve you but myself, my kind benefactress."

"I promise, my dear child, to send if I want you; but it only pains me to see you looking so fagged, and seated by my bedside—go"—and Mary went. She re-entered the room where

they had breakfasted, and sate down. She took up a book—closed it—tried another with the same success—she leaned back in her chair and gazed on the blue Italian skies which smiled before her. "And this," thought she, "is only the second year since I left England—only the six-and-twentieth of my life; how slowly that life seems to pass, and yet how old I feel! And this is his birthday—*his!* Oh, let me pray for him, though he forsook me. The days we used to keep as festivals are the saddest to me now. Perhaps—perhaps they are by this time sad even to him." She knelt and prayed, and the sobbing sigh which broke from her lips when she rose, proved how little as yet time had done towards effacing the bitterness of her sorrow. That sigh was echoed by some person in the same room. Startled beyond measure, Miss Esdale gazed round her, and beheld on the sofa, at the further end of the large room, the half recumbent figure of a man wrapped in a travelling cloak. An exclamation escaped her, and she was about to leave the apartment for the purpose of remonstrating with the owner of the hotel, when her own name, twice repeated, made her pause in trembling agony, and then rush forward. "Lawrence—beloved Lawrence!" It was all she had power to utter, as she took the wasted hand he extended to her, and gazed on the wasted brow, on which death seemed already to have set his seal.

"And now, dear Mary, you know all—the sin—the sorrow—the fever of the last six years. There have been *months* during which I have not dared mock God with prayer! there have been days when I have been on the point of putting an end to my existence with my own hand. And oh! if even in the delirium of passion I regretted the quiet and peace of early days, and your low voice haunted me *then;* what must it have been when she to whom I had devoted my ruined

soul—my blighted life—grew weary of that very devotion—when I saw others preferred, whose love, like her own, was more an occupation than a feeling—when I knew and saw that but for woman's shame she would have sneered away the constancy with which I clung to her? But it is over now, and fallen as I am, Mary, there is hope in heaven and in your gentleness. Deep, deep is my repentance: oh! say that at some future day you will forgive me all I have made you suffer—that you will permit me to devote my existence to you. Speak the word, Mary; say that you forgive me—that you will yet fulfil the vows of your early youth, and all of life that is left me is yours."

Mary Esdale knelt by his side, and murmured the desired words. She raised his hand to her lips, and as her arm timidly stole beneath the head that sank on her shoulder, the blood rushed to her cheek and temples, and quivered at her heart with a quick and beating pulse. Vague dreams of happy love melted on her soul, till she feared to meet his gaze. She turned—alas! those dying eyes were taking their last farewell of hers. They closed beneath her wild and passionate caress—re-opened—closed again—and Lawrence Bayley was no more!

COUNT SARNO'S FAREWELL TO HIS SONS.

BY MRS. GEORGE LENOX-CONYNGHAM.

When Ferdinand I. of Naples came to terms with his turbulent barons, the chief weight of his displeasure fell upon Antonio Petrucci, his secretary and the best and ablest of his subjects, and upon Francesco Coppola, Conte di Sarno, whose many noble qualities had been tarnished by an overweening ambition. Having gained possession of their persons by artifice, he caused them, after an imprisonment of six months, to be beheaded on the same day. Petrucci's death was worthy of his life. Count Sarno besought permission to take leave of his two sons. It was granted, says the historian, "forse più per afflizione che per carità del conte." Some passages of his farewell address to them are versified very faithfully in the following lines.—See *Congiura dei Baroni del Regno di Napoli contra il Re Ferdinando I. raccolta da Camillo Porzio.*

Oh, Naples! thou hast often borne
To see thy best blood flow;
But never more than on the morn
That laid Petrucci low.
It were a mournful tale to tell
How, on the scaffold, died
One who had served his country well,
When most his faith was tried.

Next him stood forth Count Sarno there,—
Baffled ambition's wreck;—
His right hand clasped a book of prayer;
A chain hung round his neck.
No tear on his proud cheek was shed,—
No sigh its prison burst;
"Let me but see my sons," he said,
"The axe may do its worst."

They grant the death-doom'd man's request
  To feel that parting pang:—
His children sink upon his breast,
  And round their father hang.
Hard, very hard, the heart had been,
  And very stern the eye,
Which such a sight as that had seen,
  And met it cold and dry.

At length he spoke:—"Time wears away!
  I, who your being gave,
Would teach you, on my dying day,
  That being how to save.
Then lay my counsels up to heart,
  To use when I am gone;
And choose a wiser, better part
  Than I have ever done.

"My noon was bright, though o'er my age
  Clouds lower so thick and dark:
I sink beneath the tempest's rage,
  A worn out, shattered bark.
This matters not! I grieve for you,
  In opening manhood, cast
On life's rough waves,—remembering too
  The calm and happy past.

"Shun ye Ambition's gilded wiles,
  And Glory's passing show;
Doubt fickle Fortune's flitting smiles;—
  Your father did not so.
When gathering round that father's name
  The world's reproach shall be,
Mark how the world forbears to blame
  Thousands as frail as he.

"Be firm Integrity your guide,—
Virtue your tower of trust:
Earth's baubles, by affliction tried,
Are vanity and dust.
And let not Fate's uncertain frown
Oppress you with despair:
The God who weighs his creatures down,
Can give them strength to bear.

"In sorrow, as in joy, be still
Each to the other dear:
United by your Maker's will;
Not bound by human fear.
Receive these tokens from my hands,
Poor, for our former state,
But well befitting him who stands
The headsman's beck to wait.

"This chain, my firstborn! be thy share,
Instead of power and gold:
My destined prelate! faith and prayer
Thy spirit shall uphold."
His weeping children, once again,
He fondly kissed and blessed:
With hope in God,—at peace with men,—
Then laid him down to rest.

FIRST AFFECTIONS.

A TALE.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

The gentleman alluded to, in the following pages, under the appellation of Rainsford, is still living. I know of no reason, however, to withhold his narrative. The names of all the parties have been carefully altered.

The days of boyhood, and that portion of life which has been past under the necessary control and discipline of education, may be considered by many, as constituting the happiest period of human existence. For my part, I never could take such a view of my by-gone time; nor shall I, at the longest distance, be induced to look back to those days with pleasure or satisfaction.

I was left an orphan at an early age, with a slender pittance, altogether inadequate to defray the charges of an education befitting any respectable station in society. What might have been my fate, Heaven alone knows, if the destitution of my condition had not attracted the notice of a distant connexion of my father's family, so far as to urge him to come forward in the character of my ostensible patron and guardian. My relative and friend, the late Mr. Morrison, immediately on the death of my surviving parent, avowed his intention of taking upon himself the entire charge of my helpless infancy, and of my subsequent advancement in life. He was a man of singularly benevolent views, of which I was not the only object:—Mr. Morrison had equally interested himself in the destiny and welfare of a nephew and niece of his deceased wife. The former, being about a year older than I was, had been placed with me at a pre-

paratory school, from which we were removed together to Winchester.

Our generous protector was very opulent; and having but one child, a daughter, his circumstances fully enabled him to gratify his liberal feelings in our favour, without injustice to the prospects of his own offspring. He never failed, however, to impress upon his other *protégé*, Frederic Somers, as well as upon me, the necessity of steady and determined exertions to attain and preserve independence by the pursuit of one of the learned professions; leaving the selection to our own decision, upon future consideration, when a more mature age might render us competent to form a proper judgment.

It might naturally be supposed, that between two youths, so similarly situated as Somers and myself, a strict intimacy at least, if not a real friendship, would have arisen, but the contrary was the fact.

Somers was the elder, the stronger, and (I must add) the more prepossessing in person and manners. Quick in apprehension, though superficial in acquirements, he had either the good fortune or the tact of making the most of what he knew; and in all those youthful exercises of strength and agility, which precede the more graceful accomplishments of manhood, he left me far behind. If my inclinations were directed seriously to studious pursuits, and my little stock of learning was greater than that of my companion, a certain awkwardness and shyness of demeanour tended to preponderate over those advantages. Somers could, whenever he chose, assume a deportment adapted to the occasion and purpose of the passing moment, and at first sight he would conciliate and obtain the favourable opinions of strangers. My own quiet and regular conduct preserved me from all censure, and, joined to my persevering application, perhaps proved the means of extorting formal and cold com-

mendation from my preceptors. Somers, volatile and irregular in his attention, contrived to escape from complaint and blame—and, moreover, to receive repeated demonstrations of favour and good-will from his superiors.

Whether Somers was repelled by my reserved and abstracted habits, or whether he looked upon me as a disagreeable intruder upon his uncle's bounty, I am ignorant; but from the beginning of our acquaintance, and during the whole of our intercourse, up to the time of leaving Winchester, his aversion from me was manifested in every possible and annoying manner. Assuming a tone of superiority over me on all occasions, which he never omitted enforcing by positive acts, he made me lead the life of a dog: remonstrances and opposition were useless—his greater strength and activity conferred on him a power, against which, it was in vain for me to attempt contending. Once, and once only, when goaded by some peculiarly irritating treatment, I ventured on a personal contest with him, the result was productive of increased mortification and disgrace to me, having been soundly beaten by him before all the boys of the upper school, to which we belonged. In the intervals of our vacations, which were passed at the house of Mr. Morrison, although Somers did not oppress me with a continuation of the same open system of hostility, still he displayed an evident coldness and distrust, and never associated with me with any appearance of friendliness or cordiality.

The period arrived when our course at Winchester was finished, and it was judged seasonable by Mr. Morrison to send us both to college. I believe he was quite aware of the estrangement existing between Somers and me, and he therefore arranged that Frederic should go up to Oxford, while I should be entered at Cambridge. We accordingly commenced our residence at our respective universities, thenceforth meeting but seldom, and at the close of the different terms, at our

common home, Mr. Morrison's mansion. When we did meet, Somers' behaviour to me was very much changed—nothing insulting or taunting distinguished it, and could I have overcome the feelings of repugnance and inferiority which his presence constantly excited in my mind, we might perhaps have appeared to common observers, to have lived upon a footing of intimacy.

I have as yet alluded but slightly to Mr. Morrison's family. It was composed (he being a widower) of his daughter Eliza, and of Mary Somers, the sister of Frederic, both being nearly of the same age, and two years younger than I. Eliza Morrison was, without exaggeration, one of those girls of extraordinary beauty, who, like comets, are only to be met with at distant intervals; she was so attractive in face, form, and manners, that unless a man possessed the eyes of a stoic, or the heart of an anchorite, he could not have passed an hour in her company without being fascinated. She had a fund of lively conversation at her command, and was by no means deficient in general information, while she really excelled in all female accomplishments. Mr. Morrison idolized her; and from her earliest years her wishes (if not anticipated) had been gratified, when expressed, to the utmost extremes of parental fondness. The consequence of this excessive and injudicious indulgence was, that Eliza, with much good-nature and kindness of disposition, became too conscious of her power of securing universal admiration, while at the same time she delighted in it, and received it as a welcome tribute to her acknowledged charms and superiority. The character of Mr. Morrison, truly generous and benevolent as it ever proved, was, in one respect, shaded by a dominant weakness. The exalted opinions which he entertained of his daughter's eminent claims to a reputation for beauty and accomplishments, and the consciousness of his ability to bestow upon her the important advantages of a princely fortune, confirmed him

in his adherence to a resolution, which he had long previously formed, and which he never disguised—that of marrying his daughter to some man of distinguished birth and rank; and of the certainty of such an event he conceived the most confident expectation. So completely had this foible obscured the otherwise clear judgment of Mr. Morrison, that he regarded the future happiness of his daughter as identified with the prospect of a splendid and noble alliance, and the idea of the chance of her forming an attachment with any person below his standard of excellence in this respect, never entered into his imagination.

Mary Somers was altogether a direct contrast to her cousin: pale, and somewhat marked by the small-pox, silent and retiring when in society, she would have been pronounced by strangers in general, to have been decidedly wanting in personal attractions; but to those, who had the advantage of more than a common acquaintance with her, a pair of dark hazel eyes, beaming with mingled softness and intelligence, and a voice of singular sweetness, presented claims of no ordinary interest. She appeared to shrink from the gaze and glare of the world, as if sensible of her situation, and of the lowness of her pretensions to notice or favour, when compared with those of her brilliant and beautiful cousin. The conviction of her being a dependant on Mr. Morrison's bounty tended, in addition, to cast an occasional shadow of melancholy feeling over her thoughts and conversation. But Mary Somers was mild and gentle, her mind was regulated by great and natural good sense, and by unaffected piety: no envious feeling debased or embittered her pure breast, when she daily witnessed and unfeignedly admired the grace and beauty of Eliza Morrison.

I had received, in earlier years, a thousand little and well-remembered kindnesses from Mary Somers: she had often shielded me from the consequences of the complaints, petu-

lance, and oppression of her brother; she had, in more recent days, conversed with me, with deep and friendly interest, on my situation and prospects, and had offered me readily, valuable and acceptable advice on many occasions. A sentiment on my part, vacillating between love and friendship for Mary Somers, had insensibly grown up, and most probably, under other circumstances, would have quickly ripened into an overpowering affection. Mr. Morrison, I am sure, was desirous of encouraging this attachment, and of eventually bringing about an union between us; and I have every reason to believe that Mary regarded me as her destined husband, and looked forward to that event with contentment, in the hope of realizing visions of domestic love and happiness, so congenial with her own virtuous mind and principles. Events, however, soon occurred, which dispelled all such visions, hopes, and prospects.

When Frederic Somers was at home, I had rarely, if ever, opportunities of being alone in the society of Eliza Morrison; the two girls were united by the ties of a very sincere attachment, and Frederic, beyond doubt, not only as the brother of Mary, but from his decidedly engaging attentions, received a much greater share of notice from his fair cousin than I could possibly aspire to. It happened, however, that in the long vacation preceding my last year at Cambridge, Mr. Morrison was absent from home for some few weeks on private affairs, and Frederic Somers was on a visit in Scotland; chance threw me, therefore, more into the society of Miss Morrison, and Mary Somers being confined by a slight indisposition during part of that time, I was necessarily the sole companion of her lovely cousin.

I know not how it was, but it appeared to me that I had awakened as if from a dream, and that till then, I never had been half sensible of the beauty and charms of Eliza. She seemed determined upon making me feel that her claim to

universal dominion was irresistible:—her manners were more than usually attractive. I thought that I had never before heard her voice or her harp so melodious; she treated me with a familiarity which she had never (at least to my apprehension) exhibited on any former occasion. By degrees my own natural shyness and reserve insensibly yielded to the potency of this lovely enchantress, and in a few days I found myself continually sighing when I reflected on the contrast between the graceful and beautiful Eliza Morrison, and the pale, retiring, and unaccomplished Mary Somers. I felt, as it were, a metamorphosed being—my studies, my books became odious to me, and the prospect of a country curacy, with an unassuming wife and tranquil happiness, were equally detestable. Sleeping or waking, the image of Eliza was never absent from my imagination—my sole and anxious object was to court her society, and to exhibit my devotion to her in the most submissive, but in the most expressive manner. She could not fail to remark the change which a short time had operated in me, and she was gratified at this new and striking proof of her supremacy. My unremitting and extraordinary attentions were received with pleasure and satisfaction, and the homage which I paid to her undivided influence, was accepted in such a way, as to excite in my mind the most sanguine and inspiring hopes.

I became, at length, a lover to desperation—nothing could check my purpose: the known sentiments and views of her father, and the impotence of my condition, were alike forgotten or disregarded by me. I neither deceive myself, nor misrepresent facts, when, at this distance of time, I assert that Eliza did not in any degree discourage me. She could not have mistaken the tone of my language, or the meaning of my devoted attention. Did she respond to my affection? was a question which I continually whispered, mentally, to

myself, and which, her sunny smiles, and her occasional silence (as I ventured at times imperfectly, and in hesitating accents, to allude to my feelings,) led me to believe might not be unfavourably answered.

When Mary Somers, on her recovery, rejoined our small family party, it was impossible that all this should pass on my part without giving rise to some observation. The great alteration in my general manners and conduct was sufficiently remarkable, and my agitation in the presence of Eliza much more so. All women have a natural and quick perception of every matter connected with the anatomy of the heart and the analysis of feeling. Mary Somers, from the very particular relation, in which, we were supposed to stand to each other, had, in addition, abundant reasons for the exercise of her penetration. It was evident that my secret was soon betrayed to her, and the consequence was that she gradually studied to avoid me, as if she feared her presence might be regarded as an intrusion. One day I surprised her alone, and in tears; on my inquiring into the cause of her distress, she answered evasively; but on my pressing warmly for an explanation, she recovered herself suddenly, and pleaded her recent illness as the excuse for her nervousness. I attempted to take her hand in the friendly and familiar manner in which I had formerly been accustomed to do, but withdrawing it, she said in a low voice, and with deliberate expression, "Rainsford, I have long wished to speak to you; as a friend—a sincere and old friend. I fear you may perhaps attribute motives, to my interference, which it would naturally pain me to believe you could assign, but I will not hesitate incurring the risk for your sake."

"I am sure, Mary," I replied, "no motives but what are of the purest kind could be attributed to any thing you may say or do."

"Rainsford," she quickly and impressively answered, "you are hurrying on to the brink of delusion, disappointment, and ruin!"

"Good Heaven! Mary," I said, "what do you mean?"

"Do not deceive yourself, Rainsford," she continued; "you love Eliza—her father's return is close at hand; he must soon be apprized of this. You have not concealed your feelings, they are known to every inmate of this house: remember the firm determination—prejudice, if you please—which rules the mind of our benefactor in every thing connected with his daughter; and reflect on the dependence of your position, and the probable anger and indignation of Mr. Morrison. Forgive me, Rainsford—forgive me for what I have dared to mention!" and, bursting into tears, she rose from her seat, and left the room.

It is singular, but universally true, that when one violent passion has secured the mastery over the human mind, it not only subdues for awhile, every other former predominating sentiment, but it generates a revolution in all its sensations. Mary Somers had uttered plain and wholesome truth, prompted by the most sincere, pure, and benevolent principles; her look, her demeanour, her soft and tender voice, had all breathed an expression of the most gratifying regard towards me:—she might, indeed, even from the simple energy of those feelings, which spread a glowing suffusion over her usually pallid cheeks, and from her falling tears, have appeared more than interesting in her person; but with shame I confess, I felt my mind relieved from a heavy burthen when she left the room, and that I for the moment reflected on the supposed engagement between us with disgust and aversion—her features and person appeared to me, to be homely and ungraceful.

The knowledge of Mr. Morrison's approaching return only tended to urge me on to a final and decisive explana-

tion with Eliza. I was blinded to all results, contingencies, and consequences, save that, which I deemed alone probable, a reciprocal state of feeling on the part of his daughter. I accordingly, without delay, wrote a long letter to Eliza, in which, I told my tale of affection without disguise or exaggeration; it might, perhaps, have been a foolish epistle, yet it certainly expressed most truly and forcibly, the state of my heart at that period. On the very day, on which, Mr. Morrison was expected home, I gave the letter to a servant to deliver to his mistress, and I went out, tremulous with anxiety and suspense, to be absent for a few hours.

Upon my return, I learned that Mr. Morrison had arrived, and had been inquiring for me; that he had quitted the house for a short interval, but had left word that he wished to see me instantly when he came in again. Agitated, confused, as I of course felt, yet I was simple enough to form the illusory hope that my benefactor had been made acquainted with the subject of my letter to his daughter, and had been induced to view the matter in a light favourable to my wishes and happiness. Hearing that Eliza was in the drawing room alone, I almost crept up the staircase—I had not resolution to enter the apartment—the door was ajar, and, with fluttering thoughts and beating heart, I contrived to survey the interior of the room, without being seen. Eliza Morrison was sitting on the sofa, evidently under the influence of feelings of grief or regret—she seemed absorbed in deep thought; an open paper, which I recognized as my unfortunate epistle, was lying on the carpet at her feet. Eliza had on that day, bestowed more than her accustomed care upon her toilette, and I think I never beheld so brilliant a display of beauty and elegance.

I cannot, even at this distance of time, recall, without some degree of perturbation, the visions of bliss and delight which at that moment, floated through my enchanted ima-

Painted by E.T. Parris.

Engraved by C. Heath.

London, Published [illegible] by Longman & Co Paternoster Row

gination, and usurped the dominion of sense and reason. I was convinced then at last, that the sentiments of my heart, as poured forth in my letter, had found a true and welcome refuge, a resting-place, in the breast of my adored Eliza. I could, unseen, witness her silent agitation, her thoughtful and expressive attitude—so satisfactory to a lover! I could enjoy, unheard and unchecked, my triumph—the most perfect type of human loveliness was then to be mine, without obstacle or risk! Hurried on by my transports, I was on the point of rushing into the room and of throwing myself at her feet, when a loud knock at the street door, in some measure roused me from my trance, and startled Eliza, who, rising hastily from the sofa, picked up the letter, and left the apartment by the opposite entrance, without observing me.

I remained transfixed on the landing near to the door—I listened to the sound of Mr. Morrison's voice, inquiring for me of the servant in apparent anxiety, and to his footsteps ascending the staircase. I did not attempt to move, when Mr. Morrison (his face flushed, his manner greatly excited) abruptly accosted me. I foresaw the approaching storm and crisis, as he beckoned me to follow him into the room. The interview and conversation were short and decisive. It appeared that he had on his first arrival rather suddenly surprised his daughter, while engaged in perusing my eventful letter; that he had made himself acquainted with its contents, and had declared to her his intention of immediately separating me for ever from his family, and of withholding his protection and patronage in future from me.

In few and angry words, I was thoroughly made acquainted with my fate: I was to leave, on the next day, the roof which had sheltered me for so many years—to be severed from the only ties that could attach me to existence and respectability. Irritated as Mr. Morrison was, he did not

repress his noble sentiments of honour and generosity. He informed me, that over and above the little fund of my own, which he had carefully husbanded and improved, he intended to settle the liberal provision of 200*l.* annually upon me for my life; but that all intercourse or communication, personally or by letter, was thenceforth, to cease between myself and him, and every member of his family. I stammered through some common-place expressions of gratitude for his long-continued and generous kindness; but my heart was cast down by the knowledge of my helpless dependence; and in my state of comparative poverty, the offer of the annuity, (coupled as it seemed) with such oppressive conditions, came grating upon my ears, and jarring with every feeling in my bosom, as a direct and gratuitous insult. I refused, in unequivocal terms, to accept of his offer—I declared my resolution of leaving his house that same evening, and I bade him farewell with blended emotions of sorrow and anger.

I never again beheld that kind and excellent man. An hour or two sufficed for the arrangement of my trifling affairs within doors—when I finally quitted the abode of virtue, peace, and felicity, without having exchanged a single word with Eliza or Mary.

Upon taking up my quarters at an hotel in the neighbourhood, my overheated mind had cooled sufficiently to enable me to survey the past, and to look forward to the future with some moderation and accuracy. My situation and prospects were gloomy and unpromising; fifteen hundred pounds formed the whole amount of my fortune; the interest of that, might support me; but the easy, and indeed luxurious life I had led while under Mr. Morrison's protection, rendered me but ill adapted to contend with the comparative hardships which my altered condition would inevitably occasion. I had not completed my terms at the university—

I could not therefore take orders: what was I to do? In addition to the mental wretchedness and despondency which such reflections induced; my still glowing affection for Eliza Morrison, and my equivocal feelings towards her cousin Mary, were tortured by the neglect with which they appeared to treat me. I was degraded by my own reflections. Some days had elapsed, and not one line or communication was conveyed to me. In the agony of disappointed love and wounded pride, I resolved to draw my little capital out of the funds, and after investing it in letters of credit, to abandon England, if not for ever, at least for an indefinite period.

In the shortest possible time, I put my resolution into execution. I embarked for Holland, and as a misanthrope, commenced my rambles, without object or design, through almost every part of the European continent. Four years passed away, during which, I travelled and lived upon a scale of the strictest economy. In the Casino of Frankfort (through which city, I was passing on my way to Switzerland) I was, one day, wading through the files of some English newspapers, extending back to the date of more than a twelvemonth, when my eyes were startled by the perusal of the particulars of the death of Richard Morrison, Esq., of Portman-square, London. I was greatly shocked, even after the circumstances which had led to our separation, to be thus apprized of the decease of my first and early benefactor; and my surprise and consternation were not a little augmented, when, on turning to the column of Town Talk in the same newspaper, I was informed by a paragraph, that the late Mr. Morrison had bequeathed his large real estates and personal property to his only daughter, *the wife of Frederic Somers, Esq.* I could not, at first, believe in the correctness of my vision: I read, and re-read the sentence over and over again—and when, at last, I was convinced of the truth, I struck the table, at which I sat, with a violence

sufficiently remarkable, to startle the sedate and quiet Germans who were reading in the apartment. Rushing hastily out of the Casino, I regained my temporary dwelling in the town, in a state of miserable excitement. Acute sorrow and astonishment, vain regrets and idle resentment, by turns seized upon me; and a train of old and confused recollections was opened to my mental view. The tyranny of Frederic Somers—the wrongs I had sustained from him in my earlier days—the deceit, the cruelty of Eliza—the ill-requited friendship, or rather attachment of Mary Somers, were alike remembered and renewed.

To distract myself from such perplexities of thought and sentiment, I quitted Frankfort hastily, and rapidly travelled to Schaffhausen on the Rhine. Although I had visited that town before, and was well acquainted with all its environs, I wandered again over its striking and surrounding scenery, with more pleasure and satisfaction than I could have anticipated. It chanced one morning, as I strolled through the streets of the town, that I was attracted by the appearance of a party of English travellers, who had lately arrived: it consisted of a gentleman, two ladies, with their servants. As they approached nearer towards where I was standing, I at once recognized the features (never to be forgotten) of Somers, Eliza, and Mary. I thought I should have sunk to the earth. I neither had strength nor time to escape from the spot; I could not avoid them. They evidently had perceived me, and were hastening on with feelings of pleasure and astonishment. They came running towards me: Frederic and the two ladies, pressing before each other and grasping my hands, expressed in the most unreserved and friendly terms, their surprise and delight at the meeting. I was overwhelmed with questions and expressions of friendship; the suddenness of the meeting, and the apparent candour and warmth of my acquaintances, entirely disconcerted

any resolution on my part, to conduct myself towards them with impenetrable reserve and coldness. They hurried me on, in spite of myself, towards their hotel; where, when we were all quietly settled, they assured me that I should not quit their party—that I must travel with them, and return in their company to England. I had not time to collect my thoughts; though my eyes strayed every now and then, in a tour of observation, over the countenances of the party. Frederic Somers exhibited the same engaging and easy demeanour, by which, he was always distinguished—if a passing blush, as my eye rested longer on his wife's lovely countenance, became more and more visible, yet I could not discern in its expression any appearance but that of contentment and pleasure; while Mary Somers seemed to have undergone an entire change—she was collected, yet lively and talkative.

I gathered, from our rapid and general conversation, that the marriage between Somers and Eliza had taken place about two years back, of course in the lifetime of Mr. Morrison, and what was the more surprising to me, with his consent and approbation—that our departed benevolent friend had by his will left the large and unexpected legacy to me of ten thousand pounds, in case I should ever again be heard of, and a similar sum to Mary Somers, bequeathing all the residue of his vast property to his daughter—the same amounted to three hundred thousand pounds at the least. I cannot affect to be less worldly-minded than the generality of the sons of Adam—the nineteenth century is not the period of romance—and poor gentlemen, though they may have the honour and principles of their order, have, likewise, the endless and multiplying wants and desires inherent in their class, or so easily acquired by them. Once, and once only, a sensation of pleasure stole across my mind, when, from this information, I was enabled to reflect on the certainty of my

being independent; but all pleasurable sensations were but transient and of brief duration. The dinner-hour arrived, and my friends sat down to table in high spirits; I alone was thoughtful and dejected: they were aware of this, and now by bantering, and now by more serious efforts, endeavoured to cheer and rouse me. Somers pledged me repeatedly, and forced me to drink more wine than I had been accustomed to, for years. His wife (and I did not feel grateful for the course she took) rallied me on past occurrences, sometimes taunting me with the desertion of my former romantic and gallant feelings, and at others, alluding to the surprise I must have experienced at the intelligence of her union with Somers, significantly laughing (and as I considered), somewhat unfeelingly, when she alluded to the old adage, "that marriages were made in Heaven." As for Mary Somers, though more quiet in her deportment, she bore her part in the general gaiety, but twice or thrice I remarked, that her looks were fixed on me (when she was not aware of my observation) with their once wonted expression of melancholy thoughtfulness.

At the close of our repast, Mrs. Somers said to me, "Oh, I forgot, I have to introduce a new acquaintance," and she whispered to the servant, who left the room. A female domestic entered with an infant in her arms of nearly a year old, whom Mrs. Somers took, and fondly caressing, invited me to notice, exclaiming, "Rainsford, pray admire and love my child—my little boy Frederic." I had suffered torments and anguish indescribable during the greater part of this interview. When seated opposite to Eliza Somers, I was compelled to gaze upon that face and form, whose beautiful lineaments and perfection had remained impressed indelibly upon my mind, during the whole of my long and tedious absence from my native land. When I beheld those seductive beauties still wearing, if possible, a more finished

and attractive charm—when I had the complete conviction that my heart had been deceived, my affections blighted, my fondest hopes crushed, and all in favour of a man, whom I never could welcome with cordiality or sincerity to a renewal of intimacy; and, worst of all, when I knew that Eliza must have, from the first, deceived me, I was truly miserable. But the act of introducing her child, the son of Frederic Somers, to me, was the planting of a poisoned dagger in my bosom. I turned from the infant with absolute loathing and disgust, and I am sure I frowned on its mother with momentary anger and hatred; they must have noticed my manner, for the ladies suddenly quitted the table. Frederic Somers rattled on with buoyant and exuberant spirits, plying me with incessant draughts of wine, and talking over a thousand indifferent subjects. I remained silent and sullen. Somers, wearied, I suppose, by my reserve and doggedness, rose and went to the window, and loudly uttering his admiration of the moonlight sky, expressed his wishes to view the Falls of Schaffhausen by the advantage of the moon; he eagerly proposed a walk at once to them, soliciting me to be his guide, as I so well knew the paths and scenery around. I could not well refuse, and we sallied forth, leaving word that we should return ere long.

It had been a very fine though warm autumnal day, and its close was followed by a night, in which, the moon at first shone with remarkable brilliancy: some passing dark clouds and the murmur of the rising wind through the foliage of the trees, as we walked by the side of the river, might have been regarded as warnings of a coming storm; but we were inattentive to this approaching change, and a few heavy drops of rain only quickened our steps onwards. What possessed Somers I know not—whether the more than ordinary quantity of wine he had drunk, or whether it was his wayward fate that impelled him, but during the whole of our

walk he never ceased (and as I thought), in a boastful, unfeeling, and taunting manner, to talk over days, years, and occurrences long since gone by, though not blotted out of my remembrance; asking me if I had forgotten our school adventures, our pugilistic contest, my inferiority, his general success, and his superiority in all he aimed at. His taunts, his reminiscences and remarks, roused me from my moodiness; the liquor I had imbibed, had affected my head, I was maddened by his singular conversation, and felt painfully lowered and insulted by its tone and spirit. But when he touched on the subject of his marriage, on his success through life, and his decided influence over Mr. Morrison, who had given up all his objections and prejudices in his favour, laughing literally aloud as he recounted to me, that he had always been secretly attached to Eliza, who had been equally faithful to his affection; that she had informed him of my unexpected passion for herself, and had actually corresponded with him, when he was absent, and I was indulging in my illusory hopes; further adding, that although Eliza had been much amused at the delusion under which I had laboured, yet that she was much grieved and shocked at her father's anger on his being apprized of my letter—that she had deeply lamented her want of power to moderate his indignation—I was nearly on the point of striking him to the earth. My rage and indignation were unbounded; my fury prevented me from uttering what I felt; and, fortunately, the temporary darkness occasioned by the foliage around us, prevented him from perceiving my distorted countenance.

We at length reached the rising ground near the old chateau that hangs over the river, close to the celebrated Falls; the key of the gate was procured, and we descended to the wooden building from whence the first view of the tumbling stream is obtained. Its foaming violence was music to my ears, in the then excited and disturbed state of my mind. The wind

had now risen, the rain came down in gusts, and the partial beams of the moon, as flitting clouds occasionally allowed its influence to guide us, were in harmony with the scene and with my feelings. It was most imprudent at that hour, and in such a state of elemental war, to prosecute our investigation, but Somers persisted in extending his walk to the extreme end of the narrow wooden bridge, or platform, which brings the spectator in immediate contact with the spray and foam of the waterfall. I did not even offer a single remonstrance or remark, but followed him quickly and angrily, as he cried out in mockery to me—"Rainsford, this reminds me of the time, when I used to spring from the highest arch of the bridge, into our own river, to bathe, and you like a coward, as you then were, always shrunk from following me."

I did follow Somers, however, on this occasion. I believe that my mind was for some minutes alienated—I felt in purpose and design, and in energy, a demon! The thought, the distracting and bitter thought, that the man stood before me, who had been the bane of my comfort from my earliest days, the curse and destroyer of my present and future happiness in life—who had plotted to wither the fondest and most cherished affections of my heart—who had succeeded in obtaining (at my loss) beauty, talents, and wealth—rushed on my imagination like a burning brand. Somers stood on the very edge of the trembling plank, which was slippery from the spray and the falling showers; his back was turned to me; the dreadful, fatal suggestion was by some evil spirit whispered to my soul—that the hour of revenge had at last arrived, and that, unseen by mortal eyes, I could, by one slight effort, precipitate my detested companion into the roaring waters below, and thus hurl into eternity, the destroyer of my peace and happiness. What would have ensued—I will not (oh, merciful God!) dare to pronounce; but

hardly had this horrible idea passed through my mind, when a shriek, and the invoking of my name in tones of suffering and distress, with the awful sound of a heavy plunge in the boiling and thundering stream beneath my feet, aroused me.

I looked up, Somers was not visible; the place where he had stood but one moment before, was vacant. I shook like an aspen leaf, as I fearfully turned my wandering eyes around. Had I been dreaming?—was I in my senses?—I thought and thought again. Had I then been guilty of the crime of murder in deed, as well as in intention! Had I hurled into the dark and foaming flood, and hurried unprepared into the mysterious confines of eternity, the companion of my boyish days! Had I torn a fond husband from the arms of his youthful wife, and severed a protector from his helpless offspring! I was bewildered—my blood curdled in my veins, an icy coldness paralysed my limbs—while my brain burned as if heated by the fever of madness. I was overwhelmed with an unaccountable terror, and hardly dared to unclose my eyes, from the fear of their being horrified by the appearance of some sheeted phantom. I screamed aloud in unintelligible accents, but the wind, which now blew with violence, and the boisterous river swollen in its increased strength, drowned my cries. I suffered excruciating agony; fiery lights and bloody spectres danced, in confused and horrible figures, across my wandering imagination. I ran wildly through the rain, now pouring in torrents, up the ascent, still shouting and shrieking; and I never ceased running, without halting once, until I reached the town of Schaffhausen. I went straight to my own hotel, and kept my drenched garments unchanged; packed up my clothes, paid my bill, ordered a carriage and horses of the astonished landlord, and drove off in the direction of Zurich. Those who are acquainted with Swiss travelling will easily imagine how my patience was tried. I bribed (and highly

too) my driver to increased and unusual speed—he must have conceived that I had entirely lost my senses: one overpowering fancy alone haunted me—that I was the murderer of Somers, and the officers of justice were in full pursuit.

We reached Zurich, and I alighted at the inn, calm in outward appearance, but overcome by fatigue of mind and weariness of body: a burning heat oppressed me, and my head was a burthen to me—the humidity of my clothes had produced its due effect, and ere morning, I was confined to my bed by a raging and dangerous fever. I was not sensible of the length or nature of my confinement, which in fact extended to a period of many days: for the greater part thereof, I was completely and fearfully delirious. The care of my landlord had provided me with the most skilful medical advice, and would, no doubt, have provided me equally with the attentions (in seasonable time) of the most approved undertaker in his neighbourhood. Providence, through the agency of a good constitution, a kind physician, and an affectionate nurse, spared my life, and restored me to consciousness and reason.

I remember well awakening as if from a heavy trance, and having a confused recollection of what had passed: the sun was shining brightly through my windows, when I beheld, or thought I beheld, the well-known features of a female face watching me anxiously through the opening of my bed-curtains. I attempted to rise to satisfy my curiosity and conjectures, but through weakness I sank again on the pillow; when a voice, soft and compassionate as that of an angel from heaven, stole on my ear, and in soothing accents implored me to be patient. I could not be deceived —I was not—it was Mary Somers, an angel in mortal guise!

To her, I may say, I was indebted for my recovery—for my life—for every thing—I may add, for the unalloyed happiness I now enjoy. She had nursed me, affectionately, day

and night, during the greater and more dangerous part of my illness, although it was pronounced highly infectious; but she escaped unhurt, to bless me, and render my existence a paradise on earth.

When I recovered, I found that not only Mrs. Somers, but, to my overwhelming astonishment, that her husband, Frederic, was at the inn at Zurich. I shall never forget the singular sensations which I experienced when I saw him for the first time after my recovery. The tale of recent events was soon and easily told—Somers had lost his balance while hanging over the wooden platform, and had fallen into the river: his cries were at first unheard, when he was borne down the rapid current; but, happily, a fisherman in a boat, who was engaged in his occupation by torchlight, ventured into the middle of the roaring waters, and by great exertions, and at considerable risk, succeeded in saving Somers, when he was nearly exhausted. Assistance was procured, and Somers conveyed to Schaffhausen. His wife and sister had been alarmed at our prolonged absence, and were greatly shocked at the arrival of Somers alone, and in so deplorable a condition. He was put to bed immediately, and was, by proper medical care, restored to his usual strength and activity in a day or two. Inquiries were eagerly directed for me; Somers, in his exhausted state, could not give any account of my disappearance. The people at my inn, related the wildness of my extraordinary conduct, and the haste of my sudden journey to Zurich. As soon as Somers was able, the party lost no time in journeying to that city, where, seeking me out, they found me confined by severe and dangerous sickness.

I have little further to add. I rose from the bed of sickness and trial, an altered man (I trust) in principles, thoughts and resolutions. Though the recollections of former days—of painful events, be not obliterated—I hope I can now look back on the past without regret or envy. We soon returned to

England—I became the husband of Mary Somers. Re-entering my old college, I kept the remainder of my terms, and went into holy orders, and have subsequently settled, with my dear and inestimable wife, in a quiet and secluded parsonage in a distant county. Our residence is situated above a hundred miles from the house which Somers and his wife generally inhabit. We hear from them periodically, but seldom see them—our habits are opposite—our tastes and pursuits very different. I have discovered, to my own increasing satisfaction, that in wedded life, true happiness is neither dependent upon the possession of beauty, the pride of graceful accomplishments, nor still less upon the control of inordinate wealth.

SONNET

ON THE VISIT OF THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF ——.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Before the altar of the village fane,
Who kneels exalted in her lowliness,
And breathes in speechless sighs her mute address
To Him who will not hear her sigh in vain?
No princely attributes nor courtly train
Attend her here. A lonely votaress,
The royal mourner, in her sore distress,
Hath sought a heavenly balm for earthly pain.
Daughter of kings! the everlasting arms
That were around thee in the stormy hour
Of life's o'erclouded morn through every ill,
And kept thee safe amidst those dread alarms
That mock'd the feeble aid of human power,
In all thy sorrows will sustain thee still.

MY NATIVE SPOT.

BY LORD DOVER.

My native spot, my native spot,
  Where first I saw the day;
Oh, ne'er through life to be forgot,
  Where'er my footsteps stray.

Where first I knew a mother's love,
  And felt a mother's kiss;
And day-dreams of the future strove
  With childhood's present bliss.

Alas! the present faded fast,
  The future never came;
And life is but a wither'd waste,
  And joy is but a name.

Yet midst the wreck of hopes o'ercast,
  The weight of worldly ills,
With mournful pleasure still the past
  My aching bosom fills.

There's nought maturer age can find
  To equal those bright hours,
When the sunshine of the opening mind,
  Deck'd coming life with flowers.

Each happy scene returns to view,
  The loved, the dead, are there;
All gilded with the brilliant hue
  Which childhood bade them wear.

My thoughts yet dwell on each loved haunt,
  Beside each favourite tree;
The verdant path, the grassy mount,
  An universe to me.

These speak of years of innocence,
  Of many a sportive game,
Of schemes of youthful confidence,
  And airy plans of fame.

Now vanish'd all—the sports have fled,
  Ambition and her train
No more excite this wearied head—
  The loved are wept in vain.

Yet still my native spot is dear,
  When memory bids it rise;
Still hallow'd with a heartfelt tear,
  Still chronicled with sighs.

THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

These are the banks of the Seine. They cannot be the banks of any other river in the known or unknown world. As for the name of the precise locality, it is of no consequence—all we wish to impress upon you is the fact, that they are the banks of the Seine.

No one could mistake these for English *trees*: ours may be more picturesque, but these are more graceful. Then the chateau, with its steep roofs and old-world preciseness, is French all over, and reminds us that a chateau and a castle may be very different things. The woods in the distance are not plantations, although one would think so; for on the Seine there is a kind of politeness even in inanimate nature: the Dryades wear veils and bonnets, and the Oreades glide down from their hills to a waltz air.

But the living figures of the scene are still more peremptory: they are French, nay, they are *Seinish*, in every attitude. We do not allude to the costume, for that might be masquerade; and indeed there seems to be here some contradiction, for the houses close by are decidedly modern. The explanation may be that the artist drew one part of the picture from nature and the other from imagination; but of this we are not sure—for in fact we cannot persuade ourselves that Turner did not live at any given era of the world he chose. He is identified in our minds with nature herself, and the man seems to partake of the immortality of his art.

The two figures in front may be Charles VII. and the Lady of Beauty,—this admirable Agnes, who *seduced* her

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Engraved by W. Miller.

Palace of La Belle Gabrielle

royal lover, with the blandishments of a mistress, to virtue and glory. Or, for aught we know, they may be Louis XIV. and the lovely La Vallière—first an angel, then a woman, and then a saint. Or, which is more likely still, they may be Henri Quatre and La Belle Gabrielle.

But the question is of no consequence; for if you only change the costume a little, this is a scene on the banks of the Seine at the present hour. The French use their houses as the birds of the air do their nests, only for repose. When the English go out of doors, it is for some specific purpose, either of pleasure or business; and if they meet other human beings on their way—being accustomed to contemplate the world and its denizens from the fortress of their houses—they glide cautiously and silently past them. The French go into the open air because it is their natural place, and because they do not choose to make their houses their prison. They eat, drink, and make merry in the streets, the fields, and, above all, on the banks of the rivers. They do not issue forth on the English *business* of "taking a walk;" they hardly understand what this means: their purpose is to meet their friends and acquaintances, to laugh and chat, or eat, or drink, or talk politics with them, to enjoy together the common air and earth, the perfume of the flowers, the song of the birds, the music of the waters. They thus learn betimes the humanities of nature; and, if their feelings are none the keener or deeper, the surface at least, which is so constantly exposed to society, becomes smooth and polished, beautiful to the eye, and pleasant to the touch.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

Enchanting sex, whose tyrant reign
Dooms us to wear a servile chain,
  Though we would fain conceal it;
To please each fancy—folly—will,
Your cup of bliss we love to fill,
  Yet dare not to reveal it.
Our pockets, twenty times a day,
For vain expense of dress and play,
  You rifle, till we feel it:
Yet, oh! 'tis monstrous—while we smart,
Another comes, he woos your heart,
  And, 'faith, contrives to steal it!

THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

For a short month condemn'd to rove,
  To Harcourt I confide
The dearest object of my love,
  Sophy, my tender bride.
Each pleasing thought was left behind,
  I loved her more than life;
Yet, 'sdeath, on my return, I find
  Nor Harcourt, nor my wife!

STANZAS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

When Sol illumes the eastern sky,
And night's dank vapours mount on high,
And dew on leaves like pearls doth lie,
I think of thee.

When noon-day's glowing fervid beam
Is imaged in the sparkling stream,
In pensive mood I waking dream,
And think of thee.

When evening comes with cooling breeze,
That sends its murmurs through the trees
In sighs that each with mine agrees,
I think of thee.

When twilight wears her dusky veil,
And perfumes float upon the gale,
And Philomel's sad notes bewail,
I think of thee.

And when the moon with silver light
Illumes the starry vault of night,
Shedding around a radiance bright,
I think of thee.

In vain I court thee, balmy sleep,
For nightly vigils still I keep,
And through the long hours wake and weep,
And think of thee.

For day's bright sun or midnight's gloom
Can never pierce the dreary tomb,
Where all my hopes have found their doom
In death with thee.

REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.

BY LADY ISABELLA ST. JOHN.

Lovely in her person and lively in her mind, her beauty, however transcendant, is never to excite particular, only general, admiration, and her liveliness is never for an instant to be supposed to approach to levity. At the same time she must be no prude, never object to sitting hours *tête-à-tête* with a man who evidently thinks her very handsome, and must take his arm at a ball, assembly, or walk, if he offers it; and if her husband, or any one else, is inclined to cut jokes which may have a doubtful meaning, she must neither be amused nor offended.

She is to be very clean in her person, and very well dressed, but never too late for breakfast or dinner, or long at her toilette.

She must not spend much money, but be always in the fashion; if she does unfortunately get into debt, and is blamed by her husband, she must take care not to exceed her means again, but not be in the least less well attired—or she may justly draw down her husband's ire for being a dowdy.

She is to be very simple in her diet, and hardly aware of the difference between soup and fish—yet her table is ever to be such as to excite the admiration of the most distinguished epicures of the day.

She is to be *au fait* of every passing event, but not fond of gossip.

She is to know every body, but not mix much in society.

She is to know every thing, but not be learned.

She is to have great resources in herself within doors, but their interest is never to interfere with her exercise without, even in the worst weather.

She is to like a garden, without presuming to interfere with the gardener; and to have the greatest possible interest in her husband's country seat, without any power but that of picking a few violets in spring and a few pinks in summer.

She is to be extremely bold on horseback, though perfectly feminine; and ride remarkably well, either in the Parks or the chase, though she does not get upon a horse ten times a year.

She is never to be dull, though she must like retirement.

She is to be extremely agreeable in society, without caring for it.

If she is a mother, her children are to be highly accomplished, and dressed with infinite taste; but their governesses' wages are to be low, and their clothes to cost next to nothing.

If ill and dejected, she is to be highly pleased her husband takes that opportunity of going from home.

REQUISITES FOR A HUSBAND.

He is to be very fond of hunting and all manly amusements without ever making such topics the subject of his discourse, or even thoughts.

He is to belong to all the clubs, but never frequent them.

He is to bet with spirit at Newmarket, or in private, but never lose his money.

He is to be very fond of assemblies and balls, but not like talking or dancing.

He is to admire beauty, but never look at any woman but his wife.

He must have a very well-appointed equipage, but only consider it his own by sufferance.

He should be very domestic and attached to home, yet regard Paris as a heaven upon earth.

He should like reading aloud without caring for books.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

BY THE HONORABLE HOBART CARADOC.

CHIMARI, thy top has seen
  The sun's last hue,
Like affection that has been,
  Bright—but untrue.
'Tis as rosy when near,
And as gloomy to hear
  Its last adieu!

Like thee am I left,
  Cold and alone—
Of my bright tints bereft
  Now my loved one's flown;
And the dew on thy hill
Is not falling more chill
  Than my heart has grown.

Another land feeds on
  Their looks of light,
While that, where this morn they shone,
  Blackens in night.
And the crag o'er which last
Their gay footsteps past
  Dies on my sight.

The young sun of to-morrow
  Will gild thy head,
But what can gild sorrow
  Whose sun has fled?
Oh, Chimari! on thee,
But never on me,
  Will day be shed!

STANZAS.

Pour chasser de sa souvenance
L'ami secret,
On se donne bien de souffrance,
Pour peu d'effet.

Une si douce fantaisie
Toujours revient:
En songeant qu'il faut qu'on l'oublie,
L'on s'en souvient.

TRANSLATION.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

Strong are the measures we employ,
How vain our efforts prove!
To chase the empty dreams of joy
Which spring from secret love.

Clara, thy form pursues me yet,
Where'er my footsteps flee;
For every struggle to forget,
But rivets me to thee!

TRANSLATION.

BY LORD NUGENT.

To rende a cherishede loue aparte
Alle efforte fayleth;
Itt sorelye greiueth the poore harte,
And ne'er preuayleth.

Memorye, that fayne wolde bannishe itt,
Stil is pursuinge,
And the harde struggle to forgett
Is the renewinge.

THE FANE OF MEMORY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The fane of memory is in the heart,
And love and friendship keep in turn the key;
Pale melancholy acts the guardian's part,
And drives all idle visitors away.

Of gaiety or joy she takes no heed,
And records writ by pleasure doth efface;
But in her treasured tablets you may read
The characters that sorrow loves to trace.

To gratitude she leaves an ample page,
And marks what springs from pure affection's source;
She blots the notes of envy, hate, or rage,
But writes in never-fading words—remorse.

Let those who'd visit pensive mem'ry's fane,
Acquaintance seek with friendship and with love;
Nor melancholy treat with cold disdain,
Or ne'er the smiles of memory will they prove.

LOVE IS THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

BY HENRY LYTTON BULWER, M. P.

Any one who has lived long enough to remember the events of the last forty years will be struck, not so much by the recollection of these events as they passed, as by the great social change which they have insensibly effected.

Many of those feelings which formed, as it were, the landmarks of our national character have been altogether swept away; others have become more indistinct, more faint, and are only to be discovered in the distant recesses of some northern province, which has escaped the influence of the Penny Magazine and the county newspaper. There, indeed, may still be found those old fashioned families that boast of having reigned from father to son for four centuries over the same acres; and who, to believe the history of the parish churchyard, possessed uninterruptedly, during that period, every christian virtue and every heroic excellence which the squirearchal career afforded an opportunity of displaying. There it is that some vestige may yet be traced of that antique and antiquated spirit which distends and curls the nostril at the name of trade—which inquires scrupulously into the right of each to be dubbed and denominated "Gentleman"—which pryeth into the by-corners and the back places of my "good neighbour's" pedigree—which suggests the degradation to which a gentleman of so old a family in the county as Mr. ——— submits himself by accepting the title of "Sir Thomas," and looks with perfect horror at Lord Scrope, for allowing his younger son to enter into a banking-house. I speak of this without contempt: all that is good as well as something that is ridiculous of an-

tique times lingers in these squirearchal halls; in them the soul of chivalry is yet alive; in them if the occasion told you, you might seek an enthusiastic attachment to liberty, or a fond devotion to royalty. In them the manly heart of England is still in its unenervated vigour, and it would be a miserable mind that, regardless of the excellence by which the weakness is accompanied, sneered at a pride which, however unreasonable to the philosopher, is valuable to the statesman and the legislator as long as it cherishes those feelings of high and knightly honour, which are ofttimes the simplest and safest bulwarks of public character and national independence.

I speak not in contempt then of feelings which are yet to be found in our distant provinces, but which were far commoner seventy years ago than they are at the present time. It was about this period, some seventy years ago, that the events forming the subject of this tale took place.

If at that time you had been travelling along the high north road, about half a mile beyond the small village of ———, at the entrance of which is the eighty-sixth milestone from London, you would have seen a small spire and a huge roof of the old peaked sort peering out from above the trees of a wood, which ran along the road-side. The spire was the spire of a little church, one of the prettiest little country churches which you ever saw. The roof was that of an old knightly house, built originally round a court, but then existing with only three sides, and they much impaired and dilapidated. The interior—to which you have been hospitably invited—presented a scene of rude and careless comfort, accompanied by a certain air of grandeur, such as might properly pertain to the old oaken hall, with its immense fire brightly blazing, and its huge, antique antlers, and gothic mummeries, and most giant-like chairs, with backs six feet high, on which a family crest and cypher were duly and decorously impanelled.

The old 'squire—for old he was at the taking of his picture in the frontispiece before you—the old 'squire was such a jolly and stout cavalier as you might find in those times when men drank more ale, and ate more beef, and looked more bluff than they do in ours. But though his face was somewhat redder and his hand somewhat rougher than you would find his present representative's, he was of a stately carriage, looked at once the gentleman, and had some queer stories too to tell you of what the court had been in his day. "The Lady," as the good people of the vicinage called 'Squire Warburton's wife, was a tall, thin dame, rather stately than otherwise, who, though of a kind and affectionate disposition, and by no means a contemptible housewife, never forgot that she had been toasted for two years as a beauty—and no vulgar beauty either; and being the daughter of a very old baronet and a very distinguished blue, she rightly considered, on retiring with Mr. Warburton, then a dashing young gentleman of the Guards, into a provincial solitude, only to encounter parsons and horse-chestnut trees—that she had every claim to every pretension that any woman who was a baronet's daughter and a country gentleman's lady possibly could have. Albeit, she was really good-natured, and, always except when any person or persons wrongfully took precedence of her at dinner or county ball, acted the part of as agreeable a gentlewoman as you could hope at that time to find resident in the neighbourhood of a milestone that told you it was eighty-six miles from London.

Both her own family, however, and her husband's family were of that kind, now fast disappearing, which having seen better times, struggled against the evil genius of existing ones, and endeavoured to keep up a figure and maintain appearances, though the wherewithal was but scantily supplied.

Sir Harry Vernon, Mrs. Warburton's father, and Mr.

Warburton himself were of old tory families, relics of that independent race of country gentlemen, who, though they could not stomach the sway of James, were not over well satisfied with his foreign successor; and subsequently, with a most English contempt for German princes, could as little brook the idea of kissing the hand of an elector of Hanover, and being governed by a gentleman who could not ask them how they did in their own language. Few were the gentlemen of this stamp, thrown by the fiery and somewhat haughty bent of their own dispositions into the long succession of parliamentary contests by which the throne itself was disputed, that left to their descendants a property in decent proportion with the pride of their inheritance. One by one the old families in each county disappeared from its struggles; one by one they were smitten down by the policy of Downing-street, and trampled over by the monied adventurers sent out shamelessly against them.

Step by step the hereditary influences of each province were forced to give way; the names long respected were replaced by new; the antique legends that fenced round the halls where hospitality had long been exercised, slowly dropt into oblivion, and on the ruins of an aristocracy which long ages had wound round the heart of the peasantry, arose another with whom it had no sympathy, and could feel none of that deep and enthusiastic affection which connects itself with the memories of by-gone years.

What Richelieu did in France by the allurements of a court, Walpole did in England by the more disgraceful means of corruption: the policy of both ministers was short-sighted. The old provincial nobility is the only real nobility that can stand between the throne and the cottage: destroy that antique edifice, the modern buildings you erect in its room, gilded and gaudy as they may be, only obscure the monarchy without protecting it—only excite the

jealousy and the envy of the people without obtaining their respect.

But to turn from our reflections to our tale. Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, possessing an ancient name and a very shrunken and dilapidated property, were at every moment excited by the mortifications attendant on the last to a lofty and exalted sense of the first; while the family pride, thus set upon its mettle, exercised itself in an inverse manner, and some part of the attention fixed upon the pedigree took a start into divers meditations upon the advisability of extending the rent-roll.

But though the expediency of this very frequently suggested itself to both Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, its possibility, I may say, came very rarely clothed in any thing like a becoming or feasible speculation. In the mean time the heir of their hopes rapidly approached the age at which he might be expected to realise some of the glowing visions he had given birth to. Julian Warburton was nineteen, and a lad of very peculiar mind as well as of very considerable powers. He had been brought up strangely, and his mind had been influenced by the singularity of his education. Till the age of thirteen he had been kept at home, receiving from the clergyman of the parish, who was a distant relation, such classical instruction as enabled him to master Ovid and Cornelius Nepos, while the steward undertook to teach the young squire all the ordinary rules of arithmetic as far as the rule of three, in which enterprize, however, he had not been altogether fortunate. But the main part of Julian's education took place in the long room, called the Picture Gallery, where he was shown all the portraits, and told all the feats of his progenitors, who cut, in their iron armour or brocaded waistcoats, as well as in the old butler's stories, a very marvellous fine figure. The bottom shelves of the library, too, those which he could easiest reach, were crowded with many such

volumes as inspired the hero of La Mancha—Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Sebastiani of Greece—whose histories having diligently perused he attempted very methodically to profit by, insomuch that every creature, legged and winged, in the farmyard, with the exception of one very surly pig and one very restive turkeycock, quailed beneath his wooden lance and tin sabre, though be it said, that he duly and valiantly received in such enterprises various pokes and pecks, to the great glee of his papa, who laughed heartily, and rubbed his hands most obstreperously at the tales of torn trousers and bleeding fingers that were brought to him on such occasions. But if the boy got a good-humoured chuck under the chin for his valour from papa, mamma and the parson viewed such proceedings very differently—the one thinking they would make a very inelegant, and the other a very disorderly, personage of the young knight errant. But it was not a lecture or two that could subdue so gallant a spirit, and in process of time even the one most surly pig and the one most restive turkeycock shrunk from contending against his prowess. The more honourable pursuits of coursing and hawking soon opened a new career to his exertions, and from twelve to thirteen he was the indefatigable enemy of hares and woodpigeons. Then, as we have said, he went to school, fought boys bigger than himself; would recognize "no bounds;" and though, perhaps, he read harder than any boy in the establishment, was daily flogged for not knowing his lesson—since that was the only thing he would not read. But wild as his career might be, it was not altogether without method; and though most certainly no distinguished student, the idea of being a distinguished man, was even more present to him than to most boys, though we know that all have certain presentiments of this kind, which, strange to say, are peculiarly strong when they dress for church on a Sunday.

The legends of knight errantry most devoutly remembered, and the many tales of ancestral achievements, to which he had been a youthful and not unwilling listener, had braced up the active energies of his mind, but had given it also somewhat of a meditative and melancholic turn; and few young men ever so completely combined the talents for business and the air of romance as our young 'squire did, when, on leaving school, he entered the army. His character was soon discovered, and he was as quickly fixed upon as one of those young officers who, if no bullet sweeps them down during the first fifteen years of their service, will, one day or other, be known for better things than their smart equipages in the park, or their neat appearance at parade. No old officer looked on Julian without saying, "Ay, that young scamp will turn out a devilish useful fellow, you may depend on't;" and when old officers say that of a young one, who is no relation to themselves or to a minister, nine to one but there is some sort of truth in the prophecy. At all events, young Warburton looked uncommonly well in his uniform, which his mother observed with great complacency; nor did the Squire deem it a matter of indifference, that though the ensign was fonder of a book than he had ever been, yet he showed no dislike to the field or the bottle, and was as little of a milksop as any of the mailed or brocaded ancestors who vied in dignified appearance with the remarkable portraits handed down to us of the Sprugginses, who, by-the-by, were distant connexions*. But this, reader, is the time to introduce other persons who figure in this story to your attention.

At the outskirts of the park, which on one side was bordered by a small wood of pollards, just at the outskirts of the park, and resting, as it were, on this wood of pollards, was a very pretty rose and jessamine-covered cottage, with a little

* Vide Lady Morley's inimitable work.

paddock before it and a little garden behind it, all arranged in the neatest fashion possible, and far above the rural taste at the time of which I am speaking.

Young Warburton had not passed this without observation, even in his boyhood. More than once he had inquired of his mother to whom the pretty cottage belonged, and more than once his mamma had answered that it belonged to nobody she knew, or that he ought to be acquainted with.

It did belong to the Honorable Mrs. Mowbray—and why did Mrs. Warburton speak of the Honorable Mrs. Mowbray with such scorn and contempt? Mrs. Mowbray had been divorced from her first husband—an occurrence not quite so common then as it is now. She had subsequently, it was true, married Mr. Mowbray, but "the more joy over one repenting sinner" is a maxim confined to the church service, and it would ruin any lady with all her pious acquaintance, if she were to pursue the example, which we devoutly believe to rest on divine authority.

Mr. Mowbray, moreover, was dead, and had died poor. The thread which connected his widow with the great world was, therefore, more completely broken, and as nothing could be got from her acquaintance, ladies saw less reason for breaking through the rigid rule which pronounced that it should not be made. Mrs. Mowbray, too, had been one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time—a rival, be it acknowledged, of Mrs. Warburton's youth; and for all these reasons she was "a shocking and detestable person," whom Mrs. Warburton would not have had her son acquainted with for all the world. There was another circumstance, also, not to be forgotten, and which, doubtless, added not inconsiderably to the natural horror with which Mrs. Warburton considered this dear little jessamine-covered cottage, and its once and still lovely occupant.

Mrs. Mowbray had a daughter, whom report declared to

be quite as beautiful as her parent had been. Now, notwithstanding all the precautions taken, it was of just this daughter that young Warburton, at a most dangerous moment, made the acquaintance. These things always happen, and happen always by accident, in novels and tales, and even in real life. So it was in this instance. Crossing a field that, running in the front of Mrs. Mowbray's cottage, led to the vicarage, which he was about to visit; crossing this field at about seven o'clock one beautiful June night, Julian saw a light female figure flying from an ox, which, half in play, and half in anger, was careering after her towards a gate, near which he was, and from which the fair fugitive meditated her escape. At the same instant that he drove away the cause of the lady's terror, the lady herself fell—her ankle was dislocated; and she was in too great pain to feel any other sentiment than gratitude at being almost carried home in the arms of a stranger. The lady was Miss Mowbray—Ellen Mowbray, and her home was the cottage we have described. Warburton, in the visits which this accident occasioned, was rather surprised to find in Ellen's mother, the person so contemptuously spoken of by his own mamma, one of the most distinguished and fascinating women he had ever met. With all those advantages of cultivation which misfortune and retirement usually bestow, and which never fall to the lot of a mere woman of the world, Mrs. Mowbray had those charms and graces of manner which none but a woman of the world can ever attain. It is easy to conceive that such a person rendered her little drawing-room delightful to the young soldier, and not the less so for the lovely and now peculiarly interesting Ellen being laid on a sofa, where her slight and graceful figure was seen to particular advantage.

Fortunately or unfortunately, it so happened that just at this critical moment of his life Warburton had been left en-

tirely by himself at ———, his father and mother being engaged on a distant visit of ceremony to the house of a connexion whose genealogy had run into the line of the Warburtons in the time of Henry VII. Knowing the prejudices or feelings of his mother in respect to the family he had become acquainted with, Julian had taken no notice of his first or his second visit, which he had thought necessary, but without importance; and as his first and second visit became his twentieth and twenty-first, he found it still more difficult to make a communication which he knew would be followed, without delay, by a long sermon and a solemn interdiction, the former of which he had no desire to read, and the latter no inclination to obey.

But it was not very long before a letter arrived, announcing Mrs. Warburton's prompt return; and the recollection of the troubles she would bring upon his new acquaintance, made him fall more easily than he would otherwise have done into his colonel's suggestion, that he had already been quite long enough from his regiment. His adieus were received tenderly and affectionately by Mrs. Mowbray; somewhat shyly and proudly by her daughter.

Every one must have observed there is no time in which we are so much given to love as in our journeys, particularly if they are undertaken alone. There is something in the thought that we are travelling towards new faces which sets the contradiction of our nature marvellously into action, and induces us to feel, even more strongly than we did before, an attachment to old ones. The vagabond and unsettled air which one has, with all one's goods and chattels stuffed and crammed into a little round portmanteau, thrown topsy-turvy on to the top of a coach, or carried, as was sometimes the custom in Warburton's days, behind or before a servant: the feeling of utter and hopeless uncomfortableness which (even when luxuriously jammed between conflicting boxes

in one's own britska) one knows and feels is to be nourished and entertained until—one's journey is at an end, and, oftentimes, alas! much longer: all this gives us a strange propensity to think of the one dear, charming, divine person, with whom we could be so happy, so quiet and reposing—so free and *unpacked*—so fully in the enjoyment of one's books and one's dressing-gown, in some peculiarly beautiful retreat—beautiful as all retreats are when selected, furnished, and laid out by the generosity and taste of our imagination: it is always in journeys to town that I marry, and settle, and fix on my future residence in the country. There was a vein of this kind of thought running across the most sensitive arteries of young Warburton's heart as he journeyed on towards London; but yet it was not of that very full and affrighting kind which convinces one without further possibility of doubting that one is desperately in love.

But, as I have only a few more pages left for the rest of my tale, and as that tale depends almost entirely upon the character of the hero, I had better state somewhat particularly (now that he had arrived at his manhood) what that character was, as well as give a brief outline of those events, under the influence of which he was meditating on the very June evening on which he first encountered Ellen Mowbray.

Young Warburton had grown up that which might have been expected from his education—chivalrous, bold, romantic, ambitious. His mind was of that fiery order, so easy in its transitions to the soft and the pathetic. Of a character high, soaring, and passionate, he was more exposed to deviate from his course than those who are cool and concentrated in their nature; yet, when his passions had once taken a determined line, it was not easy to turn or to check them, from the very impetus which his violence gave to their course.

To Warburton, as a boy, but one object had ever been

presented—to Warburton, rising into manhood, life had been spoken of as opening to but one pursuit—a mean and low object, a poor and paltry pursuit, if viewed with the eyes of a philosopher, speculating justly on the vanity of human things—but an object easily associated with the ideas of a boy, whose early education was derived from traditionary gossips and ancestorial portraits—a pursuit not unnatural to a young man, who, on entering the world, found he did not occupy the position he expected to hold, and had been taught that he had a right to hold there. The object perpetually held up to Warburton by his father and insisted upon by his mother was the re-establishment of the family consequence: and to this they devoted him, no unwilling Hannibal, on the domestic altar. His earliest wishes were those of his parents; nor, later in life, were they likely to give way before the cool and scanning glance which society, when he entered it, gave to his pretensions. Without considering how few knew and how few cared about his estate having been five or six hundred years in his family, and his ancestry being the very models of knightly glory, he secretly considered himself wronged and injured, because every body was too busy in asserting their own consequence to mind his. This he considered his wrong. He resolved that his own merits should win him the position which ought to have been conceded to those of his ancestors; he would walk *by those* who tried to trample *upon him*—this should be his vengeance—and he entered the army, and soon, justifying the prognostics I have alluded to, became prominent in his profession.

A volunteer at the surrender of Minorca, he had been taken prisoner by Richelieu, to whom he had become personally known, and with whom, as far as the two characters could assimilate, he had even become intimate; he was just returned to England after this with the double halo of

chivalry and fashion encircling his reputation, when, proud of his success, he made a pilgrimage to the shrine and source of his pride, and rejoiced himself with wandering once more among the old avenues of elms and oaks, and stalking through the grim corridors and stately chambers that were peopled with the ghosts of his grandsires.

This was the time that he made Miss Mowbray's acquaintance, without, as it may be presumed, any idea of a serious attachment, which offered so little that could associate with his more glowing and lofty aspirations. But by degrees, as Ellen's vision became familiar to him, it mingled itself naturally with those less lovely visions, so long courted and adored; and at last, though not until they had been long in companionship, he started at discovering the aspect of unsuspected love among the well-known phantoms of ambition. His travelling meditations, which the town bustle brushed even too quickly away—though softer than he had been accustomed to, did not convince him that he *had loved*, but that he *might* have loved, the fair Ellen. The winter following, however, the commencement of Warburton's acquaintance with Mrs. and Miss Mowbray these ladies came to town, and then he improved his intimacy with them. Not insensible to the distinction of being courted by society, he still disliked it for its own sake, and at all times preferred the lounging and literary conversation of Mrs. Mowbray's quiet tea-table, to the dull, pompous bustle of a ball or route. Mrs. Mowbray, too, if shunned by female society, was still remembered by many of the most celebrated wits, and the most distinguished beaux, to have been "the beauty" of their time; and her small drawing-room frequently contained some of the most brilliant society of the period of which I am speaking. It was this circumstance indeed that for some time blinded Warburton to his own feelings, for though, when Ellen Mowbray was present, she was the only

creature that he saw or heard, he still half imagined that it was the dry observations of Walpole, or the witty sayings of Selwyn, that took him nightly to ——— Place. Mrs. Mowbray herself had that *melange* of candour and artifice in her manner and disposition, which, as I have found it among the most high-minded and honourable women, must, I conclude, be inseparable from female—perhaps from human nature.

She really loved Warburton much, and would have started, perhaps, had it been solemnly proposed to her, from the idea of entrapping him into a disadvantageous match. Albeit, she spared no pains to get him to her house, and to interest him with her daughter, without rendering herself any very satisfactory account of what she was doing, and all the while she talked so constantly against marriage, and ridiculed so bitterly the shackles it imposed, that the last thing her visitor ever dreamt of was that she had a plan to give him a wife. Ellen herself was a charming girl—she loved Warburton for his own sake, though perhaps the venerable park and the stately mansion, which were the first among the objects of her admiration, had, in some degree, prepared her mind for being interested in the young and gallant soldier, who was born to be their possessor. Still loving Warburton, as she imagined, entirely for his own sake, and feeling convinced that she could have loved him equally, whatever misfortunes might have surrounded him, she naturally enough thought it possible to inspire a similar passion, and was not long before, with the quickness of female tact, she saw that it was quite as easy as she had believed. Warburton was the last person to perceive and acknowledge the state of his own mind; and when he did so, it was in one of those dear, unexpected, unanticipated, and unprepared avowals, which none ever make more than once in their lives, or ever forget that they have made. That evening he started

more than once. The tide of his feelings once let loose, gushed forth with so irresistible a swell, that nervous, trembling, flushed, his heart beating high, and the pulses of his temples throbbing wildly, he could hardly believe, as he asked himself the question, that he was the same person who had sought his mistress without any idea of the explanation he had arrived at. Then, for the first time, came those struggles between the heart and the mind: between reason and ambition, and the passion—which, in nine cases out of ten, when it really takes hold even of the most worldly, is more powerful than these. The combat between contending emotions was strong but brief—it soon subsided, for he felt that—whatever course it might have been right to choose, had he not spoken—in speaking he had decided his lot, and bound up the interests of his honour and his love inseparably together. The impossibility of any present attempt to obtain the consent of his parents to what they would stigmatise a boyish caprice he knew—and Mrs. Mowbray, to whom he spoke frankly on the subject, was also aware of; but at the same time, this lady, with that pride and dignity of character which those who feel that the world presses on them too hardly, usually manifest even to ostentation, told him candidly—that her daughter should never enter into any family which did not cordially receive her as its comfort and its grace. In the meantime he was allowed to continue his visits, and, from the buoyant spirit of a youthful ambition, which is usually towering in its flight on such occasions, he easily persuaded himself that his talent and enterprise would cleave him out a public career which would impose upon his parents the duty and the inclination to allow him to provide for his private happiness in the way he might think proper. At all events, his own exertions, he knew, were not to be spared, and he gave himself up with increasing zeal to the duties and the hopes of his profession.

This year took place the expedition to Rochfort, in which Warburton was engaged—one of the twenty who reconnoitred in the small boat with General Conway; he was also fortunate enough to make the acquaintance and friendship of General Wolfe, and from the recommendation of this officer, then in high favour, was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which opened to him at once all the loftier paths of a military reputation. He now felt confident in his own talents and in his own success for future fame and advancement, nor did he think that his parents, justly elated by his ambitious career, would oppose any serious barrier to his softer wishes.

With these hopes and views—he was on the road, which, through a long avenue of chestnuts, conducted to his paternal mansion. The bells were ringing most merrily, and there were the peasantry in their holiday attire: an ox was roasting in one direction; a dance getting ready in another; you might have looked upon one of those jocund scenes of olden hospitality, which were more frequent when the Squire, living on his estate, was naturally inclined to make those amongst whom his days were to be passed interested in their passing happily. The only clouded visages were those of some respectable rooks, who did not at all relish the hubbub and firing and shouting that was going on—and of their aspect was the young heir, who could not help feeling that the communication he had to make embodied something of a perilous adventure.

I pity any one who has been in the situation of poor Julian—who has been a long evening, with a sentence laying heavy at his heart, a sentence which he felt it his duty to introduce at the first opportunity, while he heartily trembled whenever that opportunity seemed approaching.

Your best and only way, reader, if you ever find yourself in such a situation, is to shut your eyes and to rush to your

subject blindly and furiously at once—it does not signify two straws how you make the onset, providing that you make it so as to leave no retreat—any other blunder is easily remedied: mind this, if you have a great favour to ask of your husband, or a terrible debt to tell to your papa, or a romantic tale to tell to your mistress. You have no idea how easy you feel under the wave after the first plunge; and having got that new metaphor, I may as well spare you the old quotation, I mean—"*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*"

Whether he made the plunge in this way or not, I cannot tell; but Warburton did make the plunge, somehow or other, and told his story:—in spite of the almost ludicrous stares of surprise, and the scornful glances of ill-repressed indignation with which his papa and mamma honoured his narrative. "And now," said he, "I ask your consent to marry Ellen Mowbray."

The Squire sturdily shook his head and walked out of the room: Mrs. Warburton's opinions were not expressed so quietly; she, crying and wringing her hands, declared, that "if he married the *artful* daughter of that *vile* woman (ladies' epithets are generally so mild), she would curse him as her bitterest enemy—he would bring her gray hairs to the grave—she would never see him more." Had she spoken kindly, her remonstrances would have been more effectual; now, all the violence of Julian's nature was aroused, and with that deep and concentrated calm which results from the most vehement passion, when wrought up into a determination, he said, "Mother, in one month from this time I will again speak to you; weigh, during that time, the value you set on your son's happiness," and with these words, delivered in a deep and earnest tone, he passed out into the cool air, which vainly breathed upon his forehead—and might have been seen during the whole night wandering

among the shadows of the giant elms and towering pines which swept round the brow of the eminence on which the family mansion was erected. During the whole month that followed, and which he spent at ———, he never read a book, he never took up a pen, he never answered a question but in monosyllables. There you saw him, his hat slouched over his eyes, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, his arms crossed; there you saw him walking in the most lonely of the forest walks, his energies compressed if not gone, his eyes fixed—the pulse of his life seemed stilled. On the day that the month expired, he made his appearance in the dining parlour, with a toilette more carefully arranged than usual; his countenance, too, equally composed, was more soft and placid in its expression. His mother, half affecting haughtiness, half kindness, was evidently and painfully nervous; the bluff Squire attempted to carry off, by a more than usual heartiness, the agitation which from time to time displayed itself by a furtive glance at his wife, who on such occasions screwed herself up, as she conceived, into the very picture of cool and unconcerned good breeding. The cloth was removed—the servants were gone—a short pause ensued, it was very short, for Warburton almost immediately said, in a quiet but suppressed voice, "Now, my father and mother, have I your consent to marry Miss Mowbray? I don't ask it lightly, or without thought: I tell you, my happiness depends upon your answer."

Mr. Warburton thrust one hand into his pocket, and stroked his chin with the other—he was composing a speech. Mrs. Warburton burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing. "You know my feelings, Julian, and it is cruel, too cruel, in you to excite them. No! I never—you know I never will give my consent to your disgracing yourself and your family."

The storm so long pent up in Warburton's breast, now gathered in full gloom upon his brow, and burst forth in a

voice, the savageness and strength of which wakened a wild and startling echo in the long passages through which it rushed. He had risen from his seat—his eyes were starting from his head—cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead—his whole frame was convulsed with his feelings, and the effort to wreak them out into an expression. Human nature could not endure it. "Disgrace! disgrace!" did you say, thundered out his lips—"disgrace." The words chuckled in his throat—his face distorted itself into two or three hysterical convulsions—the nerves had given way—he dropped down as if struck by a paralysis. Then it was for the father to upbraid the mother, and the mother the father, and both to gaze in despair on an adored son, who, until that day, had never spoken to them save in the accents of enthusiastic affection.

In the mean time Julian was put to bed and medical assistance sent for. For a whole day he lay in one of those deep stupors which it is so terrible to witness—in which life and death, in the beating of the pulse and the stillness of the limb, seem to be struggling for possession. But terrible as are these fits of stillness, more terrible frequently is the waking from them; the hysteric sob—the vacant stare—the wild or idiotic expression!—For all these you have tremblingly to watch—to watch whether the returning life may not be a merciless robbery of the tomb. Bitter and appalling moments—bitter and appalling moments, in which we mark, in a hushed fear, every movement of the lips, every wandering of the eye—in which we catch at every half-formed murmur in order to ascertain whether a mind which has mingled in our pleasures, and shed light over our loneliness, is no more—whether the friend, whose manly wisdom was our staff, or the mistress, whose grace and passion formed her charm, is a senseless, soulless, distorted, vacant-sighted, miserable idiot.

The doctor came, but the succour he afforded rather tended to show the nature and extent of the calamity with which Julian's parents were stricken, than to relieve it. On recovering from his stupor, Warburton remained in a state of the extremest debility; a nervous fever had fixed itself upon him, and though not violent, or what could be properly termed idiotic or insane, it was too easy to see in the few feeble expressions he made use of that his senses were greatly disordered. The medical gentleman who had been summoned was a physician of great respectability and a very sensible man. He saw that the life as well as the intellect of his patient were at stake, and his experience told him at once that the cause of his calamity was some nervous shock upon the mind. He said then frankly, that he must be made acquainted with the cause of this attack, before he could hope to effect a cure. The story was told him; medicine, he said, if it does not operate almost immediately, will be of no avail—we 'll try it for three days. No change took place within the prescribed period, and he then set forth the strong necessity of consenting to all the unfortunate young man's wishes, and endeavouring by the presence of his mistress to effect such a re-action in the nervous system as might give a chance of its recovery. Mr. Warburton would never have stood out upon the matter, and Mrs. Warburton was in a mood to consent to any thing; but while the mother so far triumphed as to obtain the sacrifice of her wishes, the woman so far prevailed as to render it impossible to suppress her feelings. The letter she wrote to Mrs. Mowbray began,—"Madam, —You must be aware how naturally I should feel opposed, under ordinary circumstances, to the marriage for which my son was solicitous;" and Mrs. Mowbray's answer was, in consequence, a few words, observing, that to such a note there could be no reply, except "the expression of an anxious desire not to be troubled with any future one resembling it."

Colonel Warburton in the meantime was worse—much worse; his feebleness increased daily, nor did his senses appear to wax more clear. The poor old 'squire lost his bluff and honest appearance; his open brow contracted; his manner became timid and constrained; pale, emaciated, the tears in his eyes, he wandered, with a trembling and restless step, about the house, muttering, "My poor boy! my poor, dear boy!" Mrs. Warburton was more violent and changeful: now she wept, and prayed God for her own forgiveness —now she stormed, and invoked curses on Mrs. Mowbray as the murderer of her son. The doctor again found himself called upon to interfere; and seeing there would be no difficulty with the father, had a long and separate conversation with Mrs. Warburton, to whose various reasons, objections, and vindications he merely repeated the same question— "Do you mean to make a last effort to save your son, or not?" The conversation ended in his complete success, for he obtained the full permission to visit Mrs. Mowbray, without delay, as the bearer of a contrite and melancholy letter, with a *carte blanche* to back the object of that letter in any manner he might think proper.

Thus armed for the purposes of his embassy he found no difficulty in fulfilling them; or, at least, the only difficulty he did find was in the shock which his communication made upon Ellen, who had been hitherto kept ignorant of the state of her lover, and suffered, as the best means of curing her affection, to attribute his silence to change and neglect. It is almost unnecessary to continue the story further; the title given to the tale is its *dénouement*.

The sight of Ellen operated as is usual in such cases: when he saw the hand of the downcast and weeping girl in that of his mother, a flood of happy tears burst forth, which said at once that his recovery was achieved. The intimacy which a sick-bed produces amongst those who sur-

round it, aided by the exquisite charm of Mrs. Mowbray's gentle manner and the rougher tact of the good doctor, soon destroyed all Mrs. Warburton's preventions, and won by the respect with which Ellen spoke to her, and the compliments which Ellen's mother paid her, she felt as sincerely happy on the day of the marriage as she had been shocked by its proposition.

Nor was this happiness very possibly diminished by Ellen becoming, shortly after her marriage, the unexpected heiress of a large property, which she came to by the death of her father's elder brother, who, with his only son, was drowned in a pleasure excursion off the coast of Cornwall. Aided, doubtless, by this property, and backed by his own talents and ambition, Warburton became one of the most distinguished men of his time, and bequeathing to his posterity the peerage which his great grandson now enjoys, bequeathed also to him that motto, the truth of which I earnestly recommend to the trial of every sick lady and gentleman of my acquaintance.

Painted by [illegible].

Engraved by J. Goodyear.

Not to the last Moment.

London: Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF TRAVELLERS IN ITALY, 1829.

BY LADY ISABELLA ST. JOHN.

EACH wave that rolls, fresh imports toss
  Upon a foreign strand;
And every hourly breath that blows,
  Blows breath from Britain's land.
In judging of the motley crowd
  Whom steam-boats bring to view,
It seems as if old laws, worn out,
  John Bull had brought forth new.
An exile, in our civil code,
  Is now the doom decreed
To Britain's sons, who guilty are
  Of being much in need,
Of health, or wealth, or friends or bread,
  Of kindred minds, or gold,
Of finding England not wax warm,
  Or English hearts wax cold.—
This point arranged, I turn my eye
  Upon the banish'd throng,
Who hobble, twaddle, dance or prance,
  The pathway road along.
A motley crew indeed they are
  Who follow in one track,
Content, their face is to the south,
  The north wind to their back.
The sun attracts—the breeze propels—
  To Italy they 're bound;
But ere they reach the promised land,
  How thin their ranks are found.

An empty purse has here brought-to,
And e'en more empty head,
A second, there, is stopp'd by death,
Or wife just brought to bed;
A nervous dame is here fast bound
By phantasies, and sees
On every side a robber-band
Conceal'd amongst the trees.
Advance she won't—return she daren't—
Infectious are her fears,
And all agree, spouse, children, maid,
Spite of vett'rinos jeers,
To farm themselves upon the spot
For half a dozen years!

Thus every town its tribute has
Of England's superfluity;
And to that town the English are
Not pattern, but annuity.
But in return, the gain they gain
Is threefold in their eye—
For travellers they glorious live!
And travellers they die!
And travell'd fools of either sex,
Too often have at home,
The local rank of wise and learn'd
'Mongst those who never roam!

LINES

FROM METASTASIO.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

Oft as my thoughts in pensive train
Court the kind muse, nor court in vain,
And fancy's all-inventive pow'r
Obeys the impulse of the hour,
O'er the white page my pencil flows,
Portrayer of fictitious woes:
Yet though by Fancy's aid express'd,
And purely by her magic dress'd,
Oft I have wept, and breathless paused
O'er griefs which I myself have caused.

Yet should the tender voice of art
No feeling to my soul impart;
Am I more wise, or calmer find
The secret workings of my mind?
Alas! the fables which I feign
Do not alone in fancy reign;
For often as the warm desire
Sets the fond soul of man on fire,
Then all is false, and in one dream
Of madness we pursue the stream.

Our life is one continued course
Of dreams supplied from fiction's source;
Kind Heav'n permit that when 'tis run,
My heart may, like the setting sun,
Far from the reach of fancied woes,
In truth secure a calm repose.

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane (ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald), who was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops,—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance, but at length overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon a scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer only waited the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing,—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favourite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady.

Her person was tall and commanding; her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away—and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow; "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father——"

"Nay, forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy *last* blessing!—not thy *last!* My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to Heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own!—my own! But there is no hope; within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be——"

Fatherless he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days!—then there *is* hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived;

there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father *shall* not—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed, and turning to her father, said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father, ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

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On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelrie on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head-quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a

crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee! if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him, and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raved with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount," cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized

the leathern bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

* * * * * *

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spake to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful; and a second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizel, with wild vehemence; "yet my father shall not die."

* * * * * *

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed—he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it

gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said,

"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling, and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

* * * * * *

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept and said,

"It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own

house—his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy, but Grizel, who during his imprisonment had suffered more than them all, was again absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious Providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started, and became pale——they were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life? My father—my children—thank him for me."

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand before his face, and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may only add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allanbank, in Berwickshire, and great, great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

THE OLD BEAU.

" Laudator temporis acti."

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The days we used to laugh, Tom,
  At tales of love, and tears of passion ;
The bowls we used to quaff, Tom,
  In toasting all the toasts in fashion ;
The heaths and hills we ranged, Tom,
  When limb ne'er fail'd, when step ne'er falter'd ;
Alas ! how things are changed, Tom,
  How we—and all the world—are alter'd !

A few scarce heeded years, Tom,
  And you and I were chums at college,
'Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
  Just starting for the goal of knowledge ;
And some their race have run, Tom,
  And some are ruin'd—some are risen,
And some have had their fun, Tom,
  In parliament, and some—in prison.

But you and I, of all, Tom,
  Who went, in that unclouded weather,
To concert, and to ball, Tom,
  In the same coats and Cab together,
Retain, alone, our taste, Tom,
  ('Mid modern men, like monkeys strutting,
Tight-shod, and tighter laced, Tom),
  For Hoby's boots, and Stultz's cutting.

The coats of this changed clime, Tom!—
  Why, you might just as well compare them
With those of that bright time, Tom,
  As us who *wore,* with those who *wear* them.
The boots *old* Hoby made, Tom;
  Oh! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
His buried bones and shade, Tom,
  To name them with *young* Hoby's making.

Ay, these *were* coats and boots, Tom,
  And when shall we behold their equal?
But times have changed with suits, Tom,
  First mark the sign, and then the sequel:
Hasn't the climate grown, Tom,
  Some ten degrees (or more so) colder?
Haven't the sun and stone, Tom,
  That ne'er before felt age, grown older?

The granite, once so strong, Tom,
  Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble;
The snows upon Mont Blanc, Tom,
  No longer melt with heat, and tumble:
The very seasons teach, Tom,
  The same sad truth—the same dark lesson,
For all may see how each, Tom,
  Puts, year by year, a plainer dress on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,
  Draws near its close; and isn't it better
To die, when no respect, Tom,
  Is shown from creditor to debtor?
When tradesfolk make a row, Tom,
  A year or two if you delay them,
And often ask you, now, Tom,
  With perfect *nonchalance,* to pay them.

The change is over all, Tom,
And Nature's self hath lost her vigour;
Just mark at any ball, Tom,
The falling off in face and figure:
No gliding minuet's grace, Tom,
But dances fit for low carousers;
No ruffles—no point lace, Tom—
Broad cloth is all—broad cloth and—*trousers!*

The beauties of our days, Tom!—
Oh! those were eyes of glorious beaming,
One moment of whose gaze, Tom,
Made life thenceforth a lover's dreaming.
We see their daughters now, Tom,
And while a pang our bosom smothers,
We look on each young brow, Tom,
And sigh—"*You're nothing to your mothers!*"

Out on the graybeard, Time, Tom!
He makes the best turn'd leg grow thinner;
He spares nor sex, nor clime, Tom,
Nor *us*—the old relentless Sinner!
But come down and be gay, Tom,
At the old Hall, and banish sorrow;
For Jekyll comes to-day, Tom,
And Lady Aldboro' to-morrow.

THE TWO BARONS;

OR THE SPIRITS OF THE MINE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

THERE is a story current in the Black Forest which might be turned into a capital melo-drama, if one knew how to do it. Suppose that I dash down a few notes, just to keep the action in my head. I have already attempted sermons, tales, travels, essays, and poems—at least verses—who knows but I may yet soar to a drama, and get my friend Stanfield to paint the scenes?

The story was told me on the spot it referred to. I was wandering, as usual, alone and on foot, exposing my mind carelessly to external impressions, and gathering in, without examination, what it received, good, bad, and indifferent, just as it came. The scene was a forest, partially cleared in two spots, forming the bounds, at opposite sides, of the visible horizon, which the nature of the ground rendered very confined. These spots were eminences resembling the Lilliputian "mountains" of the Rhine, and each was surmounted by the ruins of an old castle. On one side, the broken lines of these monuments of the olden time were sketched firmly and yet delicately on the golden sky, where the light of departing day still lingered like a memory; and on the other, the dark mass stood indefinite and dream-like, resembling a phantom, of whose presence the imagination is conscious, without being able very clearly to separate its outline from the shadows around it. The scene was sufficiently striking to induce the inquiries which drew from a peasant, in whose hut I took up

my quarters for the night, the following *Mémoires pour servir à un Melo-drame.*

Long, long ago, when Europe was yet steeped in her morning twilight, there dwelt in these two castles two rival families. How the rivalry commenced I cannot say, nor is it necessary to inquire. The jarring elements of society had not attained the form of civilization to which we are now accustomed; the People were unborn; the kings were merely the chief nobles; public justice was unknown; and all men governed themselves by that good old rule,

> "the simple plan—
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

The two families, instead of growing rich, like their neighbours, by robbing those who had anything to lose, hung upon one another's throats, till they threatened to realise the story of the Kilkenny cats. Their estates wasted away—their lands remained uncultivated—they were overwhelmed with debts—and it seemed tolerably certain that in a very little while longer the houses of Wolfenhausen and Schwartzwald would relax from the struggle out of mere exhaustion, and expire of inanition.

In those days, the women, although they did not take an active part in the private wars that desolated the country, were yet fully as much interested as the men in their event. They were brought up in the hereditary loves and hatreds of the family, and were taught to interweave curses with their earliest prayers. Sometimes it happened, no doubt, that an old feud yielded to policy and expediency, and was terminated by a marriage between the rival houses; but in this case the young lady was a mere political agent. Indeed, to love the enemy of her house, was in general not only morally, but physically out of the question; for unless his head

happened to be stuck upon her father's gate by way of a trophy, she had no opportunity of even looking upon his face.

For instance, the fair Amalia of Schwartzwald had reached her twenty-fifth year without having once set eyes upon her neighbour's son; and Christian of Wolfenhausen had never seen, even in a dream, the daughter of his enemy. That Amalia had reached so respectable an age, and still

"Sat lonely in her castle hall,"

need not be a matter of wonder, for marriages were managed in the iron age pretty much as they are in ours. The heiress of Schwartzwald was, in fact, only worth her value as a pretty girl, her inheritance demanding more mouths to keep it than it could well feed.

At the age of twenty-five, however, Amalia should not be called merely a pretty girl. It has always surprised me that the romancers and melo-dramatists should pitch upon seventeen or eighteen as the heroic age of woman. Beauty is not a mere physical formation, as they suppose; it is made up of thought, sensation, passion, hope, memory, regret, delight. Till the character is formed, the eyes opened, and the heart unsealed, the girl is only progressing towards beauty. Beauty is womanhood; and its era commences about twenty-five, and extends to——But this is a digression.

Nor was Amalia so much to be pitied for her long spinsterhood, for she loved all God's creatures. The first pet was a kitten, and when this grew into a cat, even then she loved it. After puss came a puppy, and then a full-grown dog, and then a horse. The horse died when she was twenty-three, and after drying her eyes, she took up a book, for Amalia was one of the most accomplished young ladies of her time, being able both to read and write. Her heart was vacant; she had time for study, and needed consolation, so

she read on. By degrees reading became a pleasure and a habit—her book was the new pet.

In those days the favourite literature treated of alchemy and the other hidden powers of nature; it detailed the process by which gold might be found in the bowels of the mine; and it named, numbered, and described the various spirits whose province it is to keep watch over the hidden treasures of the earth. This was strange reading for a young lady; but Amalia was an enthusiast in her way, and besides, after a time, her studies were made holy by the feelings of a daughter.

Her father waxed poorer and poorer every day; his countenance grew grimmer, and his hair whiter; the knight, indeed, was at that point when long disappointment and exasperation harden into despair. Yet still he kept up his baronial state, so far as outward appearance went, for to lay this aside, would be to yield to his enemy. The precious wines of the Necker still sparkled on his board, but sparkled only to the eye, without being allowed to cheer the old man's heart. One by one his usual indulgences, and at last even comforts, were laid aside on some hollow pretence, that sounded like a mockery, and Amalia, with a timid look and choked voice, in vain besought her father to taste the morsel which once was dear to his palate.

"Gold, gold!" cried the maiden of Schwartzwald, on such occasions, as she started up suddenly from table, and flew with a bursting heart into her study; "give me but gold, ye spirits that keep the keys of the earth, and—save in aught displeasing to Our Lady—I will be your handmaiden for ever!"

She studied, she pondered, she dreamed. She knew that a vase of Roman coins had actually been found in the neighbourhood by her preceptor, the late Father Gottlieb—and found through the knowledge imparted by his books. This

had occurred when she was a child; but well she remembered the glow of enthusiasm which lit up the old man's face as, turning his eyes towards the spot, he exclaimed—"There are more behind!"

"To what spot?" she demanded in her meditations—"O that I could find it!"—but here her memory failed her. She could only conjure up a confused mass of crumbling walls; and the idea occurred to her like a dream, that the good father was angry when he saw her, as he emerged from a small doorway, and chid her away from the spot. Proceeding upon these data, however, she came to the conclusion, that the doorway must have been within the walls of the castle, since she herself had never at that time been without, and that it must have led into some subterranean passage communicating with the forest.

In the middle of the forest, half way between the two castles, she was aware there existed the ruins of a mine, said to have been wrought by the Romans. It was there, no doubt, that Father Gottlieb had found his vase of Roman coins. She even remembered a tradition, that this mine was the original bone of contention between the houses, and a nursery rhyme, which declared that the fate of both lay hidden in its womb. So many sanguinary conflicts had taken place, and so many assassinations been committed, within the fatal precincts, that at length the spot was left to the custody of the demons of the mine; and well did they keep their charge. The place was a desert, sacred even from the footsteps of war. No sound had been heard there for half a century, save the laughter of the goblins, who held their sabbaths there every stormy night, and no human foot had dared to invade its mysteries—save only that of Father Gottlieb.

If a priest could achieve the adventure, why not a woman? Avarice only could have instigated the holy father; while

her motives would be respected by the good angels themselves. Amalia's determination was taken.

While exploring the ruinous parts of the castle, her recollection of the localities returned gradually, being called up by the associations around her; till at length she recognised so distinctly the very spot she was in search of, that she could almost have fancied she saw her late preceptor standing at the little doorway. The timber of the door was by this time decayed, and a few shakes were sufficient to remove the barrier. As it fell down, a hollow sound, resembling a groan, broke upon her ear, and died rumblingly away in the distance. She looked into the aperture: it was as black as night; some hideous faces seemed to grin at her through the darkness, and among them Father Gottlieb, arrayed in white, as she had seen him in his coffin, glided shadowlike through the gloom.

Amalia was in her own room again, and on her knees before a crucifix, before the arrested pulses of her blood could have beat a dozen. In the blessed light of the sun she could be a heroine; but she had not been prepared for darkness. And yet, what was darkness to her more than light? Did she fear spirits, who sought to compel them to her power? She became ashamed of the baby fancies that had peopled the cavern with shadows. It was evidently a subterranean passage communicating with the forest without; hence the gloom that had scared her; hence the groan-like noise of the falling door as the sound echoed through the vault. The next day she provided herself with a lamp, and inserting between the leaves of a missal a paper inscribed with the names of the most famous spirits both of earth and air, and the incantations necessary for summoning their assistance, she set out on her adventure.

The visionary faces were less numerous at this visit to the cavern, although she still saw in the distance the white grave-

dress of Father Gottlieb, and heard the foot of the phantom as it paced slowly before her. It is true, she conceived it just possible that the appearance might be only some projecting point of the wall, or roof, touched by the flitting light of her lamp, and the sound nothing more than the echo of her own footsteps; but her heart, nevertheless, beat audibly, a cold perspiration broke upon her brow, and her skin began to creep with cold. She stood still, and looked back. All was dark behind her, as dark as all before. She was, perhaps, in the middle of the subterranean passage, and might get into the light of day as easily one way as the other—

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

So on she went.

There is hardly an old castle in Germany, where the ruins of some such subterranean communication are not seen to this day. In several instances they seem to have extended from one castle to another, or from a castle to the neighbouring town; and Amalia, as she proceeded, terrified at the length of the passage, began to think that at the end of it she should find herself in the dungeons of Wolfenhausen. As this idea occurred to her, she saw a small light in the distance, like that of a lamp, and stood still in dismay.

The light was stationary like herself. If held by an enemy he must already have perceived hers, and an attempt to fly would only attract the danger she sought to shun. Was it not more reasonable to suppose it the lamp of one of the goblin miners, whose society she courted? The idea made her skin creep, and yet it fortified her resolution. Gasping for breath, and quaking in every limb, she resumed her journey, with her eyes fixed upon the distant light, as if by the power of fascination.

The light grew larger as she went on, and to her inexpressible relief she found that it was the light of day, shining

through an opening in the cavern. This opening, however, was in the roof, and altogether inaccessible; while it showed her that a few paces farther, the artificial portion of the passage ended, and a natural vault, or what appeared to her so, commenced. The unhewn stones amidst which she now clambered were piled upon one another in the wildest confusion; sometimes she was obliged to climb to the very roof of the vault, and sometimes to thread her way through a deep and narrow fissure at the bottom, like the bed of some primeval torrent. At length the passage all on a sudden widened, and she found herself in what appeared to her to be the palace of the genii of the mine.

It was partially lighted at the top by some straggling sunbeams darting down here and there through the interstices of the roof; but these only revealed enough to excite the imagination without gratifying the curiosity. The vast area before her seemed to be divided into compartments like the chambers of giants—I say seemed to be, for nothing was distinct. A sombre twilight reigned at the bottom of this abode of mystery, while the rich crystals and stalactites suspended from the roof gave a gorgeous yet grotesque air to the whole scene. Here and there a gulf of black water yawned at the feet of the adventuress. The perpetual plashing of the numerous drops, as the sound was modified by the substance on which they fell, resembled continuous strains of music, and the rushing of a distant torrent bound the whole up, as it were, into harmony.

Amalia gazed and listened with a delight, mingled with and exalted by awe. She forgot her errand; and, as she stood there motionless on the point of a rock, must have seemed like some enchanted princess of eastern romance. Suddenly a hollow shout rung in her ears, followed by the noise of a sledge-hammer, and she started, half in joy, half in terror, from her dream. The goblin-miners were at work!

"Tetragrammaton!" cried the heroine—"Sweet Mary, help me!—I call upon thee, Adonai!—Holy saints, if it be a sin!" The hammer stopped, and another wild shout broke from the lips of the demon, and rang through the abysses of the cavern.

"By the name Schernes Amathia!" continued Amalia, in a fainter voice. "By the name Primeammadon, I command thee!—come!—appear!" A roar like thunder shook the mine; its foundation seemed to rend; the colossal walls began to split and rock; and the portion immediately before her tottered over as if it would overwhelm her, and then sank groaning into an abyss at her feet.

Amalia (stunned and terrified). Merciful Mother, I repent me! O save thine erring child! Where am I? All is changed around me—what a gulf is there!—Blessed saints, it is surely the entrance to the pit of darkness itself!—hark! —was that a voice?

A voice from the gulf. Help, queen of Heaven!

Amalia. The demon mocks me. Shall I answer him again? Come forth! *(looking down into the gulf.)* Can this be a fiend?—he is like an angel. Come forth!—appear!

Voice. Most blessed and most beautiful! I cannot obey thee. The rock is as smooth as steel; I have no hold for my hand and no purchase for my feet. Fling me but a single hair of thy divine head, and it shall be the cable of my salvation.

Amalia. Hah! is it so? Get thee behind me! If thou art a spirit thou requirest not my assistance.

Voice. And if thou wert the Blessed Virgin thou wouldst know that I am no spirit. But even if the unearthly mistress of the mine (and surely thou canst not be less), forgive my boldness in prying into thy secrets; I sought but a little treasure, and for no bad purpose. Alas! help me, or I sink! my footing gives way—help! help!

Amalia. There, take my hand, while with the other I cling to the rock—but stay. Holy Mary, if it should be a fiend after all! Tell me, what man art thou?

Voice. Quick, or I am gone.

Amalia. What wilt thou give me for thy life? *(Aside.)* If he is a fiend he will promise largely.

Voice. It is a woman, and no spirit. I can give thee nothing but the poor service of my sword. I will be thy knight, and thy upholder against all gainsayers. I will compel the world to worship thy beauty, or fall a martyr to the faith myself.

Amalia. And whose honour dost thou plight for this?

Voice. I am Christian of Wolfenhausen.

Amalia. Sacred Heaven! the deadly foe of our house! Out, scorpion!—thou who hast stung my father to the death! Perish—for I am Amalia of Schwartzwald!

Voice. Amalia of Schwartzwald!—then my hour is come. By the holy saints, if I had known what nest this ladybird of paradise had risen from, I'd have died like a wolf without a howl! If thou art generous, Amalia, let my father know that I have not perished by the hand of a woman and a foe. Now, farewell.

Amalia. Hold! I must save thee wert thou a fiend! There—*(she raises him out of the gulf)*—Sir Christian, thou art my knight and my father's foe.

Christian. Lady Amalia, thou hast bought me with a price; I am the friend of thy friends, the enemy of thy enemies, and thy own true knight.

Two days after this adventure the Baron of Schwartzwald was sitting alone in the apartment which now-a-days would be termed the study, as it was appropriated to solitary meditation. He was unarmed, and wrapped in a loose gown, but in his black and stern visage one would have read of anything rather than peace.

"The measure is full," said he, aloud, through his clenched teeth; "land and revenue gone, and now my daughter—praised be the saints, they have left me room to die! Unhappy girl! child of an unhappy father!—if I could but know thy fate!—but it is better as it is; for I would fain retain my senses to the last. And yet how can they have seized her? I have threaded every inch of the subterranean passage, and what was once an open communication with the mine is now sealed up by the fall of the rock. Besides, if they had discovered the passage, instead of stealing a harmless girl, would they not have surprised the castle, and put us all to the sword? Can it be that my infatuated Amalia has come to an ill end through her studies? No woman ever prospered either in this world or the next who understood Latin. On the day she disappeared the earth shook, and a roar filled the air like the laughter of a thousand demons! Well, well—with her my last hold of the world is gone, and to-morrow I shall find both vengeance and a grave." He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of his esquire, who came to announce that a stranger desired to see him.

"Has he no name?"

"None that he will disclose."

"What sort of man is he in person?"

"A soldierlike man enough, and an old man to boot; but he wears his vizor down."

"No matter; he is but one—let him enter;" and the baron arranged himself on his chair so as to assume an appearance of dignity, which in more prosperous times he cared nothing about.

The stranger strode into the room, and, with scarcely an obeisance, took a vacant seat by the table, to which the other pointed. He then drew off his gloves, flung them carelessly upon the floor, laid down his helmet upon a chest before

Drawn by C. Calcott R.A.

Engraved by C. Heath.

The two Barons

London Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co Paternoster Row

him, and striking his elbow upon the table, leant his chin upon his clenched hand, and looked the baron in the face. The baron recoiled, but almost imperceptibly; and the only sign which betrayed more than usual emotion was his grasping, as if with the pressure of a vice, the arm of his chair on which his hand rested.

"Baron of Schwartzwald," said the Baron of Wolfenhausen, "where is my son?"

"I demand of thee, rather, where is my daughter?"

"I know not of the maiden, and I am not here to trifle. My son is the last branch of my roof-tree. If thou hast slain him, although I came not here with thoughts of violence, yet will I spill thy blood upon thy own hearth-stone. Nay, start not—my sword is undrawn, and if the youth still lives, it shall remain so. I am in thy power: a single shout, if it did not save thy own life, would sacrifice mine. But I am a desperate man, and have come upon a desperate venture. Restore my son, and name thy terms."

It may be conjectured that the two old men were not long on coming to an understanding. They were not smooth enough either to intend or suspect fraud; and, in the spirit of the time, they at once arrived at the conclusion that their children, who disappeared on the same day, had been spirited away by the goblins of the mine.

The entrance to the cavern on both sides having been completely blocked up by the revolution which the mining operations of Sir Christian had caused, or perhaps only hastened, in the interior, it was necessary to dig an opening through the earth. This was at length effected through the united exertions of the retainers of both houses who had never met before, within the memory of man, except in the field of battle.

When the light of a hundred torches at length streamed into the cavern, the children of the two enemies were seen

seated on the rock; Amalia pale and exhausted from cold and want, and Christian hanging with distracted fondness over her fading form.

Need it be said that the feud was at an end from that day; and that although the churlish spirits of the mine had despised the incantations of Amalia, yet peace and industry were worth whole vases of Roman coins to the two barons?

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

It is not fanciful that one excels
  Another in essential gifts of mind
  By positive and unvague certainty;
  With the same toil two cannot do the same!
The want of power against the will rebels,
  And no internal fountain we can find,
  Thought, sentiment, idea to supply;
  Nor through the bosom wake the buried flame.
E'en with our birth the conformation nice
  Of the quick movements of the brain is given;
By many a morbid pang we pay the price
  Of this rare beauty which descends from heaven.
The strings that *tremble,* only throw full notes,
From every whisper that above us floats.

DEMETRIO AND ZÖE.

BY LORD * * *.

Demetrio and Zöe were Albanians of Suli, they had loved long and tenderly, and he sought to cement their union by marriage, which Zöe feared, though she scarcely knew why. They were yet unmarried, when Demetrio, serving in Ali Pacha's fleet, perished at sea; leaving Zöe to mourn her betrothed, but not her lord.

I BADE thee tell me, when the rose
  Began to fade on Zöe's cheek—
  And eyes, that once her soul could speak,
Were sinking into dull repose—

I bade thee tell me, when the tale,
  That, told at twilight in thine ear,
  Had power to wake the starting tear,
Scarce whisper'd to the Ionian gale,

Seem'd first, too long!—I bade thee say,
When Love's fond dream had pass'd away—
Then—then—should be our bridal day!

I fear'd Demetrio's wedded truth,—
I fear'd—dark Ali's favour'd youth;
I fear'd the spell might cease to be,
That bound a lover's soul to me!

Amid the Pacha's band of slaves
I saw thee borne on Adria's waves;

While, lingering yet by Suli's strand,
Thy Zöe waved her plighted hand—
The wind sings loud o'er Adria's deep—
It cannot wake Demetrio's sleep!

He's gone—and he hath left me! his—
  I would not be—his bride!
I cannot claim my father's name;
  And his with him hath died!
A nameless, friendless Grecian maid,
Too late my cheek hath learnt to fade!

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

Fare thee well! my father-land,
  Hearth and home, a long adieu!
Clouds and distance veil the strand,
  Fast receding from my view,
  Sorrow shall my thoughts pursue;
While on past delights they dwell,
  Time will but my grief renew,
Oh! my father-land, farewell.

'Tis not that a blyther spring
  Wakes to light thine early flowers;
'Tis not that on gayer wing
  Birds of song frequent thy bowers,—

'Tis that memory's witching powers
Sway thee with a charmed wand;
Childhood's days, and youth's fond hours,
Linger in my father-land.

Violets of a deeper blue,
Pestnus' valleys may disclose;
With a more enamour'd hue,
Blushes Persia's matchless rose:
Yet the charm which home bestows,
Far transcends their passing bloom,
Dearer is the weed that blows
Mournful o'er a father's tomb.

Works of more ambitious skill
May in foreign regions rise;
Sweeter flowrets may distil
Perfumed breath to genial skies;
Grander scenes may greet mine eyes,
When the wooded mountains swell;
They shall only hear my sighs—
Father-land! a last farewell!

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Bright was the saloon of the ducal palace. It had been a fete-day. At the head of the apartment sat its princely master; around it were distributed in groups the shining company; the buzz of satisfaction filled it. A Frenchman and one of the courtiers held each other in converse. Surprise was painted upon the countenance of the former.

"The fairest woman in Padua," he exclaimed, "without a lover!—I mean an accepted one, for all Italy rings with the praises of the lovely Victoria—'Tis very strange! Has she not a heart?"

"If she has, signor, it is yet to be found; nor is the search an easy one—at least if we take into account the many accomplished cavaliers who have failed in it."

"She seems a very scornful lady."

"She is so."

"And yet," resumed the other, "her form and countenance are the very mould of sweetness! Observe her figure! there is nothing angular about it.

> In every aspect 'tis the wavy line
> Whereon doth Beauty float; whose proper freight
> Is ingots but of golden thoughts and wishes!

Who would look there for iron pride? Her forehead is high, but exquisitely arched. I feel a frown upon her brow; and yet, when I examine that brow, I think that something fairer ought to occupy so graceful a seat. Her eye is dark; but it is an orb whose light you would expect to fall in beams of warmth and softness. The nose is

Grecian, and lustrously feminine. The mouth—there's penciling for you!—Could Guido have refined upon that mouth? Against all this, I only see a cheek without a tint of the rose in it; but is it an iron soil alone, in which that flower refuses to blow? If she is scornful by nature, I would say it is by the second nature and not the first one."

"You read her to admiration, signor," replied the courtier. "Till the age of sixteen she was the soul of frankness and simple bearing; then, however, a mood came on, the fruit of which you see. Upon that face, which used to be nothing but sun, the cloud which then settled has remained, for the last three years, without moving. Observe, signor, observe the cavalier who approaches her with a basket of fruit. He is the son of the Duke of Milan, and a candidate for the honour of her hand. Mark, I pray you, how she will receive him:—there are wages for a prince to play the lacquey for!"

"Wages, indeed! Methinks the haughty bow with which she declines his attentions should be sufficient to extinguish his love."

"Nay, signor," resumed the courtier, "frost, you know, makes the fire burn brighter."

"And yet, if, after all," exclaimed the other, as if a thought had suddenly struck him—"if, after all, that very suitor should be the object of her choice! I have met with as strange a thing. He hath a truly princely presence!"

"And a princely heart and mind, signor! with endowments of a corresponding quality. He is every way her match, saving that the lady is not more haughty than the gentleman is affable. The youth who approaches her now is the bearer, I suspect, of a message to her from the duke, with whom I remarked him a moment ago conversing. Observe how she will receive him—as I expected, she neither lifts her eyes nor gives any other notice of recognition. Ha! she

rises, and approaches her harp; the duke has doubtless desired her to sing to it. Now shall you hear music, signor! If she freezes you with her looks, she will melt you with her voice."

"Heavens! what an arm she throws across the strings!"

"Aha! signor, is there mould and whiteness there? What kind of sounds would you expect from the instrument which is swept by the fingers of the hand that waits upon that arm?"

"What kind of sounds?—why heavenly ones!" replied the Frenchman—and was mute, as a prelude arose from the harp, such as one would imagine a seraph in adoration to awaken. The strain which that prelude introduced was accompanied by the fair, cold, haughty lady in the following verses:

"She lived a nun!—no convent wall
Entomb'd her; she was *woman*—all
That man in woman seeks!—not one
More fond; and yet she lived a nun!

"She lived a nun for love! Her soul
Had met a kindred one—her whole
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given
To him who own'd that soul—and Heaven.

"She could not wed—was doom'd to prove
The poet right. '*The course of love*
That's true ran never even yet.'
Such lot the maid's true love had met!

"She knew but love—she knew not sin;
The flame her bosom warm'd, within
A seraph's breast might burn, or claim
For child of Earth a seraph's name.

"And was the maid beloved again?
She was!—alas! beloved in vain.
Unbless'd he died; unwed, though won,
The maid for love who lived a nun!"

"Lorenzo," cried the duke, when the strain was over, "methink I like your verses the better the oftener I hear them. I requested you yesterday evening, when the countess tried them first, to transcribe for me the legend which suggested them. Have you done so?"

"I have, so please you, my liege," replied the young man, taking a paper out of his bosom, and presenting it.

"Read it for us," said the duke.

The command of the duke produced an universal silence. The poet obeyed, and proceeded as follows:

LEGEND.

"Amelia Krutzer, a young German lady of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, had attained the age of two-and-twenty, and was still the mistress of her heart. Many were the deserving and attractive youth of Frankfort who were competitors for the custody of that treasure; but though she suffered them as acquaintance or friends, the moment a title accompanied with higher privileges was solicited, they were each successively and alike rejected. It has been often said, that where there is nothing insuperably repelling in the mind or person of a man, the heart of a woman, howsoever cold it may be, will at last surrender to persevering solicitation; and yet there are not wanting those who believe that there exists that single object with whose nature one's own has a peculiar affinity, and, without meeting with whom, one can never truly love. Such appeared to be the case with Amelia Krutzer; rank—wealth—grace—talent—all that the world acknowledges to be interesting, bowed before her; but in vain. She approved—she liked—she felt interested; but

still she found a vacancy in her heart, the consciousness of which made her shrink at the idea of the nuptial tie the moment it was proposed to her.

"Travelling in Switzerland, it happened that the party she accompanied was joined by another one, strangers, consisting of a brother and his two sisters. The attachment of the latter for the former appeared to be extraordinary. Amelia Krutzer was struck with it—it interested her—she took a peculiar pleasure in their society—she became their constant companion. She never knew the charms of scenery before. Theodore—so was the brother called—was a native of Switzerland, to which he had recently returned, after having been absent from it ever since he had been a lad of fifteen. Glowing with the fervour of early associations, he breathed a soul into every crag—each torrent became a thing instinct with intelligence—each lake and forest, beings with whom he held communion, as soul with kindred soul. Amelia Krutzer contemplated and wondered as one, that for the first time meets with something rare beyond belief—she was never from his side. When the squall came on, as they were sailing on the lake, she clung to him, while the sisters, accustomed to such things, sat smiling at her terrors. They ascended the mountain. The sisters, from education, were familiar with the step that scales the cliff; Amelia Krutzer's soul was on its top, but her feet slowly and wearily approached it, though she was leaning on the arm of Theodore. At length they gained the summit, and she shrank at the sight of the brink, upon which her fair companions stood, collected and composed. In vain the brother encouraged her, and, with his arm around her waist, gave her promise and assurance of security—a step or two was all he could prevail upon her to advance towards it—she felt as if she were already falling down the precipice, and hiding her averted face upon his shoulder, she clasped him with a con-

vulsive embrace. Slowly he withdrew her from her fearful footing, and still supporting her, conducted her to the valley again. This happened fifty times.

"One morning, when she awoke, she heard the *Ranz de Vaches* sung with a thrilling voice under her window. She arose and looked out—'twas Theodore. Without any definite aim, nay, scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, and went down to him. 'Where was he going?' she inquired. He replied 'to the lover's leap.' She wished to see it, too, and accompanied him. Her head had become steadier now. She stood with him—his arm, indeed, around her—she stood with him upon the cliff of moving story, while he related to her the legend whence it had derived its name. She was lost in the piteous tale. 'Twas concluded, and still she pondered it in abstracted silence. Theodore was silent, too. Her tears had been flowing copiously, and they were starting still, notwithstanding her efforts to suppress them—nor was the narrator unmoved; she could feel his heart throbbing as he held her. Suddenly she felt herself clasped to his breast with a force that almost impeded her respiration—she turned—his cheek was without a drop of blood in it, the perspiration stood in heavy drops upon his forehead, while his eyes, which were fixed strainingly upon her, appeared as if they would start from their sockets. 'For mercy's sake!' she ejaculated—she had not breath for more. He started—a convulsive movement passed across his countenance—'Away, away!' he vociferated, 'let us rush from this horrible place while we have the power!'

"He hurried her wildly along with him, till they came to a dell near the foot of the mountain. 'Here let us stop,' he cried; 'recover your breath. Wretch that I am! I see I have almost killed you!—Yet what of that?—but for the piteous look you gave me, I should have murdered both you and myself, for I was in the very act of leaping with you

into the lake. Know all,' he continued; 'you have taught me to find out a principle in my nature to the existence of which I was a stranger—which I thought never could exist —which I have sworn never *should*. Except my sisters, I have never spent as many minutes in the society of any one of your sex, as I have passed days in yours. Until I met with you, I knew not what it was to come into contact with a kindred soul in woman. I know it now—I feel as if I lived in your existence more than in my own—I love you—I despair—I am vowed to the altar.'

"Theodore was a young priest.

"He stopped. A statue stood before him. Her cheek seemed as bloodless as the marble—her lips were as motionless and mute—it appeared as if the breath had ceased to issue from them. But life was in her eyes—there he felt as if she had collected all her soul, for they were fixed upon him with an expression of piteous reproach that pierced him to the quick —awakening thoughts which, for the moment, superseded the consideration of his own sufferings.

"'What,' he exclaimed, 'what is it I behold!—And have you reason, too, to regret our fatal intercourse?'

"Her cheek began to flush—her lip to quiver—her eyes to fill—he was answered by a flood of tears. He caught her to his bosom, and wept along with her.

"'Leave me,' she at last faltered, gently disengaging herself from his reluctant but obedient arms; 'leave me—return to the inn; I shall follow you thither as soon as I have sufficiently composed myself. Let us avoid each other's society to-day—we shall meet to-morrow—we shall part to-morrow.'

"They met the next day. With downcast eyes, the lovely girl tremulously, yet calmly, acknowledged to him the state of her heart—'he had won it!—he was devoted to the altar —she would be devoted to heaven and to him—never, never

would she have other husband, until she was wedded to her grave!' They met—they parted——she kept her word—she died a maid."

The duke applauded the legend, and directed the young man to present it to the countess. She took it without the slightest acknowledgment, and handed it to one of her ladies who stood near her.

"Hard treatment for the poor poet," remarked the Frenchman.

"Yes; she treats him the worst of all. It is not pride, but absolute aversion with which she appears to regard him. His humble fortunes—for though he is distantly related to the duke, he is merely a dependant—seem to convert his merits to offences, as things he has no right to. Praise him to her, and you will learn to estimate the value of a gracious look."

"A most ungenerous and contradictory nature," exclaimed the Frenchman; "and yet how she sings! If she does not love already, I would swear she has the soul to love. I heard it in every note of her voice—nay, it was more like the eloquence of a present passion than anything else. The Duke of Milan's son, if I mistake not, has only to press his suit, if he wishes to take home a bride with him. He is formed——"

"Stop! They are going to dance!" interrupted the courtier.

The dance began. The countess was the partner of the young prince. The movement was a slow one. The Frenchman watched the couple narrowly.

"The Duke of Milan's son will win her!" whispered he to the courtier. "She is thinking more of him than of the dance. Look! she is the very picture of abstraction."

And so she was. She moved through the figure mecha-

nically, yet with a grace, of which the form of woman only, revealed in the proportions of the most exquisite symmetry, can give one a conception.

"I can understand now what it is to look and to love," exclaimed the Frenchman. "I defy any man, with a disengaged heart, to behold and not to melt."

"Yes," said the courtier; "take away that haughty brow, and you see the embodying of the poets' brightest dream of woman!"

"The embodying?—yea, the embellishing!" rejoined the other. "Description never presented to me the thousandth part of what I witness!—Softly," he added, in a tone of surprise, "what can be the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" interrogated the courtier.

"Look round the room and see if nothing strikes you. Well?—Ha! you have it, by the direction of your eyes. They are fixed upon the poet—are they not? I'll tell you a secret, which, from the tender melancholy of his look and mien—a trait, 'tis true, of his vocation—I half divined before. The poor poet is in love—and the object of his passion is the haughty countess! I never saw adoration if I do not see it now. Her frowns—her spurnings are lost upon him. He sees nothing but her charms!"

"What's that?" suddenly inquired the courtier, listening. "I thought I heard thunder!" continued he.

"You did. The sunset was sultry and heavy; and if you recollect, I told you we should have a storm."

"I do recollect it," said the courtier.

But the poor poet did not hear the thunder. His every faculty seemed to be absorbed in his vision, which was riveted upon the gliding form before him. That form was in the act of passing him—was close to him, when, at one and the same moment, the saloon was filled with flame, and

a tremendous crash, loud as the simultaneous discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, shook the whole palace till it seemed to rock. The countess shrieked, and instinctively clung to the object nearest to her—'t was the poet! Doubtingly his arms encircled her, while every drop of his blood seemed to have mounted into his face! There was not an individual in the saloon who, for several seconds, did not stand motionless. At last, the voice of the duke recalled the self-possession of the company.

"Victoria!" he exclaimed emphatically.

The countess started—drew her fair figure up until it asserted every line of its stately stature, and glancing her eye from the poet's visage down to his feet, turned slowly from him, and approached the seat of the duke.

"Is any one hurt?" inquired the latter.

"No," was the reply; at the same moment the poet was stretched senseless on the ground.

"'Tis the lightning!" exclaimed the duke, starting up.

"Yes, of the countess's eyes!" whispered the Frenchman to the courtier.

The poet was conveyed, still senseless, from the apartment —the storm calmed, and the company broke up.

"A strange thought has come into my head," remarked the Frenchman to the courtier, as they left the saloon together.

"How is it with the poet?" inquired the Frenchman, as the courtier and he, the next morning, entered the breakfast-room, in which the company had not yet assembled.

"Yonder he is, approaching the palace," replied the other, pointing towards a window which reached to the floor and was open: "it was only a swoon. You observe, he looks as if nothing had happened him."

"His figure is very noble," remarked the Frenchman:

"I am surprised that I was not struck with it before! His mien gives you an impression of innate dignity—he is very handsome. Methinks he might steal a woman's heart almost against her will! Is he accomplished?"

"Richly!—a youth of shining parts and choice acquirements. You heard him read last night; but you ought to hear him speak. His eloquence is the very soul of persuasion! He vanquishes you almost with your own consent and approval—though it was not with a good grace that the young prince acknowledged his superiority, the other day, when they disputed in the presence of the countess."

"I suppose not," sarcastically remarked the Frenchman: "the admiration of his mistress was too great a consideration to pay for the pleasure of being vanquished, however adroitly. And how did the lady take her suitor's defeat?"

"She never noticed it."

"'T was the way least likely to increase his chagrin."

"Doubtless 't was for that end she adopted it," said the courtier.

At that moment the countess entered the breakfast-room, leaning upon the arm of the duke. A group of visitors, who were sojourning at the castle, followed them. The lady had scarcely taken her seat when the prince and the poet entered together from the lawn. The countess started, and her cheek for a moment was slightly flushed; but she speedily recovered her air of repelling coldness, and haughtily received the compliments of the former; while the latter, bowing, at humble distance, respectfully took his seat at the farther end of the table.

"You are right," whispered the courtier to the Frenchman; "the prince has indeed a chance. She coloured as he approached her."

"Time will tell," replied the Frenchman.

Every one except the countess congratulated Lorenzo upon his being so well as to be able to descend to breakfast. On this occasion the duke seemed to partake more of his niece's spirit than he was wont to do. There was a frigid distance in his manner of addressing the young man. He sat abstracted and even gloomy during the repast; and rising as soon as breakfast was over, he signified to Lorenzo his wish that the poet should attend him to his closet.

"Lorenzo," said the duke, as soon as he had seated himself, "which of my niece's ladies could you fancy for a wife?"

"My liege!" ejaculated Lorenzo, gazing upon the duke with a countenance in which astonishment and incredulity were blended. The duke repeated his question.

"None of them, my lord," replied Lorenzo. "I shall never marry."

"You shall marry to-night," coolly rejoined the duke. "Lorenzo," continued he, "I have reasons for wishing you to take a wife—reasons which justify me in enforcing obedience to my wish. The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré, I know, admires you. Her father, with whom I had a conversation last night, approves of you—the match is agreeable to me. It is necessary for purposes of state, with the nature of which I may probably make you acquainted hereafter. Be acquiescence your only reply; I shall take no other—listen to no other. Give me that, and you shall bind me to the making of your fortune; refuse it, and thank yourself for the consequences. You are not a stranger to the extent of my power—you have *witnessed* what it is to feel the weight of my resentment. Beware that you do not experience it in your own person—reply not now." The duke guessed what Lorenzo was going to say—it was written on the young man's face. "Reply not now; but, mark me. I shall give orders for the nuptials to take place at nine to-

night; for a quarter of an hour I shall wait in my library the result of your deliberations; at the expiration of that time, your presence or your absence be your answer."

The duke strode from the closet, leaving Lorenzo motionless, speechless, and lost, in the centre of it. It was several minutes before the astounded poet recovered himself.

"Marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré!" he exclaimed aloud. "Never!" he added, turning to leave the apartment: the countess was standing at the door—What a moment to encounter the haughty glance and stately carriage of the scornful lady! 'Twas true the poet loved her;—for many a year had he cherished his passion in secret; against the hope—against the probability of its being blessed—not always though. She had been kind to him when she used to be courteous to all; but once being accidentally alone with him—when his o'erfraught heart was throbbing full and quick—bursting as it were for vent—in an unguarded moment—without premeditation—almost without being conscious of what he did, he had snatched her to his breast, and profaned with a kiss the lips, which, until then, had been strangers to salutation so forward and so warm. Meeting with no resistance, the idea flashed across his mind that he did not love alone or unrepaid. He drew back, to gaze upon, and read the lovely face which had just been so close to his own, and to declare his passion. That face was white with terror—he felt that the frame which his arms encircled was trembling; in a moment he was at her feet. "Pardon me," he exclaimed; when a sudden change in the expression of her countenance paralysed him, and prevented him from proceeding. Terror was displaced by disdain—the withering spirit of pride and scorn was seated on her brow, and never after, when the poet dared to lift his eye to that unrivalled throne, did he behold it filled by other occupant.

The countess slowly advanced into the apartment, her eye

fixed coldly yet piercingly upon Lorenzo, who, bowing as he passed her, proceeded towards the door.

"Stop, signor," haughtily commanded the lady—Lorenzo turned. "Heard I you rightly?" she continued. "Said you just now that you would never marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré?"

"Yes."

"Yes!" echoed the countess; "and pray, signor, when was your union with that lady first contemplated?"

"This very hour—almost this very minute!" was his reply.

"And by whom?" interrogated the lady.

"By the duke."

"By the duke?" re-echoed the countess, drawing her fair figure up till it towered again. "The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré is mightily the debtor of the duke."

A chair stood near her—that which the duke had just quitted—She took it, and sat, inclining slightly backwards; her fair arms covered, yet not hidden, but revealed, by sleeves of the filmiest gauze—enfolding one another; her eyes fixed upon vacancy; her countenance overcast with thought; save that now and then it was lighted up with a flash of scorn, that shot across it like voiceless lightning playing in a sky of silvery twilight.

"And so you would decline the honour of such an alliance!" remarked she, at last, contemptuously.

"I have done so."

"And the duke——" she stopped short.

"Persists," said the poet; "and has appointed to-night for our nuptials."

"He is in haste to do you honour," said the lady, and paused again. "Be you in haste," she resumed; "make up your mind to abide by wiser counsels; you must—you will. The lady is fair—accomplished—a mate for higher state and fortune. Be wise and marry her."

"Never!" emphatically ejaculated Lorenzo. The countess smiled ineffable contempt.

The poet gazed upon her. The contrast between the glow of his heart and the coldness of hers was too much for him. It unmanned him—the tears started into his eyes, and at length began to trickle down his cheeks—he stood silent. The countess raised her eyes to his face, and dropped them again, as if for the first time a touch of compassion had moved her. At this moment an attendant entered, and presented a letter to Lorenzo.

"Withdraw," said the countess, "till he reads it."

Lorenzo read the letter. The duke's escritoire stood open upon the table—without pausing a moment, he sat down, wrote the answer, and rose to summon the attendant.

"Stop," said the countess; "show me the duke's letter." Lorenzo obeyed. She read it. Therein the duke repeated his wishes, demanded instant compliance with them, and, in case of disobedience, threatened the offender with the loss of liberty. The countess re-folded the letter, returned it, and went out of the apartment.

"I knew it," she cried, on entering the closet again, after the lapse of about a minute; "there are those without who are ready and able to put my uncle's threat into execution. Your answer, signor," added she.

Lorenzo handed it to the countess—one word was all that it contained—"Never"—yet seemed it as if the countess could not interpret the poet's reply. She looked alternately at the letter, and at him that had written it.

"You are much too bold," she at length exclaimed, resuming her seat.

"I am!—I am!" responded Lorenzo, throwing himself before her on his knee. The countess made an effort, as if she was about to rise, but he was desperate. He caught her by the hand and forcibly detained her—declared his passion

—detailed his struggles with it—his hopelessness of overcoming it—his readiness to encounter imprisonment, slavery, death! rather than do violence to it, by espousing another—acknowledged his utter unworthiness of meeting a return, although if love alone were the coin that ought to purchase love, man could not pay down the sum for hers that he could! Yet her compassion he might presume to challenge: surely it was hard that she should deny it where most 't was needed. Vehemently he pleaded for that—his eye—hi cheek lit up with the passion which prompted him—his voice thrilling with it—his tears avouching all he uttered. He concluded, still retaining his humble posture. The countess's eyes, which at the commencement of his address had sternly encountered his, were now cast down. The hand which, at first, had struggled to release itself from his grasp, now lay unresistingly within it. It seemed as if the spirit of sweet ruth had returned to its proper biding-place—the soft and heaving bosom whence it had been so long excluded! A tear—a tear, the poet thought, stood trembling on the verge of the rich lid that veiled her eye, and was upon the point of falling! Could he believe it?—Yes. It trickled down her cheek!

"You pity me!" he cried. "You pity me!—I ask no other boon!—I make no merit of forbearance!—I know 't were vain to look for any other! Welcome then the dungeons of the chateau!—welcome the bench of the galley! To the one or the other I know the duke can doom me. No matter to which! Either will be less revolting than the proudest nuptial bed that Italy could present me with, unpressed by the partner with whom, alone, my soul would suffer me to share one!"

The answer to the duke's letter had fallen from the countess's hand. He picked it up, rose from his knee, and approached the door.

"Signor," said the countess.

He stopped and turned round—again his stern mistress stood before him. Not a vestige of her late relenting could he trace—save that it seemed as if scorn could not at once usurp the seat which pity had so recently occupied. She bent her regards direct upon him, with an expression as if some fixed purpose she had formed, and was upon the point of executing.

"Give me a proof that you love me," said the lady.

"Name it!" exclaimed the poet.

"Swear," said the countess, "by that love, that you will perform what I am about to ask."

"I swear it!" said Lorenzo, sinking upon his knee, and stretching his hand appealingly towards heaven.

"Write to the duke that you consent to marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré," said the countess.

Conceive how the poet looked, as he dropped the witness-invoking hand, and stared in astonishment and stupor upon the collected countenance of her who had doomed him! It was too much for the inexorable lady herself to encounter; she dropped her eyes, and in silence awaited his answer. He uttered none—save what might be construed from a sigh—deep—long drawn—and convulsive. Slowly he arose—approached the escritoire—wrote the consent—and left the room, half closing the door after him. Scarcely had he proceeded a pace or two, when he thought he heard a sob. He stopped, turned, and without knowing wherefore re-entered the apartment, but only in time to catch a glimpse of the fair figure of the countess vanishing through a portal that opened into another room. He looked for the paper upon which he had just been writing. It lay no longer on the escritoire.

"She has made all sure!" exclaimed the poet to himself, retracing his steps.

Descending the staircase, on the first landing he encountered the attendant who had brought the duke's letter. He

was in company with several of his fellows, and informed the poet that it was their instructions to conduct him forthwith to their master. Lorenzo accompanied them to the library, where it was the duke's custom to pass the first two hours of the forenoon. He was now there—Lorenzo's consent was in his hand. The countess had lost no time: "Hate does its work as quick as love!" thought the poet to himself.

"'Tis well," said the duke, "your nuptials then take place at nine to-night. Prepare for them. I know your sense of honour," continued he courteously, "and I implicitly confide in it. You are at liberty. Nor foot nor eye shall track your movements. Remember at nine to-night! You care for your word!"

"More than I do for my life!" emphatically and pointedly rejoined the poet, and retired.

The poet was admired by the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—but he was beloved by another. A sequestered, natural alcove, in a remote and unfrequented part of the domain, was the spot whither it was the custom of the smitten fair one to resort and give vent to the passion which consumed her. Thither she retired that day.

Upon a rude couch, which a hillock presented, lay stretched that day the form of a maid, beauteous as eye ever feasted on! —formed for all the joys of love, yet writhing with all its pangs. Her tears had been flowing till they could flow no longer. Even the sob that succeeds the ecstasy of suffering was subsiding. Her hair, which had burst from its braids, lay scattered and streaming in luxuriant length around her. Her eyes were closed, as if it were torture to admit the light of day, where that of peace and hope and consolation was prohibited. Her lips stood slightly apart. One arm half-hanging—half-resting on the ground—seemed to reproach the destiny which had denied to it, and bestowed upon another, the only lord to whom its fair caress would have

been yielded. The rest of her person lay listless along—the mould of its finely-turned extremities but negligently warded—completing a living model of tenderness, exhaustion, and despair, beyond the cunning of the pencil or the chisel to improve upon or imitate.

The maid started—she heard a footstep. She was on the point of plunging into the thicket to conceal herself, but it was too late.

"I have found you!" exclaimed a soft, sweet voice, and Victoria—not the countess, but her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—entered the alcove. "I am come to consult you about my wedding dress. Brides should be fine, you know, and I always prefer your taste to my own ——Why, what in the name of wonder is the matter?" continued she, checking the voluble strain in which she was running on, upon observing that the other stood with her back towards her, without appearing to notice what she said. "Nay, but I *will* know!" cried the frank, kind girl, and catching her by the waist, bent round, and looked up in her face. "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "you have been weeping?"

"Leave me," implored the other; "alas! that you, of all the palace, should have found me here, and thus."

"And wherefore not!" ejaculated Victoria with surprise, "who so fit? Who loves you as well as I do? Who would do so much to save you from suffering—to soothe you—to make you happy?"

"Happy!" echoed the other, laughing hysterically, "I shall never be happy; no one can ever make me happy—and you last of all! Forgive me," continued she; "I know that you love me—I know that you would do aught you could to serve me, but it is beyond your power. Leave me, Victoria; what you have witnessed, I know you will never disclose. Leave me; I am very, very miserable."

"I will not leave you," said Victoria, calmly; "you have

a secret trouble, and I will never quit you till you tell me what it is."

"Why should I damp your happiness?" replied the forlorn one. "No! you shall wear nothing but smiles upon your wedding day. Why should it be otherwise with the bride of the noblest man in Italy?"

"The noblest man in Italy!" reiterated the friend.

"In worth, I mean—genius—soul—honour—not to speak of feature and person; and even in those it would not be an easy thing to find his match in Italy."

Victoria stared upon her friend. Both for a time were silent.

"I know your secret!" at length exclaimed the former.

"You know my secret?"

"Yes; you told it me a month ago with your own lips."

"On what occasion?" inquired the alarmed and astonished maid.

"When we slept together, after the ball."

"I told it you with my own lips?"

"Yes; when you were unconscious of what you did. 'Twas in your sleep. I heard a sobbing, which awakened me; it came from you. Your cheek lay close to mine; I found that it was drenched with tears. Your lips were murmuring something—breathless, I listened, and heard the name——"

"Stop!" interrupted the other, with a face and neck of crimson, "breathe it not to the air! You are wrong—you are right! No matter; you will be a bride to-night—to-night you will be married to the man you love."

"I never loved," replied the fair Victoria; "I love not him you speak of. I admire him—I like him, and feel no scruple in complying with the duke's wishes; but never did I think of him as a lover, until he was named to me as such; and now, methinks, I should feel happier were he about to

become *your* husband. It would be the saving of many a tear to the eyes of my friend; for what I only surmised before, I am convinced of now. Come, there is no use in withholding the avowal of it; come, confess you love Lorenzo."

"Generous girl!" replied the mourner; "and so not even to myself would you, till now, reveal what my unconscious lips betrayed to you? Do you want a confirmation of the truth of what you suspected? Then take it—behold it! Would you know your friend? Needs she tell you what has changed her? Would you ask her, were she the bride of Lorenzo, if she would love her lord?"

"Hush! I hear footsteps," whispered Victoria. Both listened in breathless suspense. "They stop—the person has turned; I'll follow, and direct those feet, whosesoe'er they are, into a different track. Compose yourself as quickly as you can. Hie to your chamber; thither will I repair in half an hour from this; there we can discourse without the dread of interruption." Away flew the maid: ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the mourner followed her.

The duke apprehending, and no wonder, that Lorenzo's repugnance to the match would betray itself, had resolved that the nuptials should be private. His niece he would have permitted to attend; but the haughty lady returned an answer, in which she declined to avail herself of the privilege. The hour of nine drew near. The duke repaired to the chapel. The holy man and his assistant were the only persons whom he found there. Advancing towards the altar, as he passed the ducal pew, he heard a half-suppressed groan. It came from the poet, who was kneeling at the seat where the countess performed her devotions.

"Lorenzo," whispered the duke.

The young man darted up, and turned upon him a countenance in which agony was depicted.

"I am here, my liege," replied Lorenzo, solemnly, "I am come to perform my promise."

"'Tis well," said the duke; "you see I have contrived that your nuptials shall be private. Not even the father of your bride shall be present—a matter of imperative moment has called him from Padua. Nor shall I tax you with mirth or feasting; until the hour of rest, you shall pass the time with me in my closet, where I shall detail to you the plans which I have already formed for your prosperity: your bride shall keep company with her maidens——But they might have lighted the chapel better," remarked the duke, "though I can see more than I wish to see," added he, looking at Lorenzo, "yet it is but imperfectly that I distinguish your features."

Footsteps were heard—the bride was approaching. She entered, timidly veiled, supported by her bridemaid and another female friend, and slowly approached the altar. The duke instinctively turned his eyes upon Lorenzo, and saw that it was with difficulty he could stand—he was tottering.

"One effort," whispered the duke, "and I am bound to you immeasurably, and for ever—my all depends upon you!"

"I shall keep my word," replied the young man, in an under tone, but with an accent which left but little doubt as to the cost at which that word must be kept.

"Proceed!" said the duke to his chaplain.

The ceremony commenced—proceeded—was concluded. In murmurs, scarcely audible, the bride delivered the repetitions and responses. During a ceremony, under the most auspicious circumstances, trying to a woman, she received, indeed, but little support from the demeanour of the bridegroom, whose words fell upon the ear

Like voice of augury foreboding woe.

"Come, Lorenzo," said the duke, "attend me to my closet."

"In a moment," replied the young man, and placing in the hand of the bride a paper which he took from his bosom, precipitately retired with his patron.

Two hours did the duke and the poet remain together. Not an argument that his ingenuity could suggest, did the former fail to employ, in the hope of reconciling Lorenzo to his destiny. The young man listened in silence. Wealth, preferment, honours were promised him, but nothing could dispel the despondency which had taken entire possession of his soul. At length the clock chimed the first quarter of the midnight hour. The duke arose—rang—the summons was promptly obeyed.

"Conduct Signor Lorenzo to his chamber," said the duke. Lorenzo mechanically followed the attendant.

He entered the anteroom adjoining the bridal chamber. The door was closed after him by the attendant. His bride was there, attired as in the chapel. She had not even removed her veil, which so effectually concealed her countenance, that her thoughts could not be inferred from its workings. As soon as the sound of the attendant's receding footsteps ceased, she arose, and pointing to a paper which lay upon a table that was near her, retired by the door by which the bridegroom had entered. Lorenzo hastily opened the paper—its contents amazed him. Thus they ran:—

"I honour your feelings, little as they flatter her, whom the duke did not deem unworthy of your hand. I have obeyed you, and refrained from entering the chamber which I know you regard with abhorrence. I have anticipated you; you mean to fly this night from Padua. At midnight a conveyance will be in readiness, and you shall be accompanied by a person who will not betray you, and who is provided with ample means to meet the exigencies of your flight. At the appointed hour repair to the gate of the palace. You shall find no stop, no difficulty, no disappointment."

"Most generous of women!" exclaimed Lorenzo; "would that I could love you!"

The second chime!—the third!—the fourth!—The hour of midnight struck! he descended. His bride—his slighted bride had kept her word! Each door that might have arrested his progress yielded to him. He found himself in the open air. He turned to look once more upon the palace—he raised his eyes to the window of the countess. How his heart throbbed at the sight of the fair form that was leaning out of it! though seen but indistinctly, for there was no light except what the stars afforded. He thought she waved an arm to him as if to urge his flight. She did so. Could she be aware of what had taken place? He knelt—he breathed her name—he invoked a blessing upon it. She vanished—he rose and fled.

The palace gate opened to him. A vehicle and four was in waiting; he sprang into it. His promised companion was beside him. In a moment the wheels were in motion, and furious was the rate at which they revolved. Within a mile, however, of the first stage, a smart tap was heard at the window. 'Twas opened.

"We are pursued!" whispered a horseman.

"Pursued!" exclaimed a voice that made Lorenzo's heart leap as it would bound out of his bosom.

"Yes; they are gaining upon us. I know them by their lights—you can see them half a mile behind, descending the hill."

"Stop, and let us out!" exclaimed Lorenzo's companion.

The vehicle no sooner stopped than it was empty.

"Now drive on—you are safe! You know you have the duke's warrant for what you have done." The deserted vehicle proceeded. "Hush! and follow me," continued the same voice, addressing Lorenzo. He obeyed. They dived into a forest that skirted the road. Dark as the night was

they threaded rapidly the mazes of the woody labyrinth, till failing respiration commanded a pause.

"I must stop, Lorenzo," said his companion.

"The countess!" exclaimed the youth.

"Thy bride!" replied the countess, and sank into his arms, hanging with her own upon his neck.

It had been a contest between love and pride. The first bold act of the poet, when his passion mastered his discretion, discovered to the countess the interest which he had created in her heart; and at the same time presented to her in their full magnitude the impediments to their union, arising from the wide disparity of rank. In a moment she resolved to conquer her attachment; and, as the most effectual means of doing so, she ever after sedulously cultivated the sentiment that was hostile to it. 'Tis strange that the mood which a valued object excites is not unfrequently indulged in towards all besides. Hence the gentle Prince of Milan fared no better than the humble poet. But what she thought to eradicate was daily taking deeper root. She felt it, yet she endeavoured not to believe it. Severer grew the struggle, yet she kept it up, till it shook the fair rose from her cheek. The penetration of the Frenchman brought it to a crisis; the incident in the saloon, when, in her terror at the storm, she clasped Lorenzo, betrayed to him her secret. That secret he imparted to the duke, to whom he was a suitor, in order to improve his interest. The cause of the countess's repugnance to matrimony was, at last, apparent. If it were possible to remove that cause, it struck the duke that to affiance Lorenzo to another was the means. The poet's marriage with the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré was consequently resolved upon. The lady was consulted—was indifferent—consented—communicated to the countess the intention of the duke. Now was the time for an effort—she made that effort; collected all her pride, repaired to the closet of the

duke, and triumphed; but the fruits of her victory were the repentance and despair which stretched her exhausted and almost lifeless along the hillock where the appointed bride had found her. Her secret, before conjectured, was now confessed; her suffering was apparent; the remedy suggested—urged—adopted. The countess was substituted for her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré.

A gloomy, stately man stood leaning against the trunk of a tree. Before him lay two that slept. He gazed upon them, meditating. At a distance, a group of attendants was in waiting. A name, uttered unconsciously in accents of melting tenderness, awakened one of the sleepers. An eye, radiant as love's own star, opened. A cheek, a moment before as pale as alabaster, at once grew crimson red!—yet was it not raised from the breast which had served it for its pillow, nor withdrawn from another cheek, the consciousness of whose close neighbourhood had changed its hue.

"It is day!—It is day!" murmured a voice of dulcet tone. "Awake!—Awake! Let us continue our flight!"

The magic sounds were heard and obeyed. The eyes of the slumberer burst with a flash of transport from the spell that bound them—but soon their light began to fade, as they started from the face on which they had opened, and stood glaring upon some object of aversion and alarm.

"Merciful Providence! what gaze you at?"

The arms of the speaker were gently disengaged by the object addressed, whom they surrounded; and both simultaneously sprang upon their feet.

"My uncle!" exclaimed the countess; and, clasping Lorenzo again, hid her face in his bosom.

"I will resign her only with my life!" said Lorenzo, as his rapier flew from its scabbard.

"Sheathe your sword, young man," said the duke. "I know you are not to blame, I feel no resentment towards you.

The affair is an untoward one; but as it cannot be remedied, we must even make the best of it. I acknowledge you as the husband of my niece. You will have no objection to accompany me to Padua."

The duke motioned to his attendants, who instantly led the way. The party soon regained the road, where two carriages—the duke's own and that in which the lovers fled—were in waiting. The latter found, to their amazement, that instead of penetrating deeper into the forest they had wandered back almost to the place at which they had entered it, and there had reclined to rest themselves, overpowered with fatigue and watching. The duke commanded the door of his own carriage to be opened, desiring Lorenzo to hand the countess in. Lorenzo obeyed, and then stepped back.

"No," said the duke, "you shall not be separated from your bride; I shall ride in the other carriage." An hour and little more conveyed them to the palace, to which they were admitted by a private entrance.

"Repair to your respective chambers," said the duke; "refresh yourselves, change your attire, and be ready to obey my summons. You shall be presented, as man and wife, to my friends and household."

The duke kept his word. Before his friends and his household he acknowledged Lorenzo as the husband of the countess; and leading the way to the banqueting-room placed the one on his right hand and the other on his left, at the head of the table. The Prince of Milan had quitted the palace.

The evening was a joyous one—dancing, music—all the appliances and means of festivity. At length the bride, attended by her fair namesake, retired.

Sweet, though brief was the converse of the friends, as the gracefully-adjusted drapery fell, fold by fold, from a form, to rival the mould of which the matchless Grecian must have

surpassed his master-work. That form at length the nuptial couch received, when pressing her lips to the snowy forehead of the countess, the fair assistant retired from the apartment.

The door of that apartment did not open again that night; conjecture, suspense, alarm were the occupants of that nuptial couch; the day dawned upon eyes which had never closed their lids with watching for one that came not. The morning was far advanced, when a knock at the chamber door startled the countess. Hastily concealing the arms, which, withdrawn from their covering, had lain listless and cold as the marble which they surpassed in their polish and whiteness, she tremulously inquired "Who was there?"

"Your uncle," replied the duke, entering as he spoke. The countess fixed on him a gaze of piercing scrutiny mingled with reproach.

"I see," said he, "you guess the purport of my visit. 'Tis even so—your bridegroom is by this time a hundred miles from Padua."

A groan—and senseless as a corse the bride lay stretched before him.

The duke having summoned the attendants of the countess, and committed her to their charge, descended to the library and threw himself into a chair. There he sat the greater part of an hour, without ever once changing his position or lifting his eyes from the ground. Deep was his abstraction, and gloomy were his thoughts. What was their tenor may be guessed, when the blood fled from his face, as raising his eyes, upon hearing a slight movement in the chamber, they encountered the form of the bride.

"Where is my husband?" she solemnly inquired.

The duke did not reply, but rose, and drawing a chair towards the one which he had been occupying himself, approached her to conduct her to it—she recoiled from the hand which he presented to her.

"Where is my husband?" she repeated.

"Where your own wishes would have him, were they subject to discretion," was the duke's reply; "where he is satisfied that it is to his interest and yours to remain, until he can demand, with grace, enjoyment of the right which your rashness has unhappily given him."

"Where is he?" she reiterated.

"On his way to the frontier, to join the army of the states—to acquire honours, fast as he chooses to win them—to obtain promotion rapidly as my interest can command it—in a word, to render himself more worthy of the title of your husband." The duke's eyes here met those of the countess, and steadily returned her questioning gaze. "In a day or two you will hear from him," he continued, "he will then himself attest the truth of what I tell you. The commission which I intended to present him with as the reward of his obedience, I have conferred upon him as a means of obviating, as far as possible, the disgrace of this alliance—with the single stipulation, that he makes no attempt to see you, until his merits, backed by my influence, shall have advanced him to a command."

No comment did the countess pass upon the communication of the duke, except what a sigh might be thought to have uttered. She stood for a time regarding him; her brow slightly knit—a faint, tremulous movement upon her lips; then crossing her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, turned from him and withdrew.

For a month did the countess obstinately decline all society, save that of her faithful namesake. By her she was made acquainted with the manner in which the duke became aware of her flight, with the confusion which followed the discovery; with the circumstance of the duke's having summoned her fair friend; who, aware of the importance of thoroughly exculpating Lorenzo, declared to the duke that

the plot had been exclusively of her own contrivance, and had been put into execution and perfected without the most remote suspicion on Lorenzo's part that the countess was his bride and fellow-traveller. The countess, in her turn, related what had happened from the moment of alighting from the carriage till that of re-entering it. How danger, and consequently caution, were for a time forgotten in the transports that succeeded Lorenzo's discovery of who was indeed his bride—how, at length, they bethought themselves of the necessity of flight—how they wandered till dawn broke in upon them—how fatigue overpowered them—how sleep surprised them—her dismay upon perceiving the duke.

The third week of the second month was approaching its close, when a summons from the duke announced the arrival of a letter from Lorenzo. Hastily the countess descended to the saloon. She was astonished to find the Prince of Milan there; and her surprise was increased at learning that he was the bearer of Lorenzo's missive. He respectfully presented it, congratulating her upon the happy tenor of its contents. They were favourable indeed! Lorenzo had already gained a step: another one would bring him within a bound of the bright goal of his wishes. Nor was that all. The prince was charged with another commission, which, with the leave of the duke, he would execute. That leave was granted; and the unclasping of a small case of purple velvet, displayed to the countess the breathing likeness of Lorenzo. The countess tremblingly snatched the costly present—half raised it to her lips, but, checking herself, deposited it in her bosom; and presenting her hand to the prince, would have permitted the kiss which he was on the point of imprinting upon it, had not a glance, which she accidentally cast towards the duke, discovered to her a smile of painful, yet indefinable meaning. Hastily she withdrew her hand; and, curtsying to the prince retired.

Accompanied by her friend, she ascended to her apartment. As soon as she had reached it, she took the portrait of Lorenzo from her bosom and gazed upon it—then caught it convulsively to her heart—then kissed it, and wept over it: at length she dried her tears, replaced the miniature, and taking her friend's hand, looked steadfastly in her face.

"They would persuade me that it will be fair weather," she exclaimed; "but I know that a storm is gathering. God help me when it bursts! The sky looks clear, but the clouds are not away, but only lurking. The atmosphere is full of thunder—you cannot see it, but I feel it."

"What mean you?" anxiously inquired the other.

"We shall never meet again!" was the countess's reply. "We shall never meet again! His death, and not his exaltation, is what they seek. Unfortunate lover!—unhappy in loving!—more unhappy in being beloved! To possess me thou goest into the battle! There thou wilt win the plume—but it will wave—not in thy helm—but over thy bier! In seeking the good thou covetest, they know thou wilt be reckless of the bane, the chance of meeting which thou must encounter! 'T will find thee! Thou wilt fall, Lorenzo! thou wilt fall! The bridegroom shall mount a bier—the bride shall be a widow. The Prince of Milan already counts upon the day when he shall invite her to other nuptials!—Mark, if I am not a true prophet," she said, as the duke entered the chamber.

"I am come," said he, "with further tidings of good fortune, which would have greeted you earlier, had you not so abruptly quitted the saloon. The general in command—a friend of mine—has charged himself with the care of your husband's fortunes. An important post in the enemy's lines is to be carried, and the honour of leading the assault will be conferred upon Lorenzo."

The countess, for a moment or two, gazed upon her uncle

Painted by Eliza Sharpe. Engraved by J. C. Edwards.

The Widowed Bride.

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

with a look of piteous deprecation, mingled with reproach. Suddenly the expression of her countenance changed; her brow became darkened—her eye flashed—her lips grew firmly compressed together. She folded her arms, and drawing herself erect,

"'Tis murder!" she said, in a voice of appalling solemnity, "I call on heaven to witness it—'Tis murder!" Then throwing herself upon the neck of her friend, she burst into an agony of tears. The duke made no reply, but, scowling, left the apartment.

From that day week, a year did the sun rise and set, but light was a stranger to the mind of the countess. The sixth day from that on which she received her bridegroom's letter and portrait, the tidings of his death, in battle, were communicated to her. She heard the relation without shedding a tear—as she listened to it, her reason became clouded. All that watchfulness and skill could do for her, was attempted in vain—when, suddenly as it had deserted her, the native brightness of her mind returned. Her physicians declared that her recovery, should it ever take place, would be permanent. It was so: a tender melancholy, and a passiveness that readily granted compliance with aught that was demanded of her, were the sole remaining traces of her temporary insanity. She denied not her presence at the banquet, the ball, the chase; and the duke saw with satisfaction that she neither declined nor avoided the attentions of the Prince of Milan, who was constantly at her side. "A month or two longer," said he to himself, "and I may venture to propose him to her. My life upon it, she accepts him at last."

Two months passed over—two others were permitted to follow them, before he ventured even remotely to hint at a union with the Prince of Milan. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"Talk of marriage to a corse," was her reply. "My husband in his shroud, is not more the tenant of the grave than I am."

"Your husband!" ejaculated the duke, with a half sarcastic smile; "you talk of nuptials that were never consummated."

The countess dropped her eyes, which had been fixed on those of the duke. A blush began to dawn upon her cheek—deeper and deeper grew its die; she seemed as if struggling to give utterance to something that was passing within her. The effort was vain; she clasped her forehead with her hand, and sighing deeply, turned away.

The duke, for that time, desisted from further importunity, but he soon renewed the theme. The attentions, too, of the prince became doubly assiduous, and although he had not yet the courage to trust his tongue with the direct avowal of his wishes, nevertheless, he pleaded his passion with his looks. The demeanour of the countess suddenly changed. It was no longer passive. She obstinately kept her chamber, her fair friend, and a spaniel which she learned had been a favourite of Lorenzo's, her sole companions. Solicitations, commands, threats were disregarded. Nothing could draw her from her seclusion. The prince lost hopes, the duke patience. From temporising measures, he determined to have recourse to prompt and desperate ones.

The hour of rest had arrived—the friends were upon the point of separating for the night, when a summons at the door attracted their attention. The countess answered it—a servant presented himself—and a casket and a key were placed in the hands of the countess.

"From the duke," said the bearer, and retired.

The casket was opened. It contained a miniature of the prince, attached to a necklace of noble brilliants, a wedding-ring, and a note, which the countess hastily unfolded.

"The Prince of Milan, or the veil! Your decision to-morrow."

Such were the contents of the paper.

The countess threw herself into a chair, and sat, for a considerable time, in a state of perfect abstraction. At length she started from her reverie.

"It is either a dream," she said, "or I was once the mistress of Lorenzo's portrait."

"You were—you *are*," said her friend. "O, forgive me," continued she, throwing her arms round the neck of the countess, "forgive me for having concealed it from you so long; but when the cloud which, thank heaven, is now dispersed, came over your mind, I took the miniature from your bosom to secure it, and have hitherto refrained from apprising you of its existence, as I perceived that you had forgotten it, and feared that to recal it to your recollection, by restoring it to you, would only serve to aggravate your sufferings."

"Where is it?" inquired the countess, gasping for breath.

"In the secret drawer of your cabinet," replied her friend. "You have never yet asked me for the key. Here it is; you know the spring. Shall I leave you alone?"

"Yes."

"Good night."

The countess could scarcely articulate the response. She was left alone. She rose from her chair, which was close to the cabinet, and applied the key. Scarcely was its office performed, when the room swam round. She tottered back to her seat, and sank into it; and had fainted, had not a flood of tears come to her relief. She drew her chair still closer—touched a spring—the drawer opened. With a throbbing heart, she drew from it the portrait of Lorenzo, attached to a string of simple silk. Holding it in one hand, she sat contemplating it; her other hand averted in the direction of the prince's portrait, which, along with the casket from which

she had taken it, was lying on a table that was near her. A low and melancholy sound startled her. It came from Lorenzo's favourite spaniel, which was sitting before her, looking up in her face.

"Dost thou mean to remind me, Cæsar," said she, "of the fealty which I owe to thy lord? Thou needst not!" added she, her tears pouring fast, while she pressed the mute image to her lips. "Lie there!" at length she cried, placing the miniature in her fair bosom: "Lie there! This be thy home, from which no other tenant shall displace thee!—thy home, in which thou shalt sojourn by day and by night, upon the earth, or under the earth!" Then taking a sheet of paper she hastily wrote upon it these two words—"*The Veil;*" and folding it, placed it with the portrait and the ring in the prince's casket.

The week following she entered upon her noviciate in a nunnery contiguous to Rome, of which her aunt, the niece of a cardinal, was the superior. Earnestly did she prepare herself for her dedication to Heaven; but no persuasion could induce her to discard the portrait of Lorenzo. "I am enjoined," was her constant reply, "I am enjoined to wean myself from things of earth. Earth has no property in him whom this resembles—to be united to whom I look towards those blessed realms whither you recommend me to direct my thoughts and wishes. The stronger my hope of that, the more must I be devoted to heaven."

Towards the expiration of her noviciate, her mind attained to that state of holy calm which may be conceived to impart a foretaste of a purely spiritual existence. Her probationary term was at length complete. She saw the dawn of the day upon which she was to take the vow that would place an impassable partition between her and the world; and she smiled upon it.

Attired in her most costly suit—set off with every ornament that the ingenuity of human vanity could invent—blazing

with diamonds—she entered the church where her uncle the cardinal officiated. The soul-subduing ceremony began—the vow was propounded to her—she was upon the point of repeating it—when a sudden uproar at the door of the church attracting the attention of every one, put a stop to the rites. All was surprise and alarm! The uproar increased! "Let him in! let him in!" exclaimed a hundred voices all at once—at the same moment an emaciated figure—wretchedly attired, with the fragment of a chain hanging from one of his arms—rushed wildly up the aisle; and, throwing himself upon the steps of the altar, grasped firmly the feet of the cardinal.

"Save me!" the wretch exclaimed; "I am an innocent man, doomed to die the death of the guilty. I fly to the altar of your God and mine, for refuge. I appeal to that God and to you, his appointed servant, to save me from the hands that are thirsting for my blood, which they have no right to spill."

Here the clamour at the door of the church was renewed with tenfold violence. The crowd were evidently resisting the officers of justice, who, determined upon forcing way, at last obtained an entrance, amidst hootings and execrations; and, headed by their chief, approached their victim; between whom and them the cardinal hastily placed himself, in an attitude that commanded obedience, and brought those in pursuit to a stand.

"His crime, signors?" with an air of overawing dignity, demanded the cardinal.

"He is an offender, condemned for life to the galleys, who has thrice attempted his escape, and thereby forfeited his life," replied what appeared to be the chief. "So please you, give him up to us;" demanded he, with an air of constrained respect.

"Not yet," said the cardinal. "Retire into the vestry. Wait until the ceremony which you have interrupted shall

have been concluded. You have my promise, from this place, that justice shall be done you. I charge myself with the custody of the man, and shall be answerable for his being forthcoming. Hence!" added he, in a tone of determined command, perceiving that they hesitated—"Hence! or remain at the peril of your souls!—What means this?" continued he, observing that still they moved not. "Know you not what you do? See you not where you are? Impious!—Lo, who is looking at you?" exclaimed he, pointing to the altar-piece—which was the crucifixion, executed to the very life.

The officers hung their heads, crossed themselves, bent their knees to the marble floor, and, rising, slunk away into the vestry.

"Come, my child," said the cardinal, "let us perfect your espousals with your God. Meanwhile, unhappy man," continued he, addressing himself to the poor fugitive, "withdraw thou without the railing of the altar—for the present thou art safe. Withdraw!" he reiterated, perceiving that he was unheeded, "Hear you not?—What gaze you at?—What mean you?" successively, but to no purpose, interrogated the cardinal.

The being whom he accosted had raised himself upon one knee, and with his hands firmly clasped, remained in that posture, intently contemplating the countess; to the oblivion apparently of the fate with which he was threatened—of the place where he was—of everything that was passing around him.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed the benevolent cardinal, "Misery and fear have bereft him of his senses. Remove him gently from the altar."

The assistants of the cardinal approached the unfortunate slave, raised him without his offering any resistance, and conducted him down the steps; he all the while looking back, his eyes riveted upon the fair votary of the shrine.

"Come, my child!" said the cardinal, "come, let me make thee the happy bride of the cloister. Repeat the vow!"

"Forbear!" exclaimed the slave, endeavouring to free himself from those that held him. The countess started, and for the first time bent an inquiring look upon the slave.

"Poor maniac!" ejaculated the cardinal, "he knows not what he does! Hurt him not, but remove him to a distance."

The assistants obeyed, but not without difficulty did they now execute the cardinal's commands. Passiveness was turned into fury—the eyes of the slave seemed to start from their sockets—his limbs appeared to be suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. It was as much as the united efforts of the assistants could effect, to force him half way down the aisle—nor that, until exhaustion, on his part, assisted them. At last he sank in their arms—they stopped, and the church, which was now in a state of confusion, again became silent.

"Come, thou promised bride of heaven!" ejaculated the cardinal.

"She is mine!" shrieked the slave, starting up, his frame animated with renewed energy, "My bride, beyond my hope! —whithout my knowledge! Victoria!—Victoria!" continued he, his voice at the same thrilling, piercing pitch: "Remember you not, Victoria?—the flight!—the pursuit!—the escape!—the discovery!—the transport!—the overtaking!—the return!—the promised nuptial couch—the couch which they compelled me to exchange for the noisome floor of the galley!"

He stopped—he had not breath for more. The church was as still as a sepulchre, when a scream from the countess caused every heart to leap—turned towards her every eye. Her countenance was lighted up with intense recollection; she clasped her forehead with both her hands, and stood for a moment or two, gazing in the direction of him who had spoken; then suddenly extending her arms, rushed down the steps of the altar, through the aisle, and throwing herself upon the neck of the slave—the assistants mechanically

making way for her—sank lifeless into his arms—which had scarcely supported her for a minute, when their master became equally insensible.

* * * * * *

Lorenzo and the countess found themselves—they knew not how—alone. Long time they spake not, except with their eyes—or their hands, which, locked in one another, gave pressure back for pressure.

"And had you renounced me, my bride," at length said Lorenzo, "when you determined to take the veil?"

A smile of delicious sweetness played about the mouth of the countess, while slowly she drew Lorenzo's miniature from her bosom, and having first pressed it to her lips, presented it to him. He glanced at it; and catching the fair one to his bosom, strainingly held her there; nor was his embrace resisted or unreturned.

The Prince of Milan, led by his passion for the countess, had lent himself to the duke's plans. The letter and the miniature were delivered merely to lull suspicion, and give effect to future measures. The latter Lorenzo had sat for, at the suggestion of his rival, who, until the real intentions of the duke were put into execution, was instructed to pass himself for Lorenzo's friend.

The cardinal was a man. For many a year the duke and he had not been upon terms. The honour of the family requiring that the affair should be hushed up as effectually as possible, matters were so contrived, that it made but little noise. Where power can affect it, justice is speedily done. The slave returned no more to the gallies; his chains of iron were exchanged for bonds of silk. He was adopted by the cardinal, and in his friendship, and the love of the countess, found more than a solace for the sufferings he had undergone.

THE STORM.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Day fades away, and low'ring clouds now fly
In troubled haste, athwart the frowning sky;
That angry sky, whose fearful gleams show Death
Waiting his prey, in yawning graves beneath.
The foaming billows rise from the vast deep,
Lashing the reeling vessel, till they sweep
The drowning victims from its shatter'd deck,
And leave the late proud ship—a sinking wreck.
See the poor mariner, with frantic grasp,
Struggling for life, some chain or cordage clasp,
While booming surges strike his shrinking form,
And shrieks of torture mingle with the storm.
Hark to that cry of anguish and despair,
Borne for a moment on the murky air,
Now hush'd for ever in the dread abyss,
The world of waves, o'er which the wild winds hiss.
Were there not womens' tones in that death wail,
That rose above the tempest's furious gale?
And saw ye not the madden'd mother press
Close to her breast, with agonized caress,
Her slumb'ring infant, doom'd to wake no more,
Hush'd to death's sleep by ocean's sullen roar?
Poor, hapless infant, child of sin and shame,
Whose birth destroy'd for e'er a mother's fame!
Yet whom she loved as mothers only love:—
For whom she quell'd her pride, and vainly strove

To earn a scanty pittance; till bereft
Of food and hope, she stain'd her hand with theft.
Exiled from home, and all she once held dear,
Yet she despair'd not, for her child was near;
And as she clasp'd it to her anxious breast,
Pray'd that its fate might be than hers more blest.
See, see! that angry wave has swept them o'er
The vessel's side, and closer than before
She clasps her child, and holds it high to save;
Vain effort—both have found a wat'ry grave!
And there are forms of beauty floating round;
Ah! wo is me that crime or sin had found
Temples so fair——But let us not reveal
Sins o'er which mighty Death has set his seal;
Let words of pity only pass the lip,
When talking of the hapless Convict-Ship.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, R.A.

Engraved by J. Cousen

The Storm.

London, Published for the Proprietor, by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Belated Melancholy! deep, oh deep
Within thy frozen grotto let me creep,
And think the fretted roof for me doth weep!

Is not the vaulted azure all too bright
To win the gaze of sorrow-sicken'd sight?
Is not the very air itself too light?

The heavy breast must weigh its anguish down,
In dark recess of shade, with thee alone,
Where ev'ry sigh may strengthen to a groan.

By sedgy brook, that slowly winds its way,
Reluctant, still, to meet the open day,
Lest some glad beam should on its waters play;

By fronting rocks, that threaten still to crush;
On weary heaths, without a single bush
To bow beneath the storm, when the winds rush;

In Nature's own astounding solitude,
Where man, relenting, dares not yet intrude,
To mar her majesty, by praises rude;

By ancient tombstone, or by grey old wall;
By fearful precipice of water-fall;
At dead of night, when the dull owl doth call;

At such time we may see thy mournful ghost,
And hear thy faint voice, saying, "All is lost!"
All, all that we have loved and valued most.

But think not I such haunted thought may brave;
For I will be, myself, a marble grave,
To sepulchre the bliss I could not save!

Then drooping flowrets shall seem made of stone,
And stand, all motionless, with me, alone,
Until remembrance of the dead be gone!

Oh, Melancholy! close ally of Death!
So icy cold is thy benumbing breath,
It freezes mine into a pale snow wreath!

But then, the epitaph of dear regret,
That o'er the lonely urn will linger yet,
And not one whisper of the past forget!

THE UNINHABITED VILLA.

A SICILIAN FACT.

BY E. D. BAYNES.

When Count R———, towards the latter end of the last century, was banished from Sicily, for the space of fifteen years, and his estate confiscated, he left an infant daughter at nurse in the country. Having lost his wife, and overwhelmed with despair at being deprived of the means of bringing up the child in a manner becoming her rank, he resolved to conceal it from her, unless circumstances should subsequently enable him to provide for her in a style suitable to her birth. With this view, he exacted from the nurse a promise never to reveal, even to the child herself, the fact of her being his daughter, unless he should in person, or by other satisfactory means, authorise her to do so. Soon after, the time limited for his stay being expired, he left Sicily.

Years passed after years, and the nurse of the young Theodora, such was the child's name, never heard from the count, who, his estate being sequestrated, was living abroad in great indigence and misery.

Theodora, who believed herself the daughter of these good people, increased daily in sense and beauty. In her sixteenth year, the son of a resident in the neighbourhood, who, in the capacity of steward to the estates of a Palermitan nobleman, had amassed a considerable property, became enamoured of her. This young man, who was called Antonio, confiding in his father's wealth, gave himself airs of great importance, and esteemed himself in no way inferior to any gentleman in the country; such a character was by no means congenial to the

mild disposition of Theodora, who showed great repugnance to a match with him, notwithstanding its apparent advantages.

It happened about this time, that a financier, or revenue farmer, a person of great opulence, came to pass the summer months in the vicinity; he was accompanied by his wife, and her nephew. That young gentleman accidentally meeting with Theodora, was struck at the appearance of so much beauty in so retired a situation, and fell violently in love with her. His manner, so different from those of her rustic admirer, soon gained upon her affections; as he professed an honourable attachment, he found frequent opportunities of procuring interviews with her, which did not long escape the jealous vigilance of Antonio, who, now despairing of success by other means, resolved on carrying her off by force from this more favoured lover. Having one evening watched them to the place of meeting, coming on them unexpectedly, he boldly attacked his rival, sword in hand; the other defended himself with courage, but being inferior in strength and dexterity, was obliged to yield the palm to his antagonist, who, having wounded and disarmed him, bore off his fair prize before his eyes. The vanquished champion, who was not seriously hurt, left the spot sufficiently mortified and afflicted.

Parties were sent out in all directions in pursuit of this rustic Paris, who, not deeming his Helen secure in the house of his father, was in search of another asylum, accompanied by six of his labourers, well mounted and armed, to defend him in case of necessity. They had not proceeded far before they fell in with a very superior party of police; nothing daunted, the young countryman determined on resistance, and, causing the affrighted Theodora to be placed in a neighbouring cavern, out of danger, instantly advanced to the attack. In the interim, Theodora's nurse, alarmed for the safety of her foster daughter, following the track of the ravisher, arrived during the engagement at the cavern, into

which she instantly hurried for refuge—there she found her young charge. Their attempt to escape was prevented by the victory of the village hero, who sent two of his companions to repossess themselves of the person of his mistress. When the old lady saw the men advancing, she made Theodora conceal herself farther within the cave, and presenting herself to them in her stead, was, as it was now dark, without being recognized, placed on horseback behind one of them, and fairly carried off. Theodora, as soon as they were gone, made the best of her way to the village, which was nearer than her own habitation, and, in her anxiety for her lover, forgetting all other considerations, hastened to the house of the financier, supposing he might be unacquainted with the accident which had befallen his nephew, to inform him of the circumstance, and beseech his protection against the future attempts of the brutal Antonio. The financier received her with great complacency, and recommended her to the care of his lady, who, aware of the affection of her nephew for the young woman, resolved on not suffering to escape so favourable an opportunity for preventing him from dishonouring, as she supposed, the family by so mean a match. Under pretence of sending the unfortunate girl to her parents, she privately gave orders to the two servants, who conducted her, to deliver her again into the hands of Antonio. That young man had soon discovered the mistake of his people; and, with many execrations, had dismounted, and left the old lady in the middle of the road.

Great was the exultation of Antonio at thus unexpectedly recovering possession of the prize he had thought irrecoverably lost; but the whole country being alarmed, he was embarrassed where to secure her: it at last occurred to him that his father had the keys of the villa belonging to the estate under his charge, which had not been inhabited for several years. To this mansion he conveyed his victim,

whom he furnished with a mattress and provisions sufficient for eight days, as he knew, in order to prevent suspicion, his visits must at first be very rare. Having selected some apartments adapted to his purpose, he nailed the windows closely down, locked the doors, and left the unhappy Theodora to ruminate at leisure on her uncomfortable situation. We must remark that, satisfied with having her in his power, and believing that she would at length be reduced to the necessity of accepting him as her husband, he offered no ulterior violence. The rooms to which Theodora had access were three in number: in vain, on the departure of Antonio, and on the following days, she made reiterated attempts to open the massy doors, and to unclose the windows; they were fastened far too strongly to be moved by her slender fingers. Day after day passed—Antonio came not: the provisions daily decreased, and at length, though husbanded with care, were entirely consumed; the pangs of hunger commenced, and a painful and lingering death was before her eyes. The presence of Antonio—of the hated Antonio—now became the object of her vows and solicitude. Her efforts to escape were renewed with increased desperation, and with equal ill success. Three whole days had elapsed since sustenance of any kind had passed her lips; her senses began to fail, and the acute torments she had experienced, to yield to that dreadful sensation of fainting and sickness which precedes death from inanition. Recommending, therefore, her soul to her maker, she threw herself on her mattress, to breathe her last. Just at this instant a noise and a light, for it was night, revived her hopes; raising her head with difficulty, she saw, by the beams of a faint torch, two monstrous figures, so misshapen and frightful, that in any other situation her fears would instantly have overpowered her; but in her present state, she was on the point of addressing them, when one of them perceiving that they were observed, motioned to his

companion to retire, and both instantly withdrew. By the light of the torch, she had noticed the door by which they had disappeared; she also endeavoured to open it; not succeeding, the revival of hope renewing in some measure her strength, she uttered the most piercing cries, in order to make herself heard, exclaiming, in as loud a voice as she could, that she was dying for want of sustenance. Her efforts were unavailing; no reply was made. Believing all she had seen must have been an illusion, she returned, in helpless despair, to her mattress, her agony increased by disappointment. Exhaustion, weakness, and her recent efforts, threw her into a slumber; when she awoke, she was at once surprised and delighted to see, by the light which came in through the crevices of the window-shutter, a basket in a corner of the room, which, on examination, she found to contain a small flask of wine, some bread, and some dried fruit. As she had the prudence to partake moderately of this providential supply, she soon recovered her strength; but the provisions being in no great quantity, she was soon again reduced to necessity, and was again supplied.

This mysterious communication was continued for some time, until one evening she saw the door above mentioned again open, and the same uncouth figures again make their appearance. One of them beckoned her to approach; she obeyed, though not without some terror and hesitation. "Circumstances, not to be avoided, render it impossible, young woman," said one of them in a hollow tone of voice, "for us any longer to supply you with food, unless you will consent to accompany and live with us; we faithfully promise that you shall receive no ill-treatment, and that your honour shall be inviolably respected by us; but you must, in your turn, engage never to leave the place to which we shall conduct you without our permission, which it is probable will never be granted; and that you will never ask any ques-

tions respecting any appearances in our conduct that may appear strange or unaccountable to you."

Their previous humanity, the knowledge that were these people inclined to outrage her, they had already had ample opportunity, her apprehensions of perishing of hunger, and the hopes that her new confinement would not be perpetual, induced her to signify her assent. One of these strange figures then bound her eyes, and she was, as appeared to her, conducted through various rooms, ascending and descending stairs more than once; and finally, after hearing the ringing of chains and the withdrawing of bolts, she was lowered into a place where the bandage was removed. She now found herself in an immense vault, at one extremity of which blazed an enormous fire, evidently rendered necessary by the unwholesome damp of this subterraneous abode: the other end was separated by curtains into two smaller divisions, each of which contained a bed. A female, who appeared unwell, occupied one; by her side sate another, of about twenty years of age, of great beauty and lady-like aspect, deeply engaged in conversation with the other: neither of them took the slightest notice of Theodora, though they seemed to have expected her, as they made no manifestation of surprise at seeing her. One of her conductors motioned to Theodora to seat herself on a wooden settee, which was placed before the fire. They had now thrown off their uncouth disguises, and discovered the persons of two young men, whose manners and carriage seemed to indicate them to be persons of quality. The age of the eldest did not exceed thirty. Theodora was particularly struck at the ashy paleness of their countenances, which was equally observable in their female companions.

The curiosity of Theodora was excited to discover who these extraordinary people were, and their reason for thus burying themselves alive; but the conversation between the

parties, except on indifferent subjects, was always carried on in so low a tone, that she could not glean the slightest information on these points. The lady who was unwell continued to keep her bed. Their meals were very sparing, and it seemed that the provisions were failing, as the quantity produced was daily diminished. Though none of the four ever entered into continued conversation with Theodora, yet she was treated with civility by them all; and, at first, partook in common with them of whatever was brought to table, but after some days, the wine and coffee were restricted to the two ladies. The men began to discover symptoms of increasing uneasiness, and soon became extremely agitated; their inquietude was rightly attributed by Theodora to the scarcity of provisions, which they now husbanded with great care.

One evening, Theodora fancied she heard the sound of a distant bell; it was also remarked by the young men, and appeared to give them much satisfaction. They immediately put on the uncouth disguises in which they had at first appeared, and left the vault by a trap-door in the ceiling, through which she had descended. After an absence of several hours, and much anxiety on the part of the females, they returned with an ample supply of provisions; but Theodora imagined that they cast looks of ill-will and dislike at her. In fact, from this period, they no longer treated her with the same regard as at first, not giving her food until they had themselves finished their meal, and exhibiting other instances of equal insult and neglect. Frequently, too, they held secret consultations together, of which, by glances thrown towards her, she could perceive that she was the subject. From this conduct she saw that she was become a disagreeable guest, and grew apprehensive that she was not safe in their hands.

The young men continued, at the sound of the bell, to go out for provisions as before, though they sometimes returned without a supply, at which they were highly

disconcerted, and treated Theodora with increased harshness, as if they considered her as the cause of their disappointment. One night they came back in violent altercation; and their dispute was with difficulty pacified by their female companions. Theodora remarked with horror that the dress of one of them was stained with blood, though neither of them was hurt or wounded. Her fears now entirely overcame her; and she became haunted with the idea that they had murdered some one, and would ultimately make away with her also. Under the influence of this terrific impression, she conceived herself released from her compulsory promise, and resolved on taking the first opportunity that might offer of effecting her escape; but her ignorance of the situation of the vault, and the unremitted vigilance of the females, during the occasional absence of the men, held out but little prospect of her being enabled to accomplish her intention.

The dread of becoming their victim continued so unceasingly to harass her, that, at length forgetting what, notwithstanding their altered treatment of her, she really owed them, she hazarded the bold experiment of attaching slightly with a pin, in a fold of one of their cloaks, a paper, in which she detailed the circumstances of her confinement, and entreated, in the hope it would fall off, the finder to endeavour to restore her to liberty. The parties returned this night sooner than usual in great alarm and agitation; but she found, on examination, that their emotion could not be attributed to her stratagem, as the paper remained precisely as she had affixed it to the dress. Not having brought the customary supply, they next night repeated their excursion.

Soon after they were gone, the lady in bed was seized with violent pains, and to the astonishment of Theodora, who was ignorant of her state, in a short time gave birth to a female infant, the necessary articles for which, as

well as for the mother, Theodora found had been amply provided. On their return the gentlemen appeared highly gratified with the tidings, and produced medicines and cordials which they had evidently procured in expectation of the event. The other lady attended her companion, who recovered but slowly, with unremitted attention. The want of her accustomed sleep, and the unusual fatigue, had an evident effect on her health; and it happened on the next evening that while their husbands were abroad on their usual errand, she found herself under the necessity of retiring to rest, which she had never done hitherto before their return. Theodora determined to take advantage of this circumstance to attempt her escape; she accordingly extinguished the light, and placing, as softly as she could, a ladder, which was used for that purpose, against the wall, ascended to the trap-door, which not having been bolted from without, yielded to her efforts. With breathless anxiety, she quitted the dungeon in which she had so long languished; but scarcely had she landed securely on the floor above, than the door fell with violence, and she distinctly heard the shrieks of alarm uttered by her terrified companions, awakened by the noise.

Being in utter darkness, she felt her way, as well as she could, along the wall, until she came to a door, which opened on a flight of stairs leading into a room illumined by a red and fitful light, which, strange and supernatural as it appeared, yet revived her spirits, as it gave her hopes that the villa might now be inhabited. Hastening into a long gallery, from which the light appeared to proceed, she was overwhelmed with terror at perceiving, through a window, that it came from an adjoining terrace, and was caused by her late male companions, who, in their frightful disguise, were waving torches to and fro, to frighten and deter people in the neighbourhood from approaching the chateau, by making them believe that it was haunted. The fear of being discovered, and, as she

dreaded, inevitably murdered, compelled her to seek refuge in a large chimney, which presented itself to her in her precipitate flight from the spot; there she remained, in an agony of terror, for several hours, when the sound of footsteps apprised her that the objects of her apprehension had retired to their subterraneous residence: she did not, however, venture to move from her concealment, for fear that, on discovering her flight, they would return in search of her.

The morning at length broke, and all still continuing perfectly silent, she left her hiding-place. Whilst searching for an egress, she was alarmed by the noise of steps and voices; the door was thrown open, and a party of people entered, by whom she was instantly surrounded. By a strange combination of circumstances, it happened that these persons were actually in search of her, by direction of her father, Count R——, who had lately returned from his long exile. His first care had been to inquire for his daughter; his disappointment and anguish may be conceived, on being made acquainted with her mysterious disappearance.

He would never have known where to have sought for her, had not the circumstance of her having been carried to the villa by Antonio, been revealed by one of his accomplices, who had remained silent when inquiries were first set on foot, for fear of punishment for his share in the transaction. The fate of Antonio is not less strange and mysterious than the rest of these extraordinary circumstances. His failing to supply Theodora with food, arose from his having been taken into custody on the morning after he had left her in the chateau. Resolutely denying all knowledge of what had become of her, he was subsequently sent to Palermo, and there detained in prison. Such was his obstinacy, that he chose rather to leave the object of his passion to perish of hunger, than to submit to have her taken from him. The circumstance of her having been last seen in the

house of the financier, after escaping from Antonio on the road, led people to imagine that she was kept in concealment by his nephew, his lady carefully disguising the part she had taken in the affair. After some time, Antonio, for want of sufficient evidence, was released from confinement. He instantly hastened to the villa, to ascertain the fate which had befallen his victim; finding the doors closed, and no other vestige of her than her mattress, he conceived a suspicion that she had found means of sustaining nature, and was still in some part of the premises, perhaps with his rival; inflamed at this idea, he determined on taking up his abode there, in the hope of more readily discovering them. Thus much was learnt from the confession of his companion, for the young man himself was never afterwards heard of: his hat was found in the grounds of the chateau, and in one of the rooms were large and recent stains of blood; hence it was conjectured that he had fallen by the hands of the subterraneous inmates of the mansion. In all probability, he met them on their nightly excursions, and supposing them the objects of his search, perhaps ventured to attack them, or at least to watch their motions, thus embarrassing their operations; whence they may have esteemed it necessary, for their own safety, to despatch him. Their frequent return without food, their ill-will to Theodora, whom they perhaps regarded as the cause of their disappointment and vexation, their altercation one night, as previously related, and the blood on the dress, all combined to strengthen this supposition.

The duty of Theodora to her new-found parent, the necessity of accounting for her conduct during so long and strange a disappearance, rendered it indispensable that she should reveal to him the whole chain of extraordinary circumstances which had befallen her. Gratitude and humanity however forbade her, now that she was in safety, to betray

those who had been her preservers; she therefore exacted a promise of secresy from her father, and constantly refused to give any information that might serve as a clue to their retreat.

For several days nothing further transpired; but the emissaries of justice, indefatigable in their research, at length found their way to this subterraneous abode, the more easily, as the secret doors leading to it were open. Not without apprehension of a determined resistance, they descended into the vault with extreme caution, but its unfortunate inmates had already fled. The place bore evident marks of having been recently and hastily abandoned. The ashes were yet warm on the hearth, provisions on the table, and articles of dress scattered about in confusion; spots of blood were observed on the floor, on one of the beds, and on some of the clothes; but nothing, after a diligent search, was discovered that tended to throw any light on what had become of these extraordinary persons, or to give the slightest indication who they were, or what could be the cause of their mysterious and inexplicable conduct, in thus hopelessly immuring themselves and their female companions within the loathsome walls of a subterraneous dungeon. That they had correspondence with some one beyond the precincts of the mansion, is clear, from the bell which was the usual signal for their departure on their nocturnal expeditions. The monks of a neighbouring convent were, on this account, suspected of being in understanding with them, though no proof could be produced to authenticate the supposition. It is, however, proper to notice a report current at the time.

The daughter of the nobleman to whom the villa belonged died suddenly, under suspicious circumstances, some years before, and was buried in the convent. It was hinted that one of the females was that young lady, and that her demise had been feigned. Her relatives, on hearing this rumour, made application to the Archbishop of Palermo for permis-

sion to disinter and examine the coffin and body; but after several letters on the subject, between the archbishop and the prior, the request was finally refused, as uncustomary, and contrary to the regulations of the church.

Concerning these mysterious personages, who were thus strangely discovered, and as strangely disappeared, nothing further has been heard to this day. Theodora soon after married the young gentleman we have mentioned, who, on the death of his father-in-law, received a grant of the title from the king, and was father to the present Count R——.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

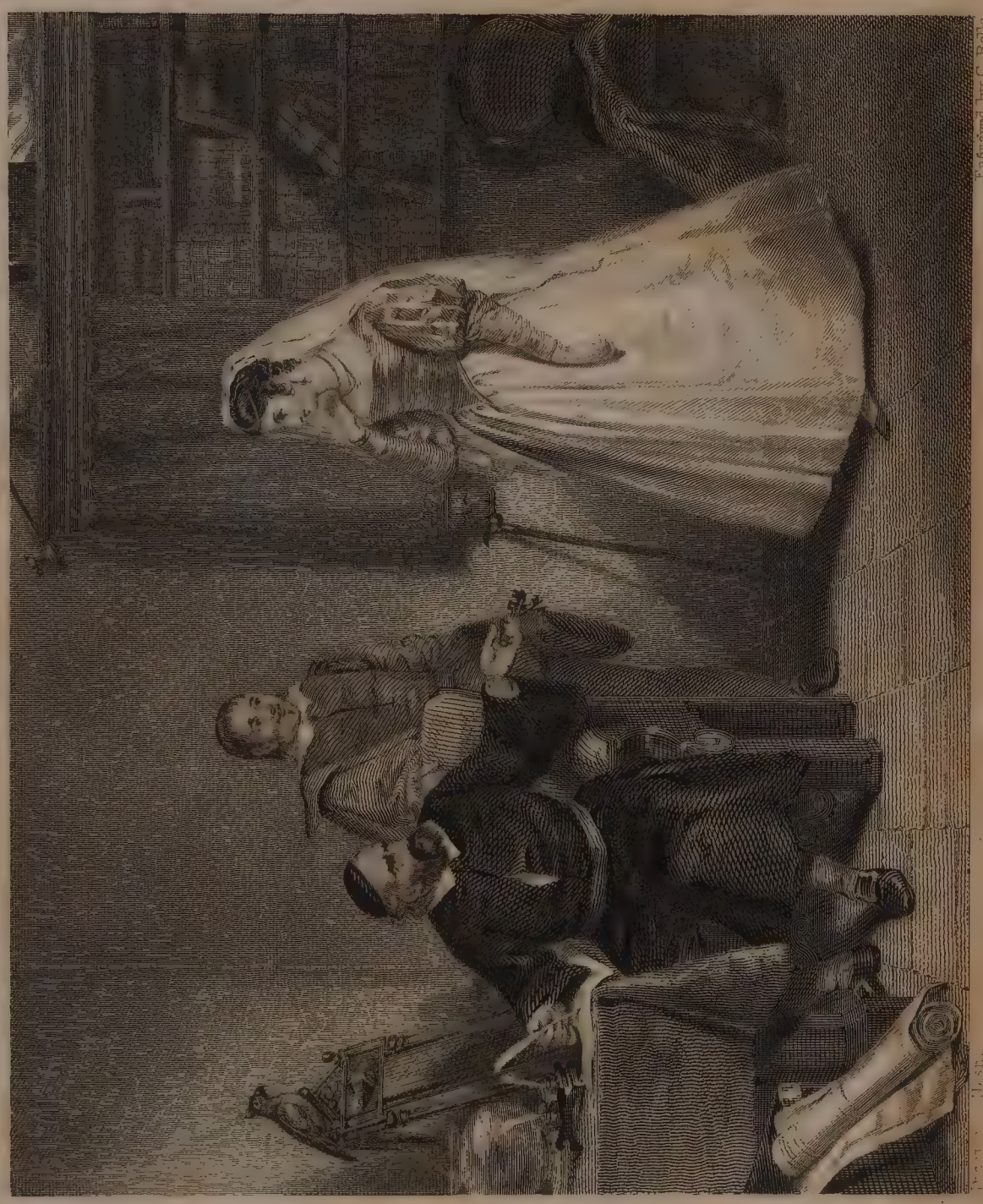
WHAT is this worldly craft, so boasted oft
As the best sense, of soundest texture made?
It is the art, for selfish purposes
Others to cheat, deceive, and rob;—and then
The countenance of scorn to bear aloft
Upon the victim of the sinful trade!
As if it was a virtue to caress
And then despoil! But in the minds
There is at length a justice, that will throw
The beast of prey, who, thus by hollow wiles,
Lurks in the shade to give the deadly blow,
And gains his conquest by fallacious smiles!
Ah, throw him to the hell of infamy—
In snares, for others he prepared, to die!

THE old man closed his iron box,
  Laid bond and parchment by,
And bolts were drawn, and bar and locks
  Shut out the fresh, blue sky:
The very bird you'd deem had died
  In so dark a cage to be,
And a pale girl stood by the merchant's side,
  And shook as he gave the key.

"'Fast bind,' our Elders say, 'fast find;'
  So saith the Christian, too;
And there is mischief in the wind,
  If sleep and dreams speak true.
I dreamt of money-bags to night,
  Wrung from the Hebrew's store;
There is a cloud before my sight,—
  Bar, daughter!—bar our door!

"And when those Christian fools go by,
  With trumpet and with drum;
And when the wry-neck'd fife is high,
  And when the maskers come;
If hitherward their steps should tend,
  Bar out the Christian swine,
Nor let their noisy mirth offend
  These sober walls of mine!

"I loathe them in their revelry,
  I loathe them in their grief,
I yield them in their agony
  No succour—no relief:
Let casement and let door be shut,—
  If I go forth to night,
By Jacob's staff! I swear, 'tis but
  To work the Christians spite."



Engraved by C. Rolls.

The Merchant and his Daughter

The old man closed the oaken door,
And chain and fastenings creak,
But ere he pass'd his threshold o'er,
He kiss'd that fair girl's cheek.
And "Oh," she said, "though a father's curse
Be a heavy load to bear,
The guilt of a broken vow is worse
Than the frowns of a parent are.

"I know not if the Christian's race
Be holier than our own,
If Hagar's offspring hold a place
More nigh Jehovah's throne;
But oh! if Judah's hope and creed
Should weak and erring be,
There is a voice shall intercede,
My sire, my sire! for thee.

"And if my foot forsake the path
Which erst my fathers trod,
And if my convert spirit hath
Bow'd to the Christian's God:
'Tis that the word her prophet spoke,
The word her teachers speak,
Makes light the wearied sinner's yoke,
And comforteth the weak.

"And when, at last, the hour shall be,
When Judah's erring son
Shall worship in the sacred *Three*,
The great, eternal *One;*
When rent the bond, and cleansed the stain
God's chosen that defiled,
The harp of Judah's tribe again
Shall welcome Judah's child."

BUSACO.

A BATTLE-SKETCH.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

The shadows lie broad on yon mountainous heath,
And deep sinks the gloom in the valleys beneath;
Black clouds veil the sky, and the night breeze blows chill
From the wild matted woods round the base of the hill.
But the wind dies away as the morning is near,
And the gathering of foemen sounds sharp on the ear;
For the morrow's first sun must behold their array
As they march to the battle, and challenge the fray.
  The dawn kindles fast; as an in-flowing tide,
The bright beams dilate o'er the landscape wide;
Like isles of the air seems each pinnacled height
With its feet wrapp'd in clouds, and its head crown'd with light;
While darkness still broods o'er the dingles below,
And Mondego's fierce currents in solitude flow.
There's a tremulous gleam through the humid air,
Where the tower-crown'd ridge of Busaco stands bare;
And the long level ray of the morning illumes
A bright throng of bayonets, banners, and plumes:
But the silence of nature, the calm of the hour,
Is preserved by that resolute host in their power.
  How softly the heath-scented gale breathes around!
How sweet grows from distance the waterfall's sound,
As its deep tone unites with the dove's matin song,
And the melody floats on the breezes along!
Oh, breezes of heaven! how soon must ye swell
With the thunders of battle and combatants' yell!

Pure torrents! how soon must ye burst on the plain,
All crimson with slaughter, all choked with the slain!
Hark, hark! 'twas the dreadful artillery's roar!
And Mondego, re-echoing, shouts from his shore!
O'er the smoke proudly hover the eagles of France—
Through the sulphurous gloom the invaders advance—
Hark, again! 'twas the drum, 'twas the trumpet's clang,
And the mad'ning cheers of the charge that rang—
See, they scale the steep rocks—see, the summit is won;
And, as thousands are crush'd, bolder thousands rush on—
Vain—vain every toil! for the Britons are there;
And the red-cross triumphantly floats on the air—
And the fierce sons of Erin are there in their might,
And invincible Wellington marshals the fight—
There, foremost, he stands, where the battle-balls fly,
And Victory follows the glance of his eye!
Spur, Elchingen, spur! nor thy charger restrain,
Though he trample alike both the dying and slain;
For thy panic-struck bands fly the bayonet's shock,
As some pale torrent headlong leaps forth from a rock.
Spur, Elchingen, spur! o'er the dying and slain,
And curb the wild rout of yon recreant train—
For all scatter'd, like sparks from a down trodden fire,
Unresisting they fly, unavailing expire!
Oh, vain ev'ry effort! as well seek to bind
The surges of ocean, or limit the wind!
Still they fly—but the death-shout resounds in their ear;
And the terrible tramp of the foeman is near—
For Britain now bursts on the fugitive throng,
And sweeps, like an avalanche, resistless along.

'Tis sunset—and now, from the bright edge of heaven,
Yon orb shoots aloft the last glories of even,

And the glowing clouds float o'er the crimson sky,
Like triumphant standards of victory!
O'er far Caramula the blood-red stain,
As if risen from earth, streams from heaven again,
And Estrella seems dyed to her topmost peak,
Like the deepening flush of an angry cheek—
'Tis sunset—the sounds of the fight die away,
The conflict has ceased with the waning day;
The wild rout fly through the ilex shade,
And fling from their grasp the encumb'ring blade;
Yet hark! still arise from the path of the foe
New records of vengeance, new wailings of woe;
The villages blaze, and beneath the red gleam,
Swell the shouts of the spoiler and victim's scream.
Oh, fly! from your shelter'd retreats quickly fly!
For the foe, like a wind-driven wave, rushes by—
Like the terrible sweep of the stormy tide,
He comes in his fury, and none may abide!

* * * * * * *

The tempest is past—but, what murmurs are these,
That fitfully pass on the swell of the breeze?—
'Twas the last sob of pain—the last struggle of death—
And the stifled moan of the parting breath!

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

You bid me strike the sounding lyre,
  As once I used of old;
But time has dimm'd my minstrel fire,
  And made my veins run cold.
Yet still on love I fain would dwell,
  On fields where foemen fall;
Then listen whilst a tale I tell—
  'Tis of thy castle hall.

High raged the fierce battle, on Bannockbourne side,
  Where Bruce in his wisdom commands,
While firm for old England her chivalry ride,
  And charge on his patriot bands.
Amid the proud pennons, advanced and on high,
  Full gracefully floating at large,
The mitre and cross on a crimson one fly—
  God with us, the word for the charge.
But England, thy fortunes are failing thee here,
  Thy force shall be wither'd and gone;
False ground lurks between the Scotch bands and the spear
  The wrath of the Southern sends on.
Down—gone in confusion, as headlong they rush'd
  (All useless the hand and the eye),
Are England's proud chivalry, crushing and crush'd,
  In wrath and in madness to die.

Like a bird of prey poised, ere she stoops to flee
On her quarry, one flag was flown;
A moment it waved over plumes like a sea,
Till the plumes like the wave went down.
Oh mark that red banner, ten crosses are plain,
But the symbol not long remains clear;
'Tis down—nay, it rises once more—then again
Did the mitre and cross disappear.
The battle is over, now bathed in his blood,
A knight sorely wounded went by;
On his brow sat defiance, and noble and good
Was the glance and the light of his eye.
I saw him in suffering—chain'd on the floor—
But they could not imprison his mind;
And danger and agony moved him no more
Than the sigh of the murmuring wind.
I 've seen him at tourneys, extoll'd to the skies
For prowess and feats in the field;
And smiles from a hundred bright beautiful eyes
Ne'er moved him to guiltily yield.
But think not that feeling was cold in his breast,
I would not his heart was belied,
I 've seen his lip quiver o'er sickness at rest—
And weep when an infant has died.
I 've seen him when death——But my eyes now grow dim,
And my hand too is losing its pride;
All blessings, I trust, are the portion of him
Who fought on our ancestors' side.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, WHITEFRIARS.